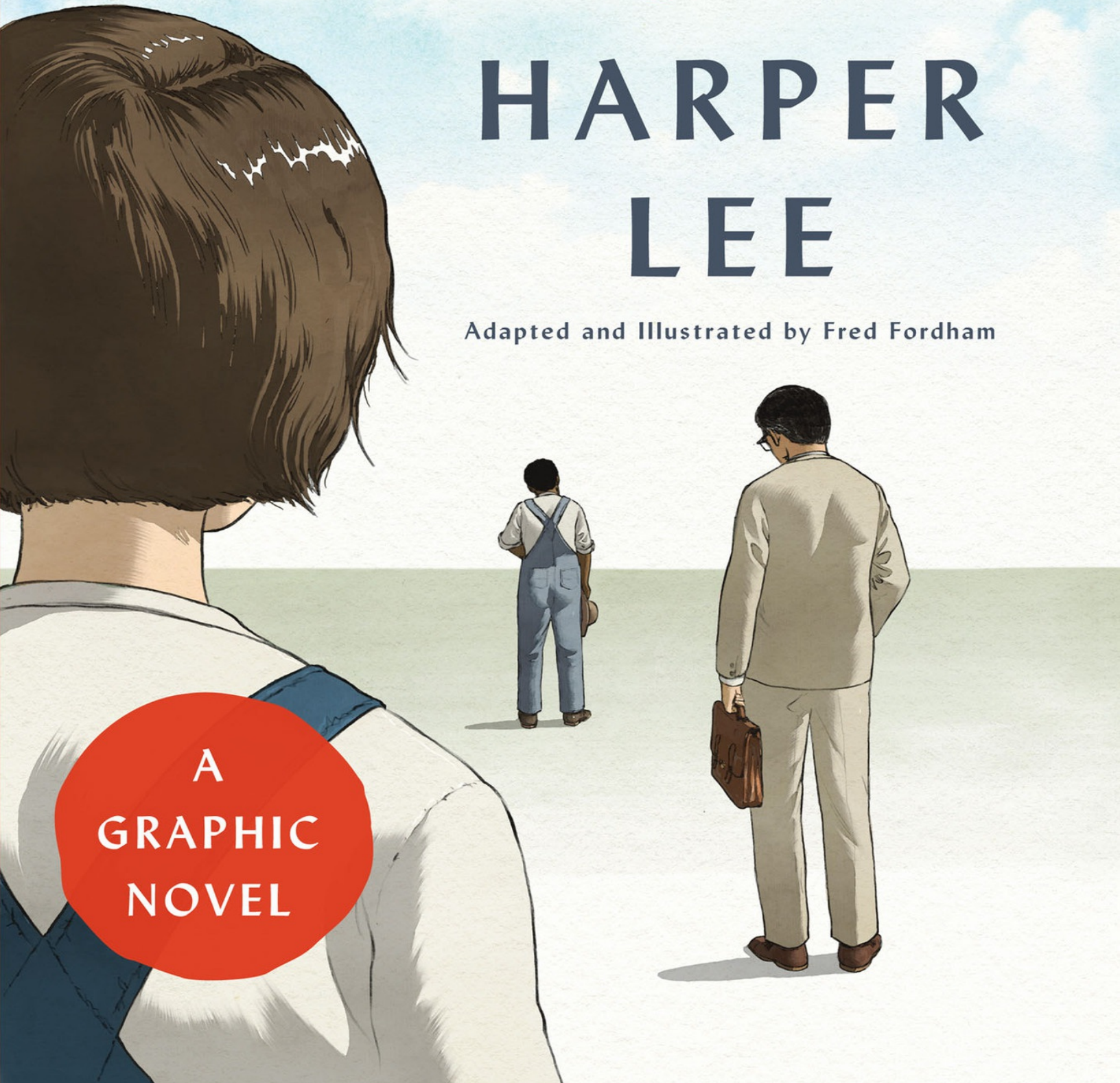
TO KILL A *Mockingbird*

HARPER LEE

Adapted and Illustrated by Fred Fordham



A GRAPHIC NOVEL

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HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollins*Publishers*

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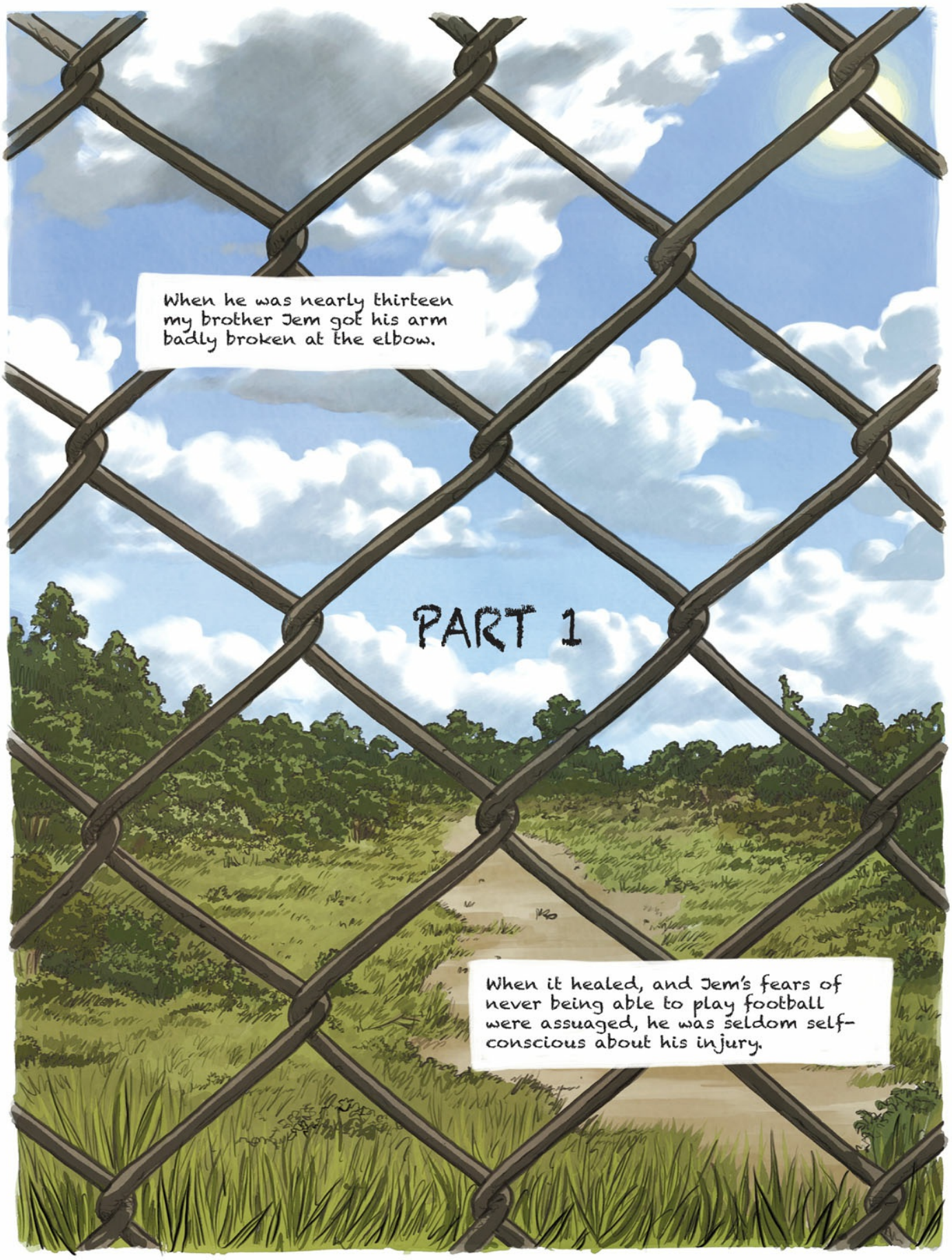
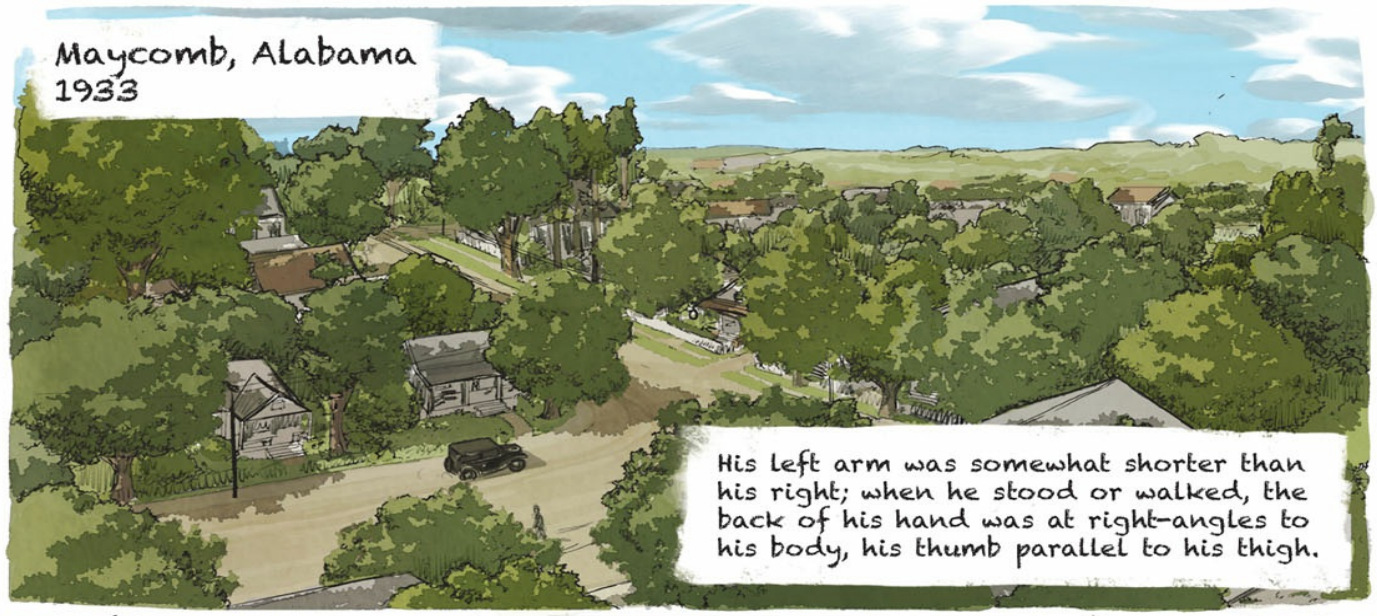
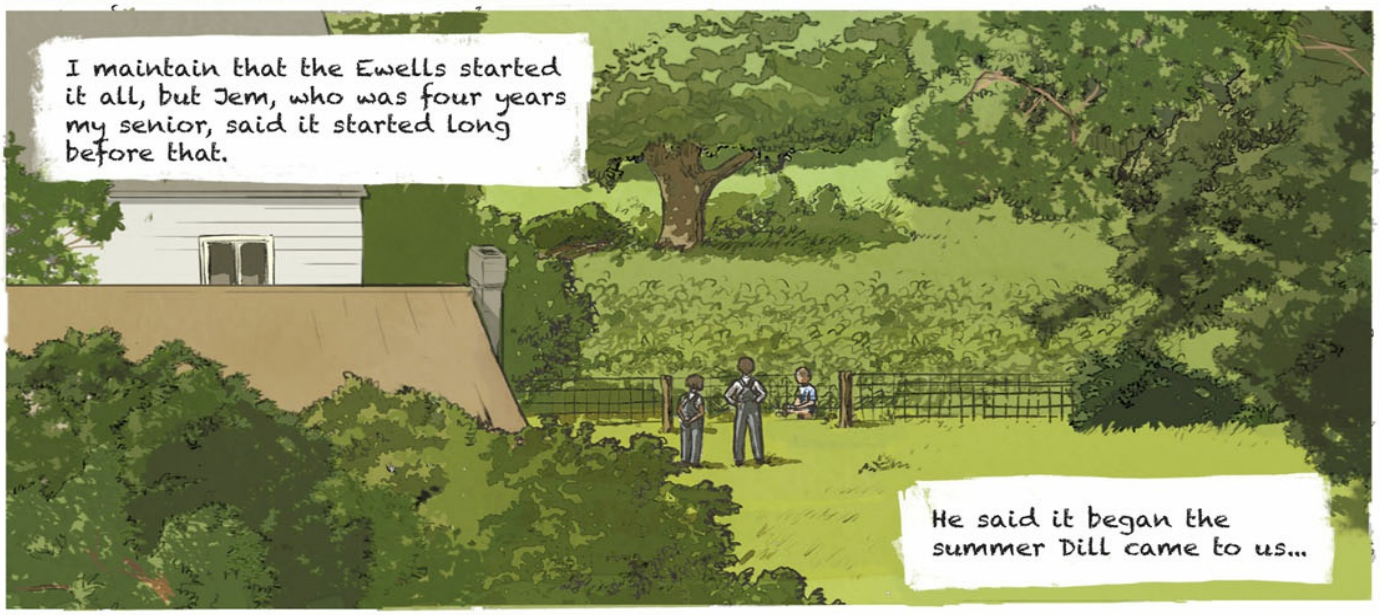
'Lawyers, I suppose, were children once.'

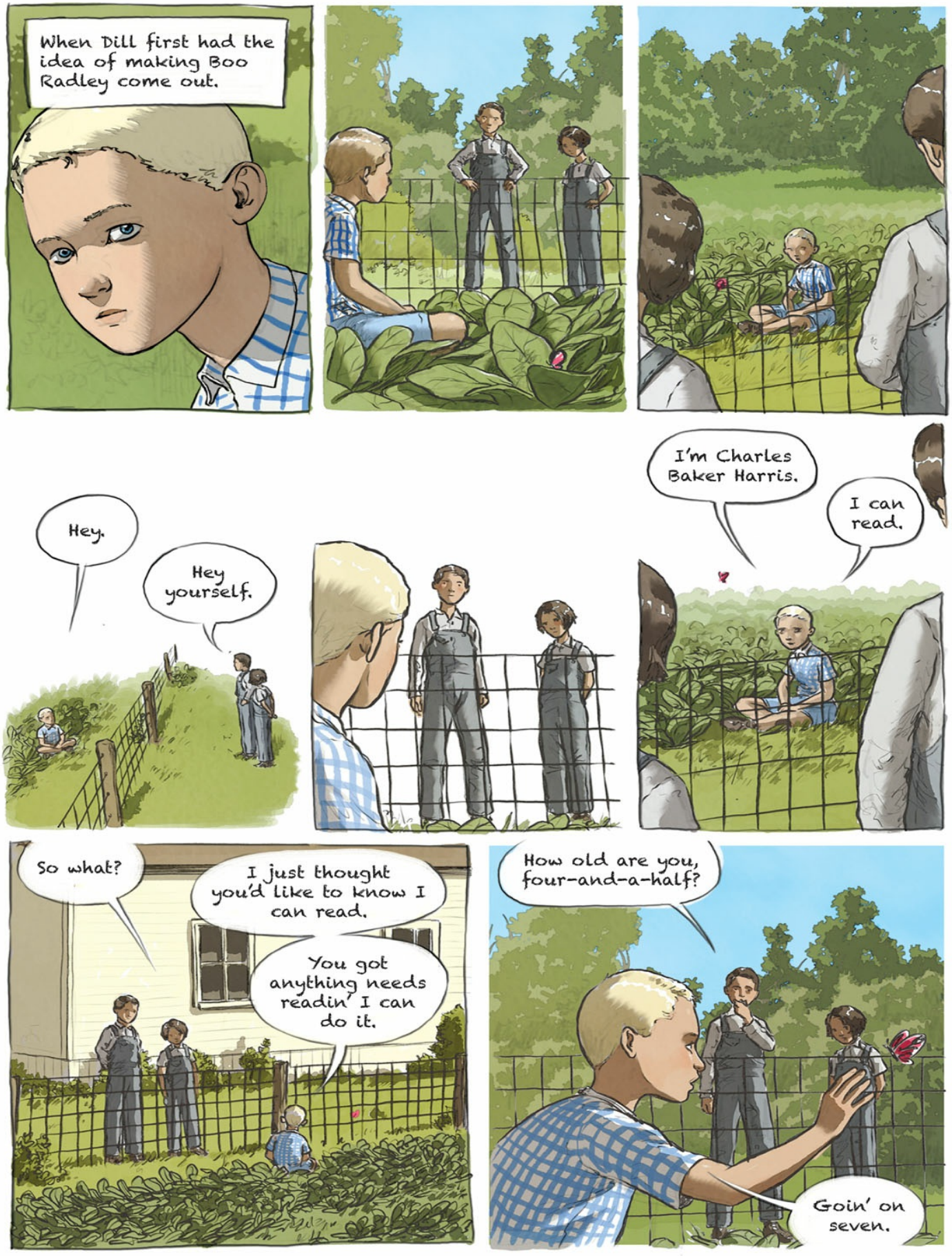
– CHARLES LAMB


When he was nearly thirteen my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow.
PART 1
When it healed, and Jem's fears of never being able to play football were assuaged, he was seldom self-conscious about his injury.


Maycomb, Alabama
1933
His left arm was somewhat shorter than his right; when he stood or walked, the back of his hand was at right-angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh.

He couldn't have cared less, so long as he could pass and punt.
When enough years had gone by to enable us to look back on them, we sometimes discussed the events leading to his accident.


I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that.
He said it began the summer Dill came to us...

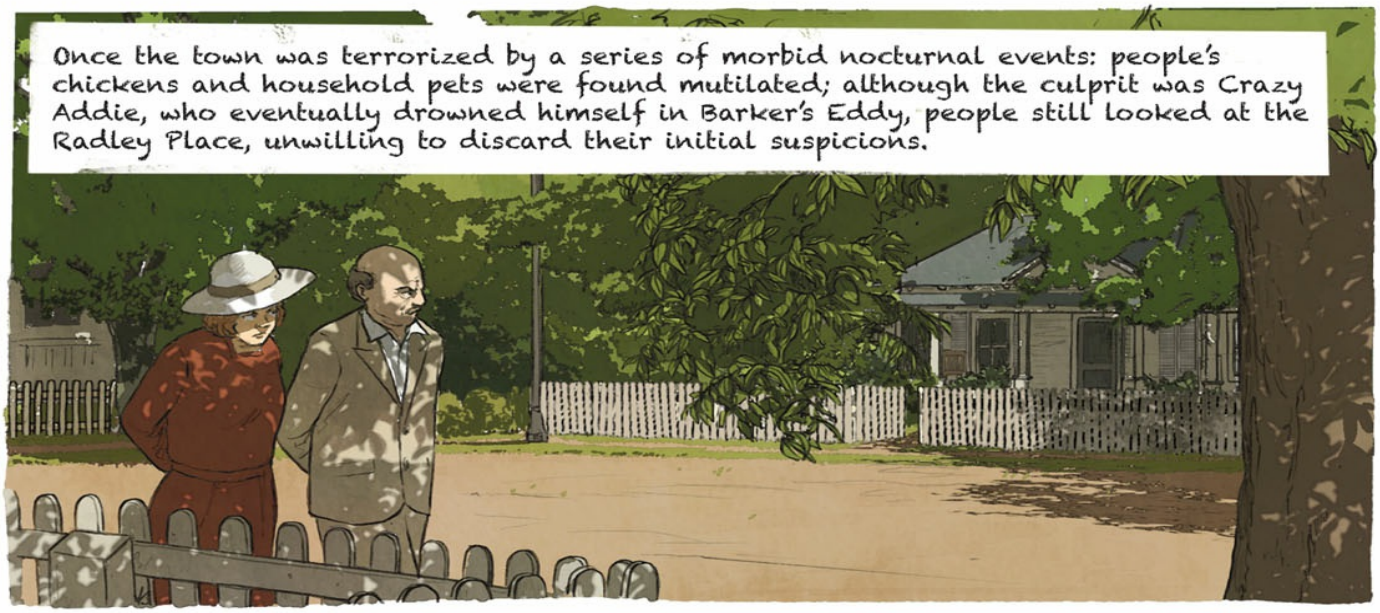

When Dill first had the idea of making Boo Radley come out.
Hey.
Hey yourself.
I'm Charles Baker Harris.
I can read.
So what?
I just thought you'd like to know I can read.
You got anything needs readin' I can do it.
How old are you, four-and-a-half?
Goin' on seven.

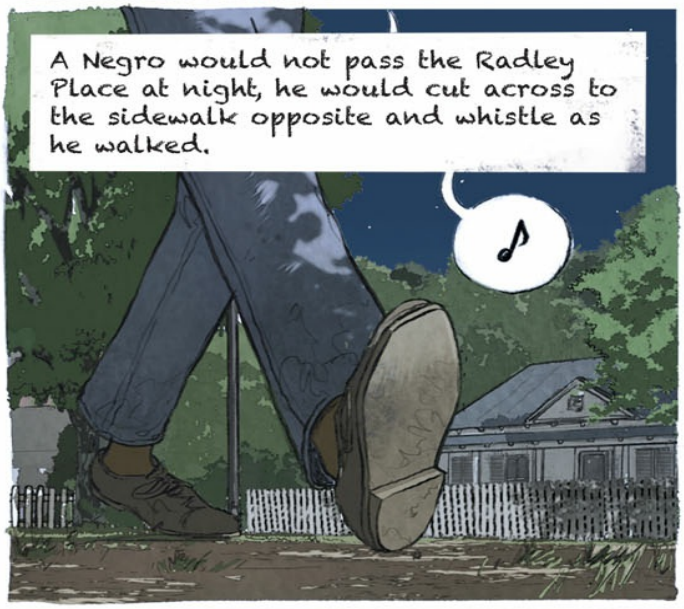
Shoot no wonder, then.
Scout yonder's been readin' ever since she was born, and she ain't even started to school yet.
You look right puny for goin' on seven.
I'm little but I'm old.
...
Why don't you come over, Charles Baker Harris?
Lord, what a name.
's not any funnier'n yours.
Aunt Rachel says your name's Jeremy Atticus Finch.
I'm big enough to fit mine.
Your name's longer'n you are.
Bet it's a foot longer.
Folks call me Dill.
Do better if you go over it instead of under it.
Where'd you come from?
Meridian, Mississippi.
I'm stayin' with my Aunt Rachel for the summer. An' every summer from now on.
Y'all have picture shows here in Maycomb? I've been to the picture show twenty times in Meridian.

Don't have any picture shows here, except Jesus ones in the courthouse sometimes.
Ever see anything good?
Saw Dracula.
This was a revelation that moved Jem to eye Dill with the beginning of respect.
Tell it to us.
Dill was a curiosity.
As he told us the old tale his blue eyes would lighten and darken.
His laugh was sudden and happy; he habitually pulled at a cowlick in the center of his forehead.
When he had reduced Dracula to dust, and Jem said the show sounded better than the book, I asked Dill where his father was...
You ain't said anything about him.
I haven't got one.
Is he dead?
No...
Then if he's not dead you've got one, haven't you?
Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush, a sure sign that Dill had been studied and found acceptable.
Thereafter the summer passed in routine contentment.

Routine contentment was: improving our treehouse in the back yard...
...fussing...
...running through our list of dramas based on the works of Oliver Optic, Victor Appleton, and Edgar Rice Burroughs.
In this matter we were lucky to have Dill. He played the character parts formerly thrust upon me — the ape in *Tarzan*, Mr. Crabtree in *The Roper Boys*, Mr. Damon in *Tom Swift*.
Thus we came to know Dill as a pocket Merlin, whose head teemed with eccentric plans, strange longings, and quaint fancies.
But by the end of August our repertoire was vapid from countless reproductions...
...and it was then that Dill gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

The Radley Place fascinated Dill.
In spite of our warnings and explanations it drew him as the moon draws water.
But drew him no nearer than the light-pole on the corner, a safe distance from the Radley gate.
Inside the house lived a malevolent phantom.
People said he existed, but Jem and I had never seen him.
People said he went out at night when the moon was down, and peeped in windows.
When people's azaleas froze in a cold snap, it was because he had breathed on them.


Once the town was terrorized by a series of morbid nocturnal events: people's chickens and household pets were found mutilated; although the culprit was Crazy Addie, who eventually drowned himself in Barker's Eddy, people still looked at the Radley Place, unwilling to discard their initial suspicions.


A Negro would not pass the Radley Place at night, he would cut across to the sidewalk opposite and whistle as he walked.

The Maycomb school grounds adjoined the back of the Radley lot; from the Radley chickenyard tall pecan trees shook their fruit into the schoolyard, but the nuts lay untouched by the children: Radley pecans would kill you.

A baseball hit into the Radley yard was a lost ball and no questions asked.

The misery of that house began many years before Jem and I were born. The Radleys, welcome anywhere in town, kept to themselves, a predilection unforgivable in Maycomb.

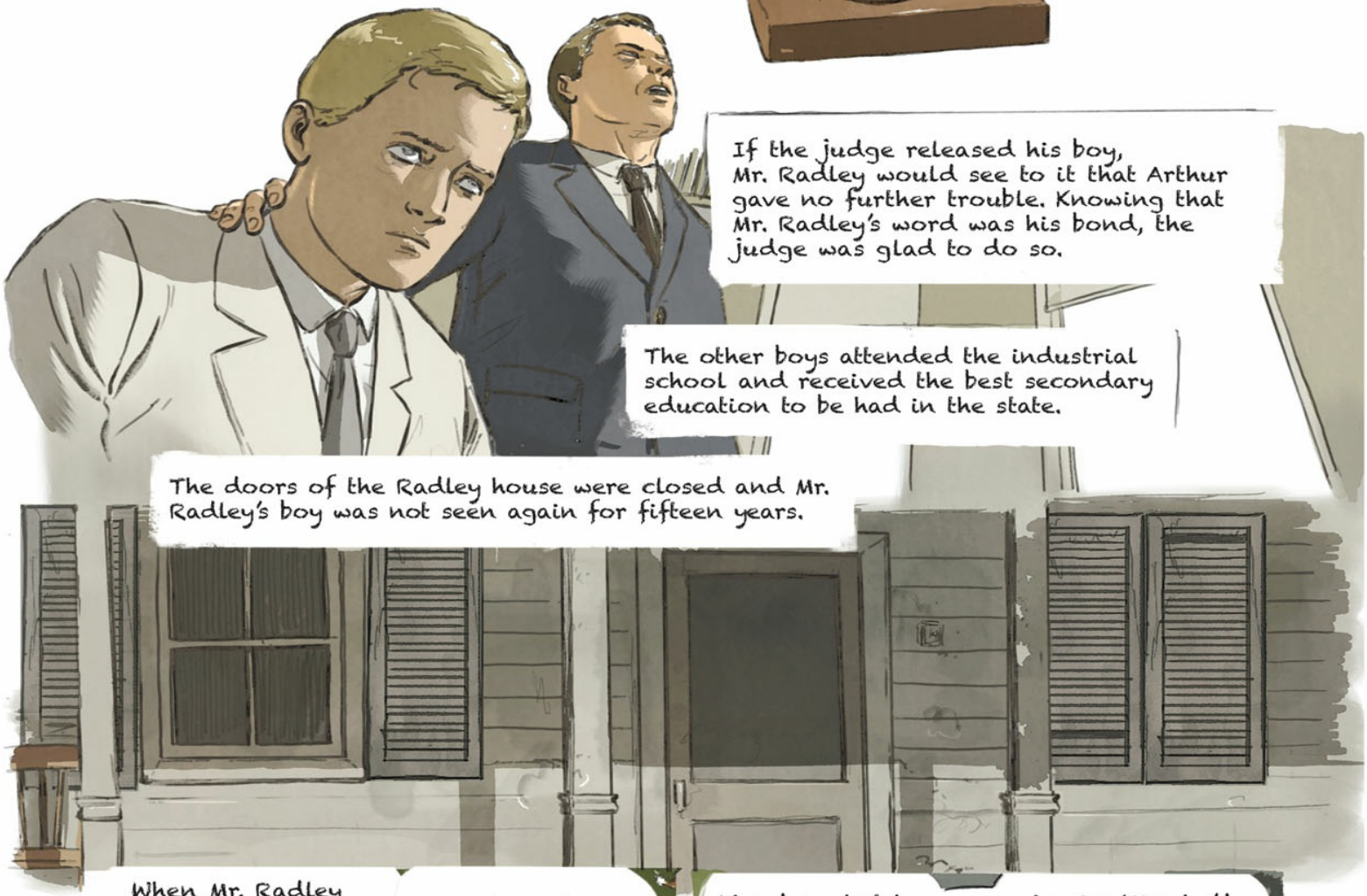
According to neighborhood legend, when the younger Radley boy was in his teens he became acquainted with some of the Cunninghams from Old Sarum, and they formed the nearest thing to a gang ever seen in Maycomb.

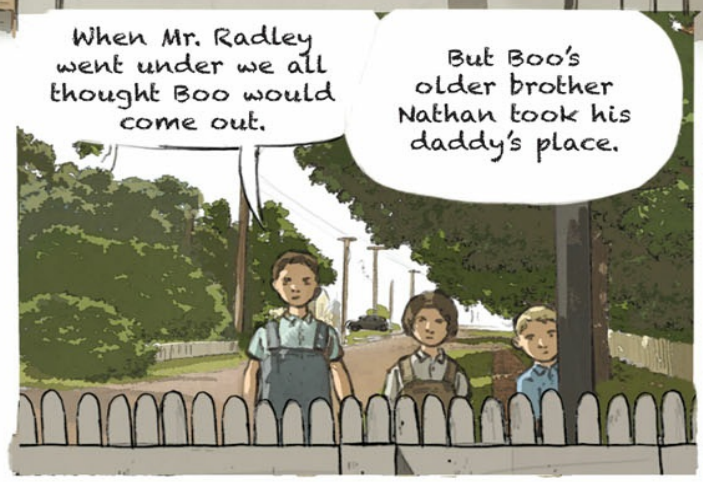
One night, in an excessive spurt of high spirits, the boys backed around the square in a borrowed flivver, resisted arrest by Maycomb's ancient beadle, Mr. Conner, and locked him in the courthouse outhouse.

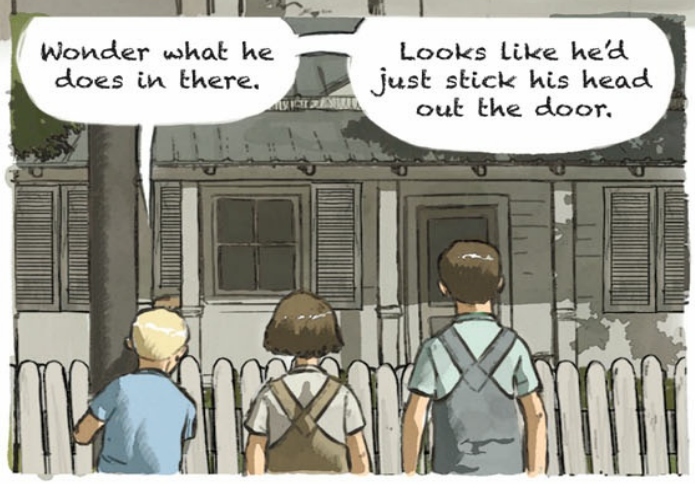
The boys came before the probate judge on charges of disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, assault and battery, and using abusive and profane language in the presence and hearing of a female. When the judge asked Mr. Conner why he included the last charge he replied that they—

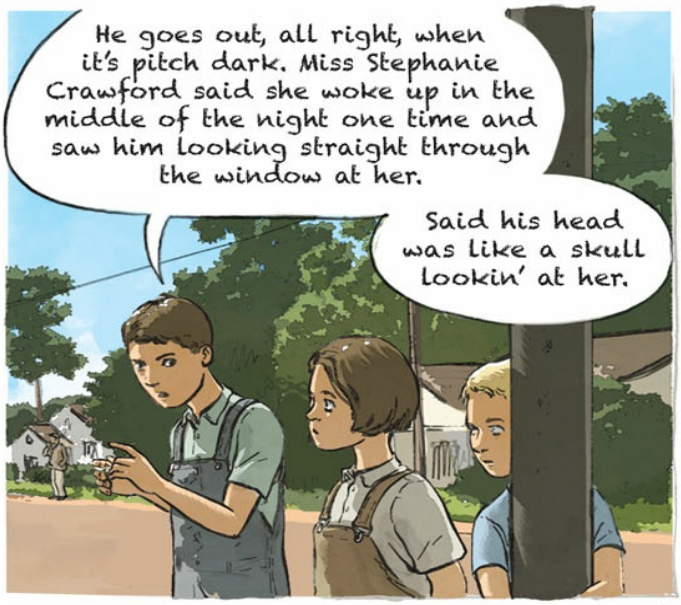
The judge decided to send the boys to the state industrial school, where boys were sometimes sent for no other reason than to provide them with food and decent shelter: it was no prison and it was no disgrace.

Mr. Radley thought it was.



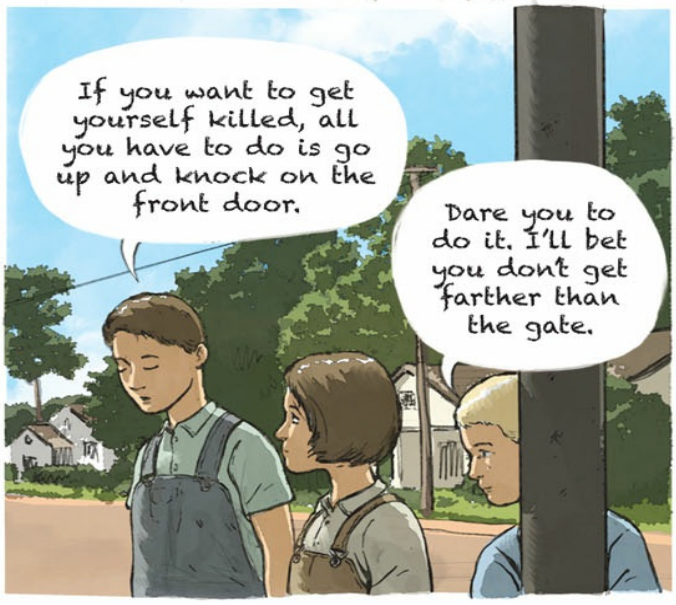


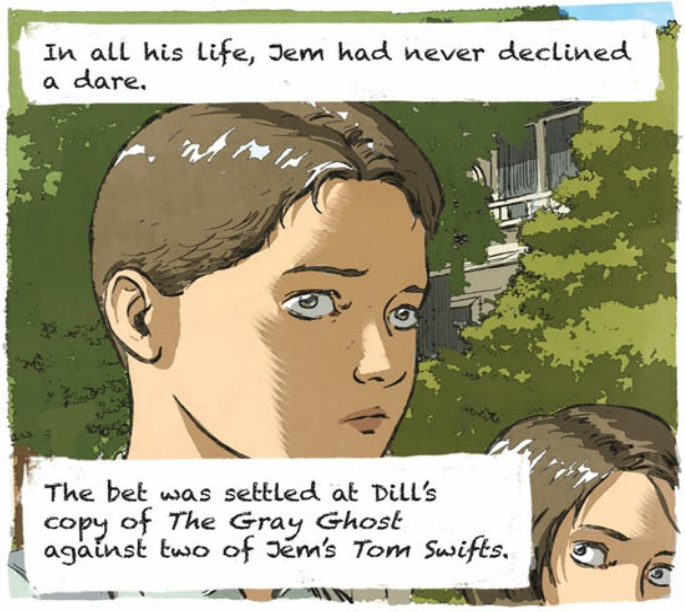


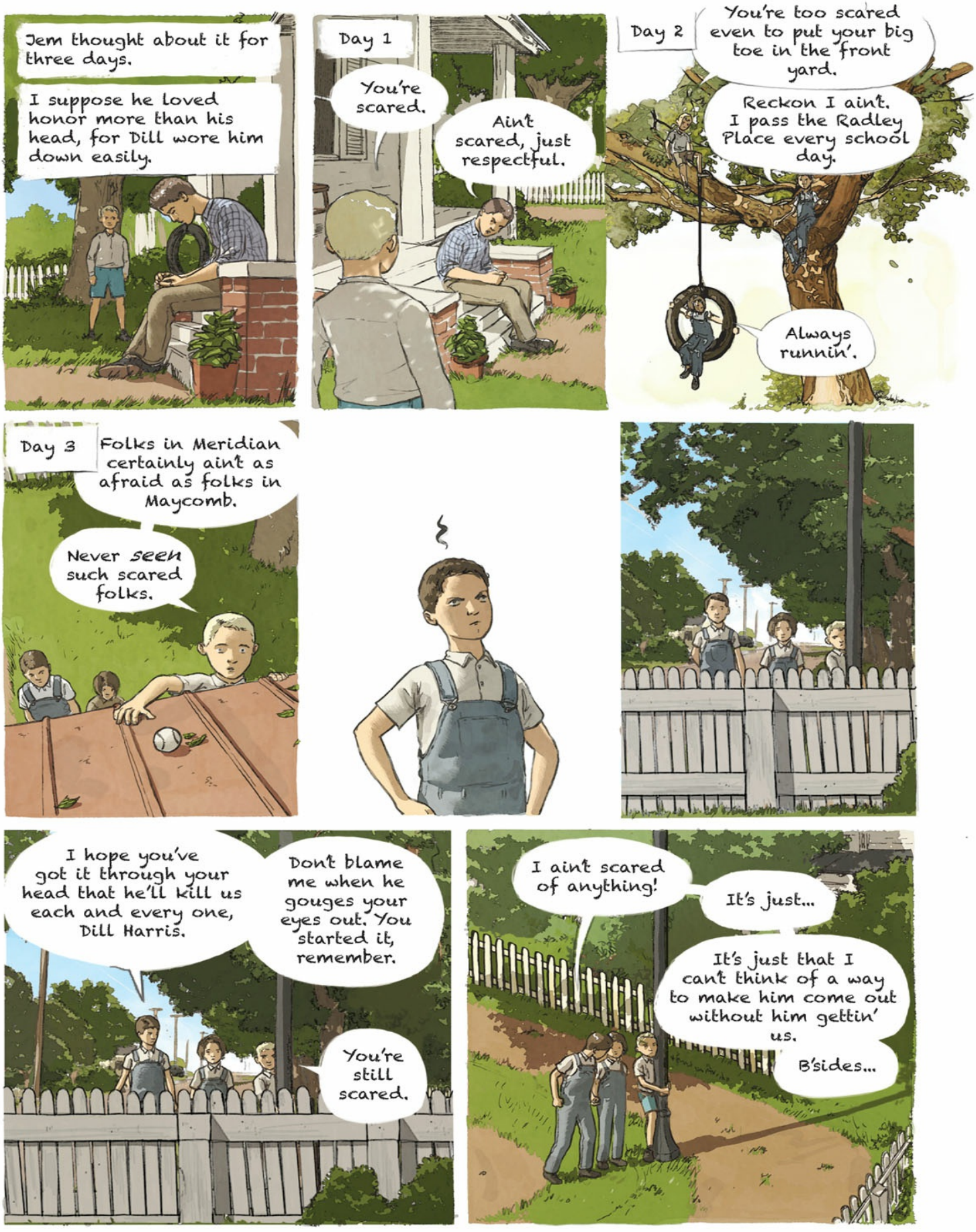

He goes out, all right, when it's pitch dark. Miss Stephanie Crawford said she woke up in the middle of the night one time and saw him looking straight through the window at her.
Said his head was like a skull lookin' at her.

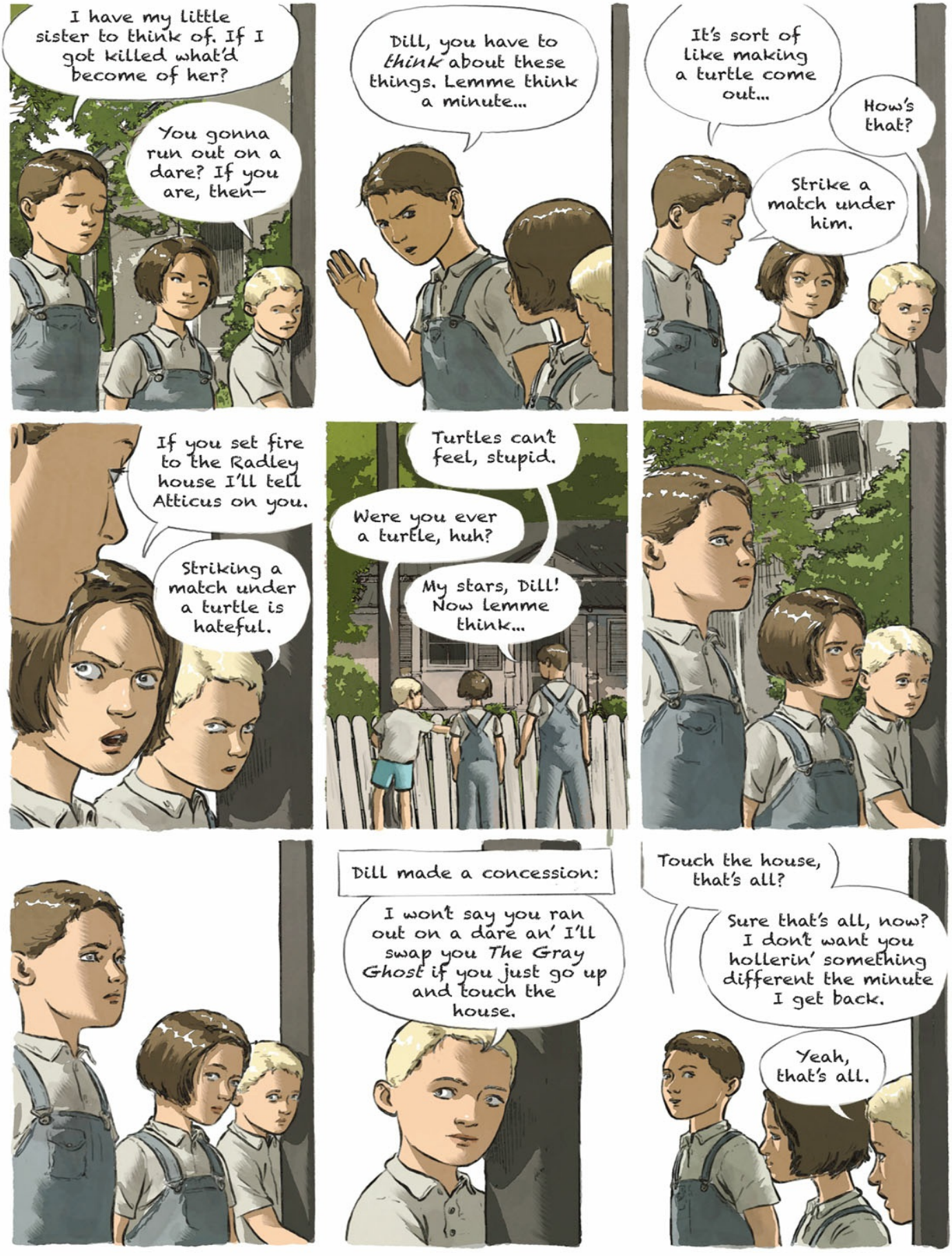
I've seen his tracks in the back yard many a mornin'.
Wonder what he looks like.

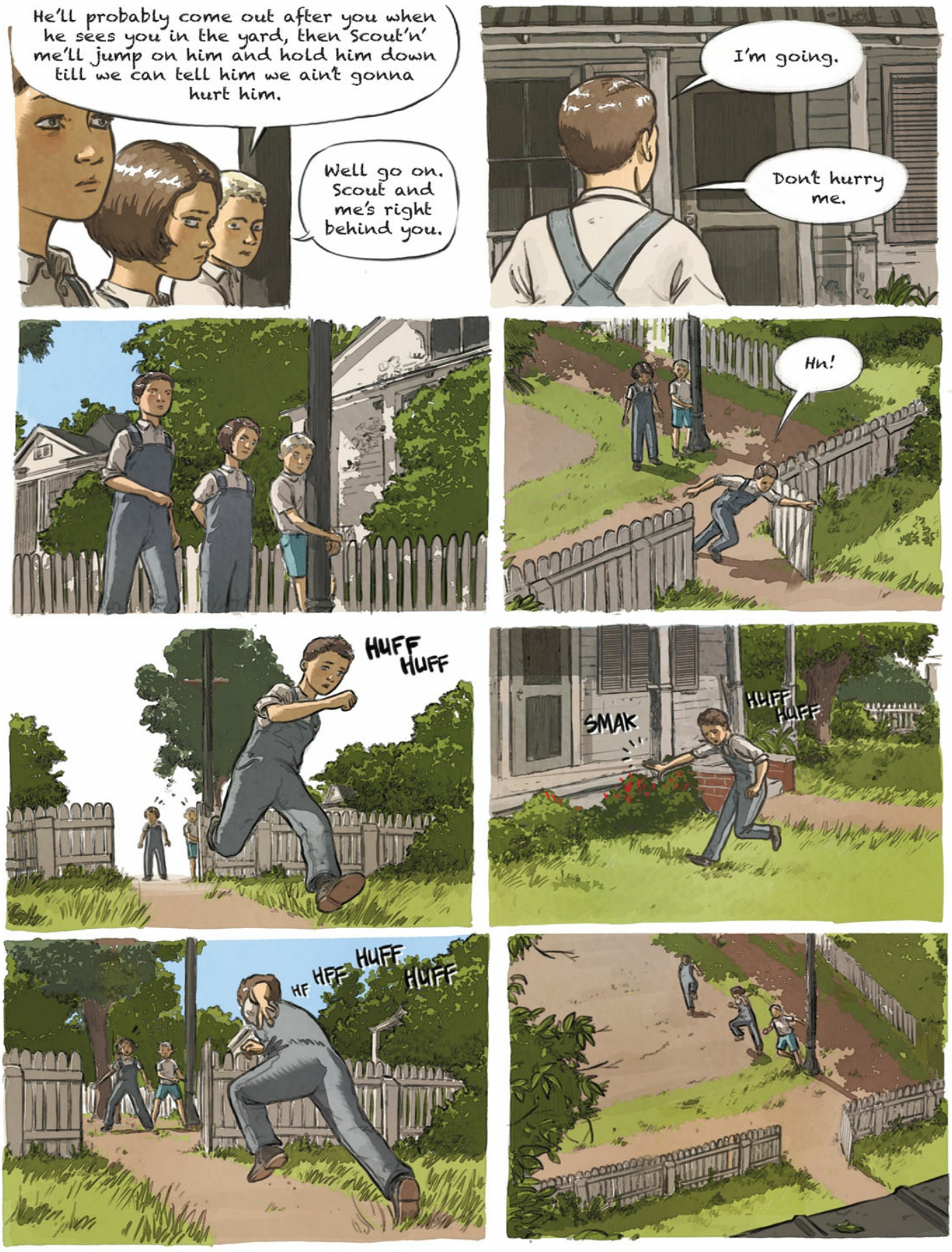
He's about six and-a-half feet tall, judging from his tracks.
Eats mainly raw squirrels and any cats he can catch. That's why his hands are always bloody – if you eat an animal raw, you can never wash the blood off.
He's only got a few yellow and rotten teeth left and he drools most of the time. Long scar across his face too.
Let's try to make him come out.

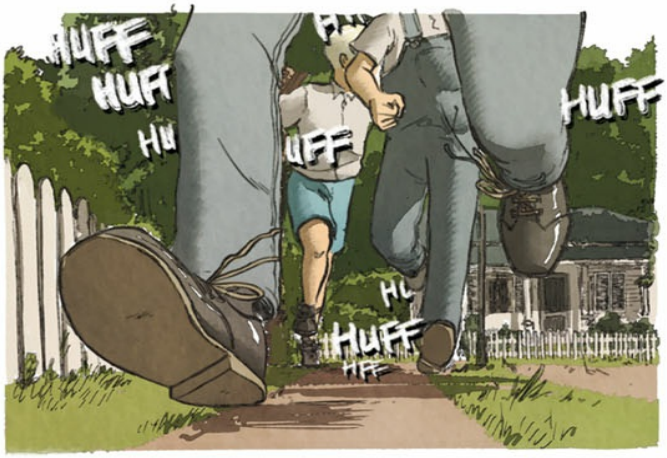

If you want to get yourself killed, all you have to do is go up and knock on the front door.
Dare you to do it. I'll bet you don't get farther than the gate.

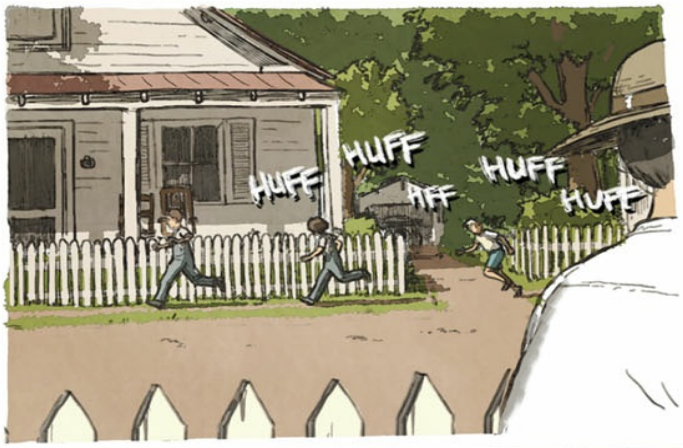

In all his life, Jem had never declined a dare.
The bet was settled at Dill's copy of *The Gray Ghost* against two of Jem's *Tom Swifts*.


Jem thought about it for three days.
I suppose he loved honor more than his head, for Dill wore him down easily.
Day 1
You're scared.
Ain't scared, just respectful.
Day 2
You're too scared even to put your big toe in the front yard.
Reckon I ain't. I pass the Radley Place every school day.
Always runnin'.
Day 3
Folks in Meridian certainly ain't as afraid as folks in Maycomb.
Never seen such scared folks.
I hope you've got it through your head that he'll kill us each and every one, Dill Harris.
Don't blame me when he gouges your eyes out. You started it, remember.
You're still scared.
I ain't scared of anything!
It's just...
It's just that I can't think of a way to make him come out without him gettin' us.
B'sides...

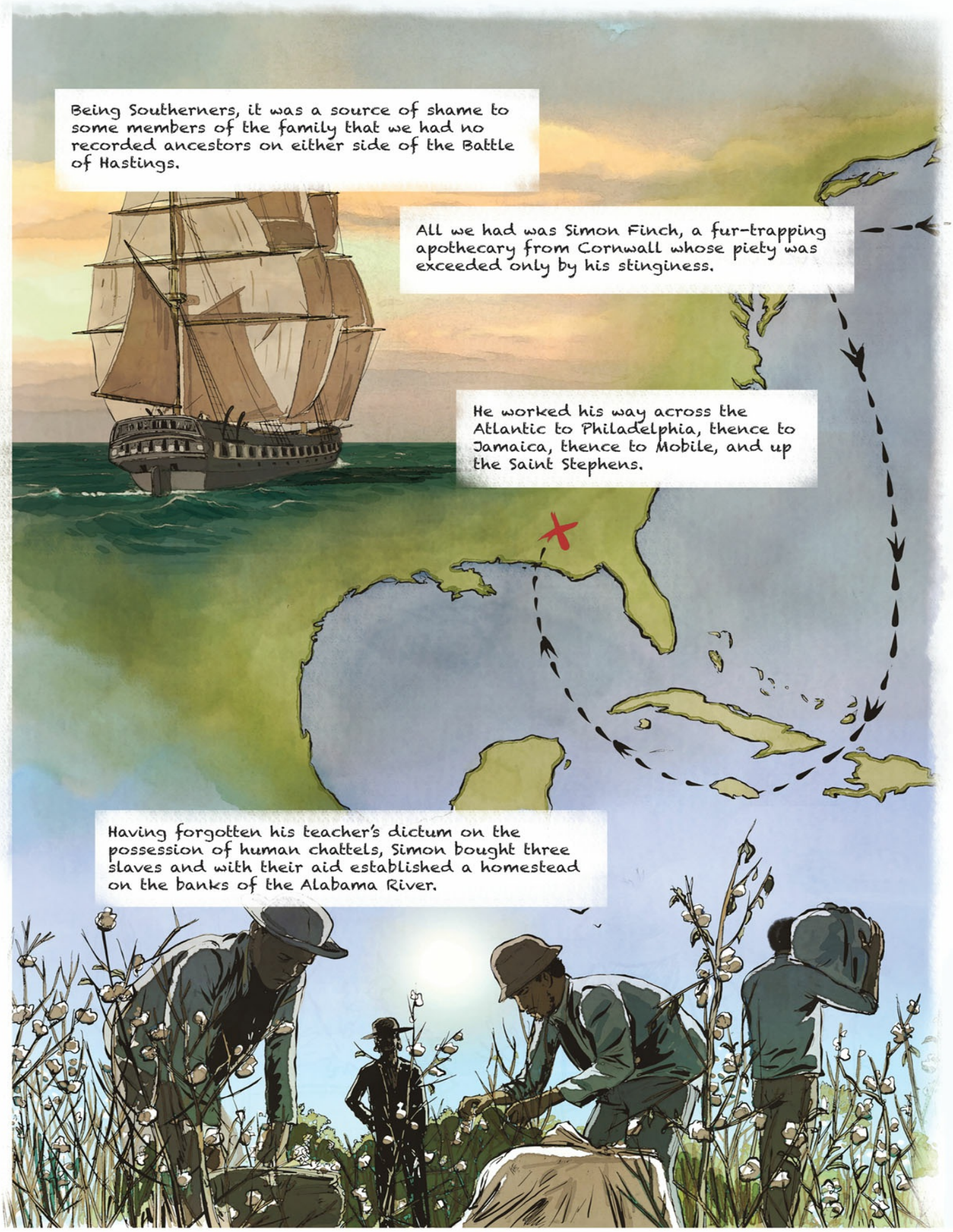

I have my little sister to think of. If I got killed what'd become of her?
You gonna run out on a dare? If you are, then—
Dill, you have to *think* about these things. Lemme think a minute...
It's sort of like making a turtle come out...
How's that?
Strike a match under him.
If you set fire to the Radley house I'll tell Atticus on you.
Striking a match under a turtle is hateful.
Turtles can't feel, stupid.
Were you ever a turtle, huh?
My stars, Dill! Now lemme think...
Dill made a concession:
I won't say you ran out on a dare an' I'll swap you *The Gray Ghost* if you just go up and touch the house.
Touch the house, that's all?
Sure that's all, now? I don't want you hollerin' something different the minute I get back.
Yeah, that's all.


He'll probably come out after you when he sees you in the yard, then Scout'n' me'll jump on him and hold him down till we can tell him we ain't gonna hurt him.
Well go on. Scout and me's right behind you.
I'm going.
Don't hurry me.
Hn!
HUFF HUFF
SMAK
HUFF HUFF
HF HFF HUFF HUFF





As we stared down the street we thought we saw an inside shutter move.


Being Southerners, it was a source of shame to some members of the family that we had no recorded ancestors on either side of the Battle of Hastings.
All we had was Simon Finch, a fur-trapping apothecary from Cornwall whose piety was exceeded only by his stinginess.
He worked his way across the Atlantic to Philadelphia, thence to Jamaica, thence to Mobile, and up the Saint Stephens.
Having forgotten his teacher's dictum on the possession of human chattels, Simon bought three slaves and with their aid established a homestead on the banks of the Alabama River.

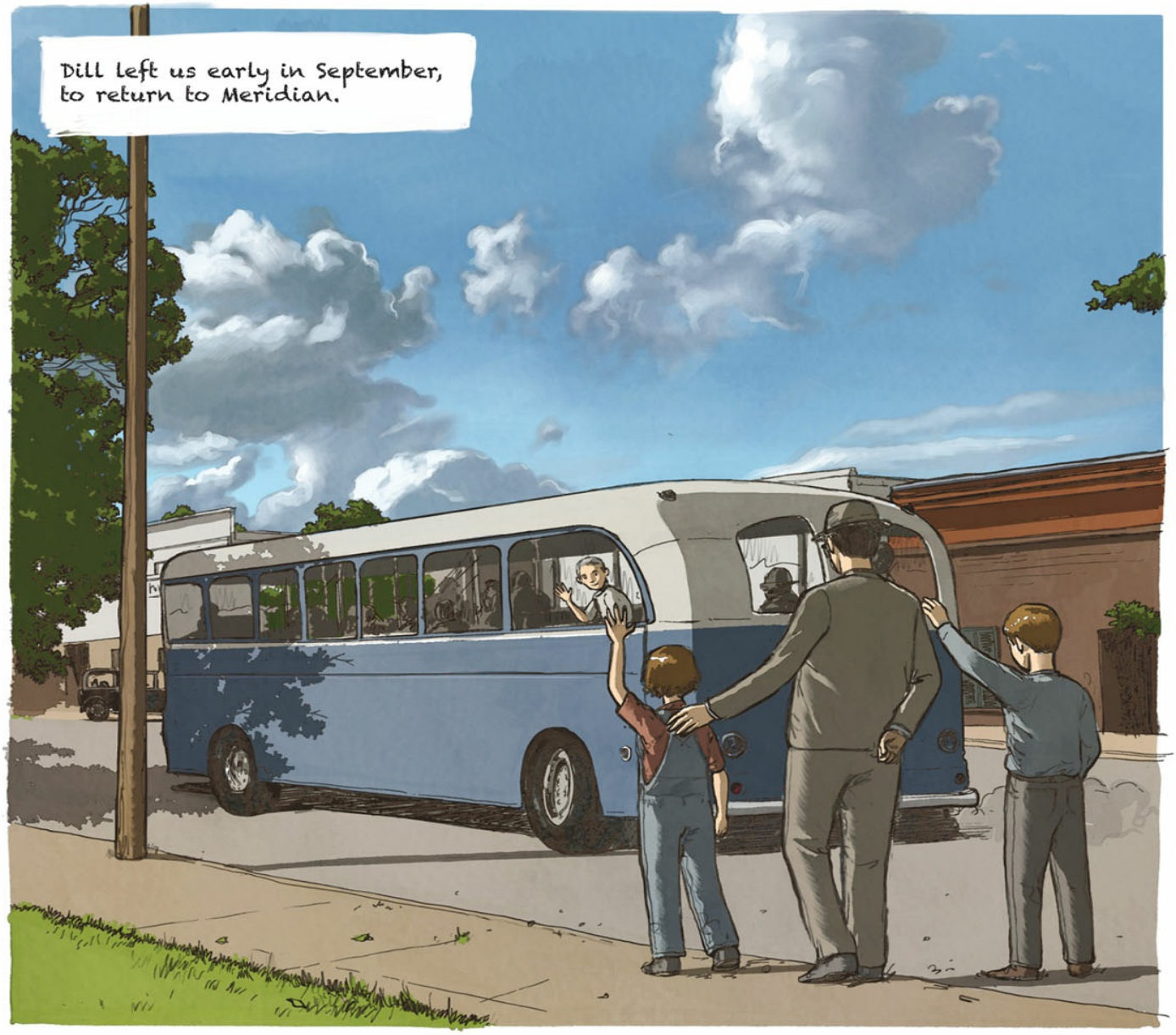
The tradition of living on the land remained unbroken until well into the twentieth century, when my father, Atticus Finch, went to Montgomery to read law, and his younger brother went to Boston to study medicine. Their sister Alexandra was the Finch who remained at the homestead, Finch's Landing.

We lived on the main residential street in Maycomb – Atticus, Jem and I, plus Calpurnia our cook.

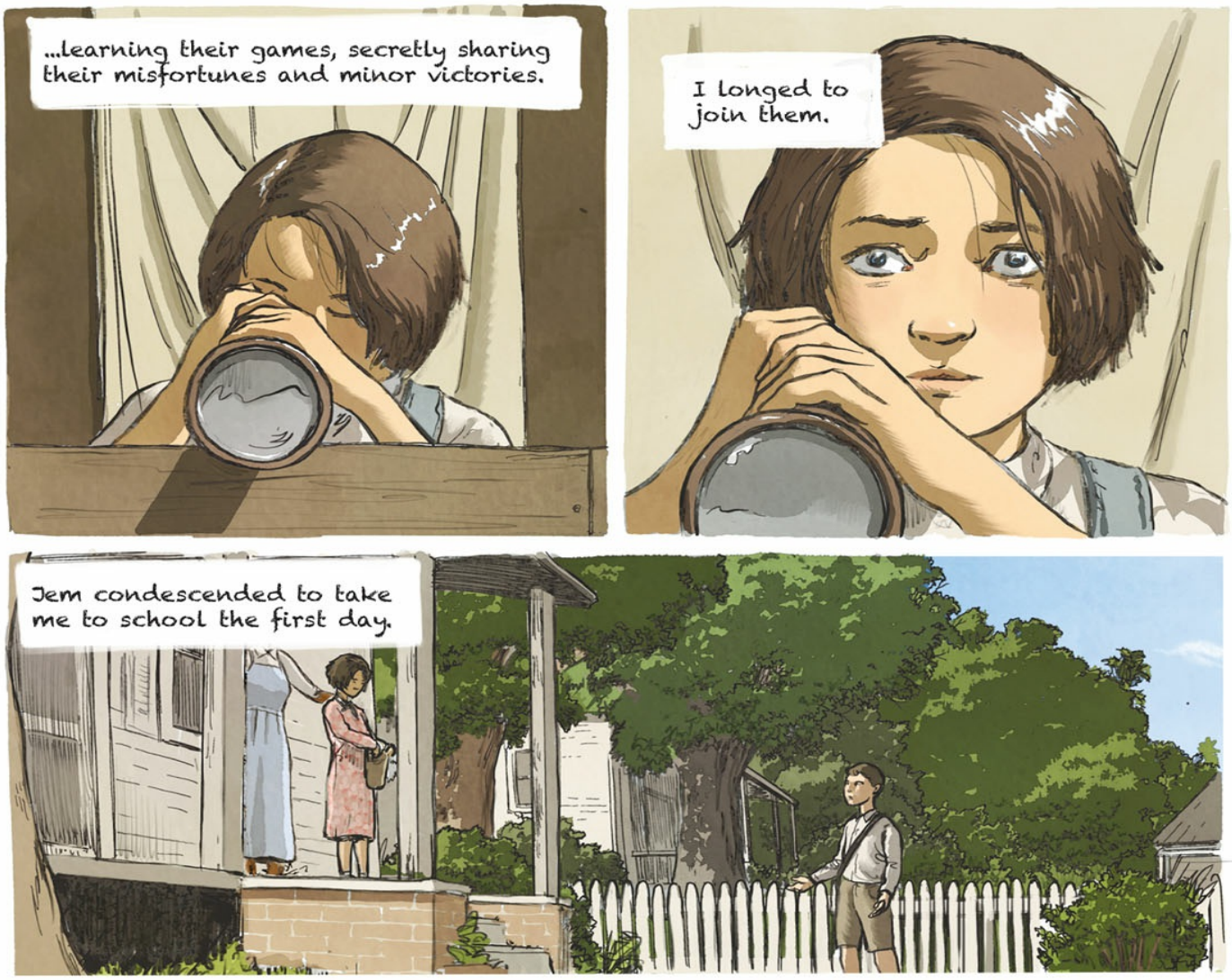
She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.

Our mother died when I was two, so I never felt her absence, but I think Jem did.

He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house.


Dill left us early in September, to return to Meridian.

I was miserable without him until it occurred to me that I would be starting to school in a week.
Hours of wintertime had found me in the treehouse, looking over at the schoolyard, spying on multitudes of children through a two-power telescope Jem had given me...



He was careful to explain that during school hours I was not to bother him, I was not to embarrass him with references to his private life, or tag along behind him at recess and noon. In short, I was to leave him alone.

This says I am Miss Caroline Fisher.
I am from North Alabama, from Winston County.
Does anybody know what these are?
Jean Louise.
A. B. C. D. E.
F. G. H.
That'll do, Jean Louise.
Please tell your father not to teach you any more.
It's liable to interfere with your reading.
Teach me?
He hasn't taught me anything, Miss Caroline.
If he didn't teach you, who did?
Ma'am?
It's best to begin reading with a fresh mind. You tell him I'll take over from here and try to undo the damage.

I could not remember when the lines above Atticus' moving finger separated into words, but I had stared at them all the evenings in my memory, listening to the news of the day, Bills To Be Enacted into Laws, the diaries of Lorenzo Dow — anything Atticus happened to be reading when I crawled into his lap every night.

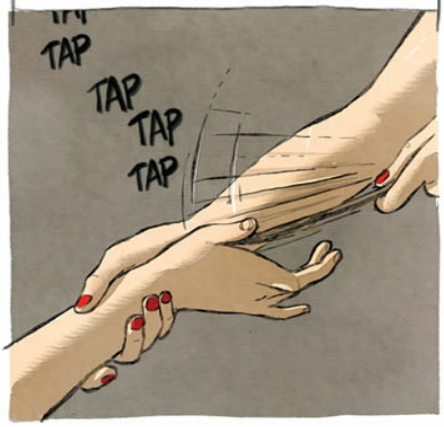
Calpurnia was to blame for this. Setting me writing tasks kept me from driving her crazy on rainy days, I guess.

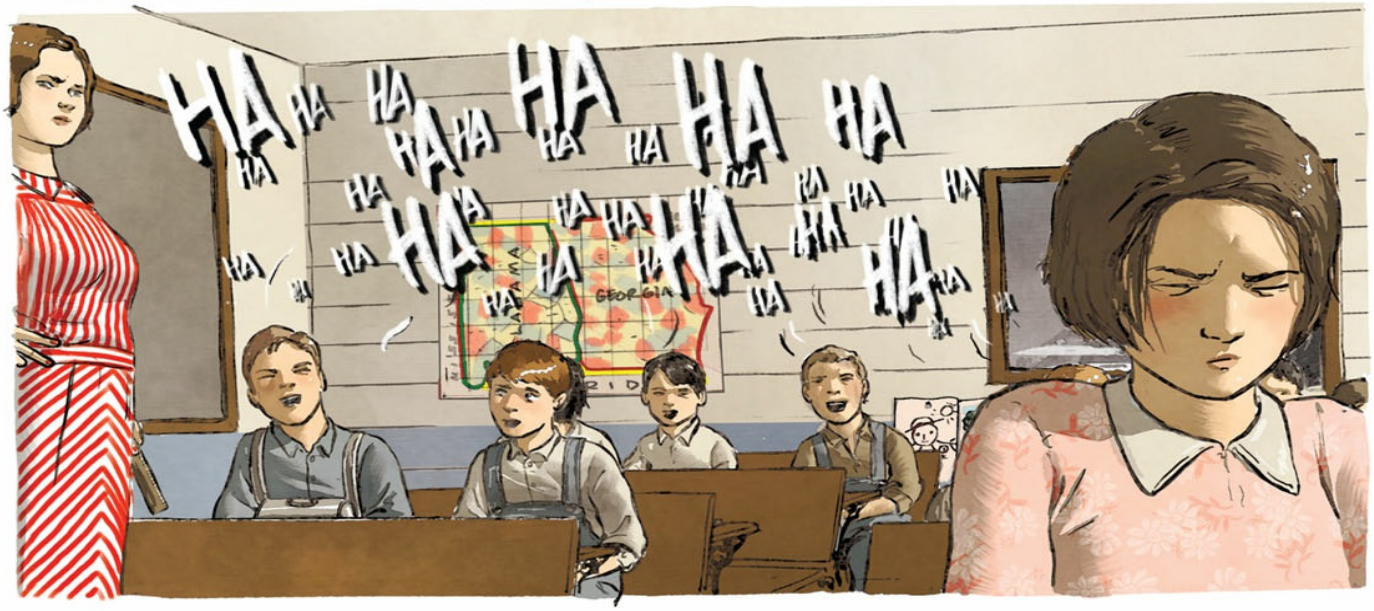
Now, everybody who goes home to lunch hold up your hands.
Everybody who brings his lunch put it on top of his desk.
U.S.A
CLATTER
CLATTER
Where's yours?
...
Did you forget your lunch this morning?
Did you forget it this morning?
Yeb'm.
He didn't forget his lunch, he didn't have any. He had none today nor would he have any tomorrow or the next day.
Here's a quarter.
Go and eat downtown today. You can pay me back tomorrow.
Nome thank you ma'am.
Here Walter, come on now.
Ah — Miss Caroline?

What is it, Jean Louise?
Miss Caroline, he's a Cunningham.
What, Jean Louise?
Walter's one of the Cunninghams, Miss Caroline.
I beg your pardon?
That's okay, ma'am, you'll get to know all the country folks after a while.
The Cunninghams never took anything they can't pay back...
No church baskets, and no scrip stamps.
They get along on what they have.
They don't have much, but they get along on it.
You're shamin' him, Miss Caroline.
Jean Louise, I've had about enough of you this morning.
You're starting off on the wrong foot in every way, my dear.

I thought she was going to spit in it, which was the only reason anybody in Maycomb held out his hand: it was a time-honored method of sealing oral contracts.

But Miss Caroline picked up her ruler and gave me half a dozen quick little pats, then told me to stand in the corner.





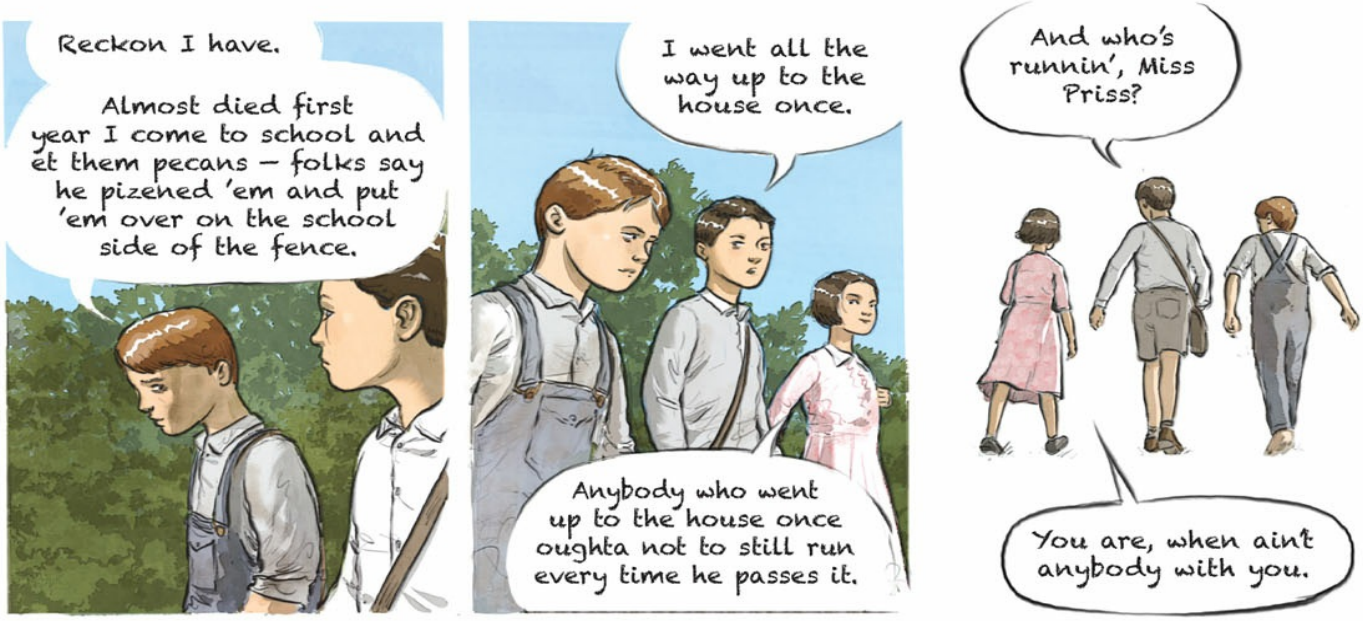
Miss Caroline, the sixth grade cannot concentrate on the pyramids for all this racket!
If I hear another sound from this room I'll burn up everybody in it.
DINGG
DINGG
DINGG
DING
U.S.A.
Had Miss Caroline's conduct been more friendly toward me, I would have felt sorry for her.
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORID
She was a pretty little thing.
Ghah!
Scout, stop!

Catching Walter Cunningham in the schoolyard gave me some pleasure, but when I was rubbing his nose in the dirt Jem came by.
C'mon now, you're bigger'n he is.
He's as old as you, nearly.
He made me start off on the wrong foot.

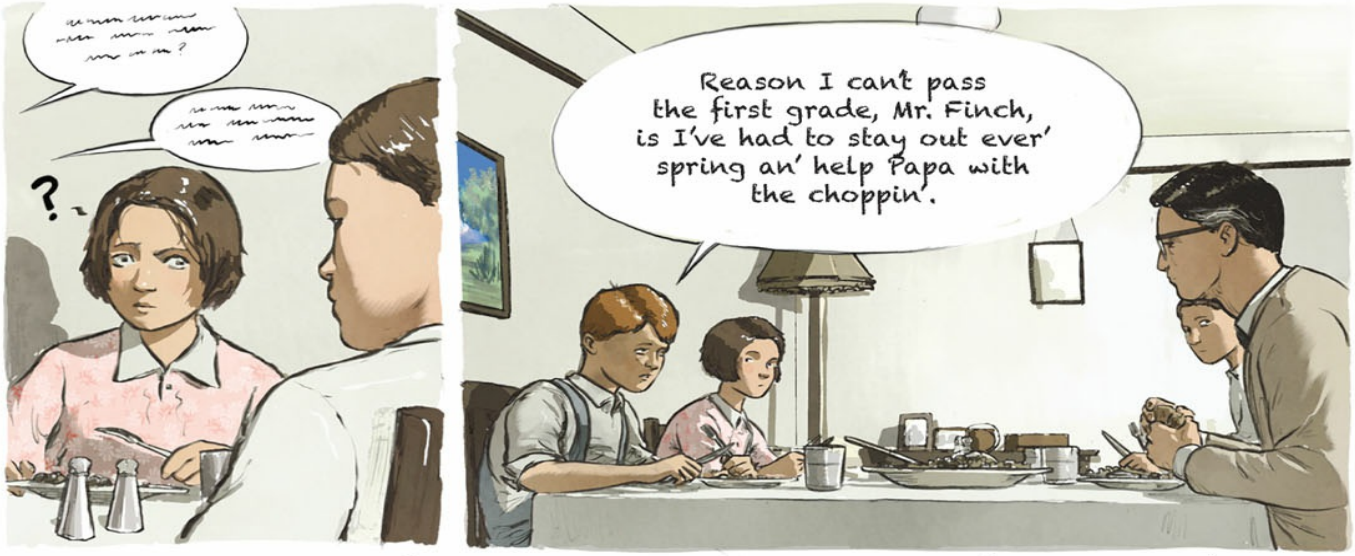
Let him go, Scout. Why?
He didn't have any lunch!

I tried to explain to Miss Caroline how he wasn't gonna take her money an' how she was shamin' him an' she said I was starting off on the wrong—
Your daddy Mr. Walter Cunningham from Old Sarum?
M'hm.

Come on home to dinner with us, Walter. We'd be glad to have you.
Our daddy's your daddy's lawyer.
Scout here, she's crazy — she won't fight you any more.
I wouldn't be too certain of that.
Yeah Walter, I won't jump on you again. Don't you like butterbeans?
Our Cal's a real good cook.
Suit yourself.
Hey, I'm comin'!
A haint lives there. Ever hear about him, Walter?

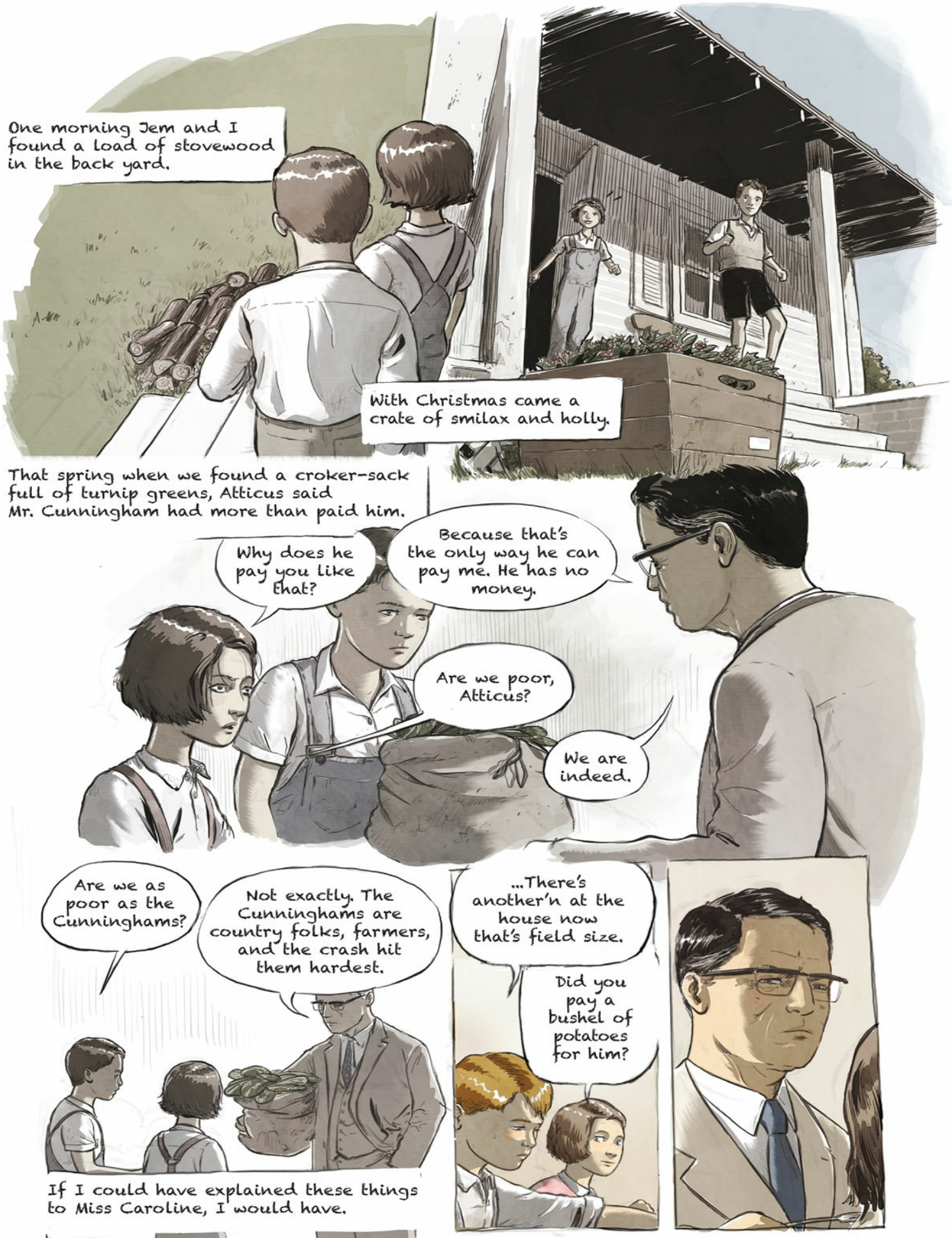


By the time we reached our front steps Walter had forgotten he was a Cunningham. Jem ran to the kitchen and asked Calpurnia to set an extra plate, we had company.

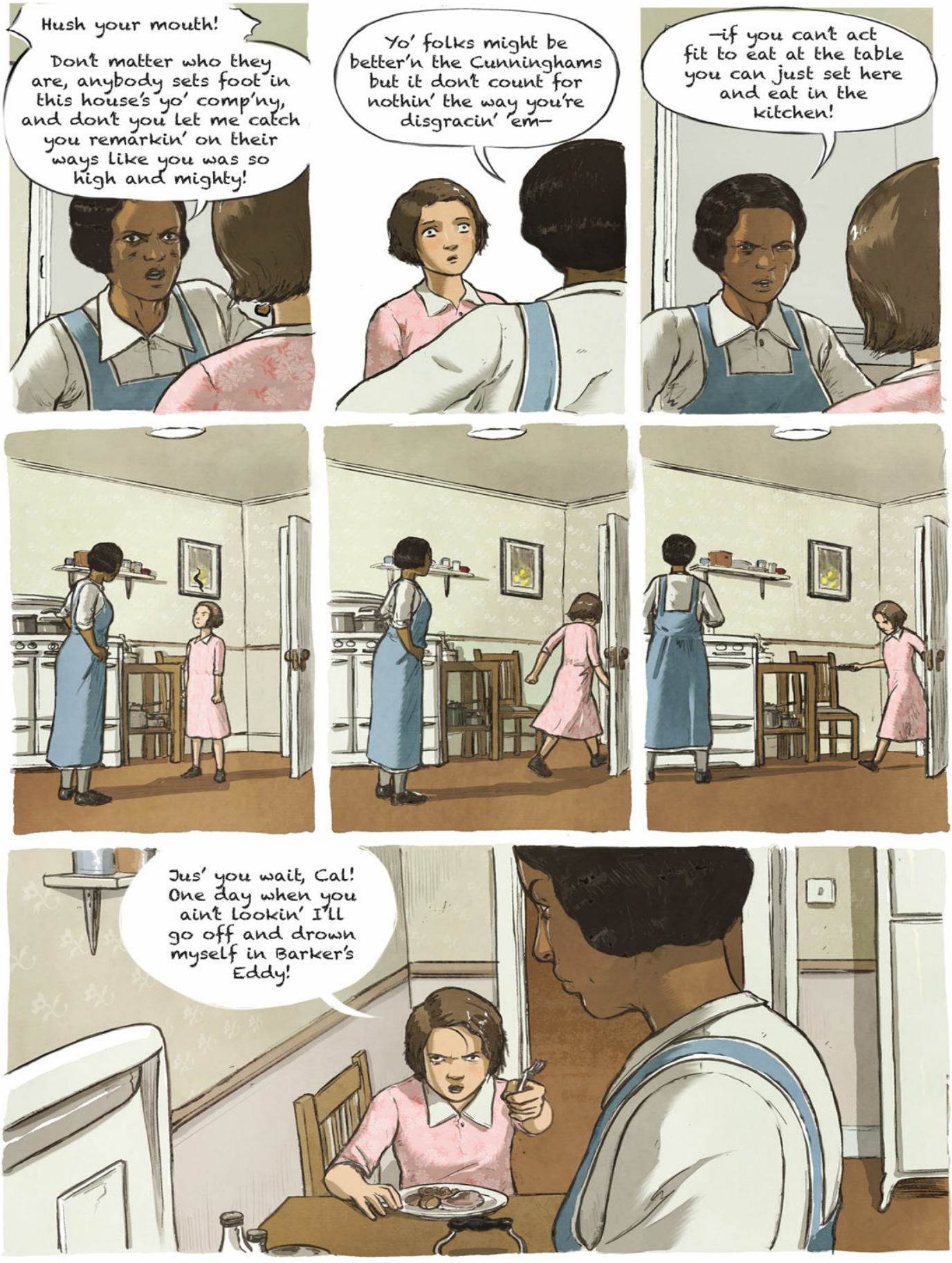


My special knowledge of the Cunningham tribe was gained from events of last winter. Walter's father was one of Atticus's clients. After a dreary conversation in our livingroom one night about his entailment, before Mr. Cunningham left he said:

When I asked Jem what entailment was, and Jem described it as a condition of having your tail in a crack, I asked Atticus if Mr. Cunningham would ever pay us.

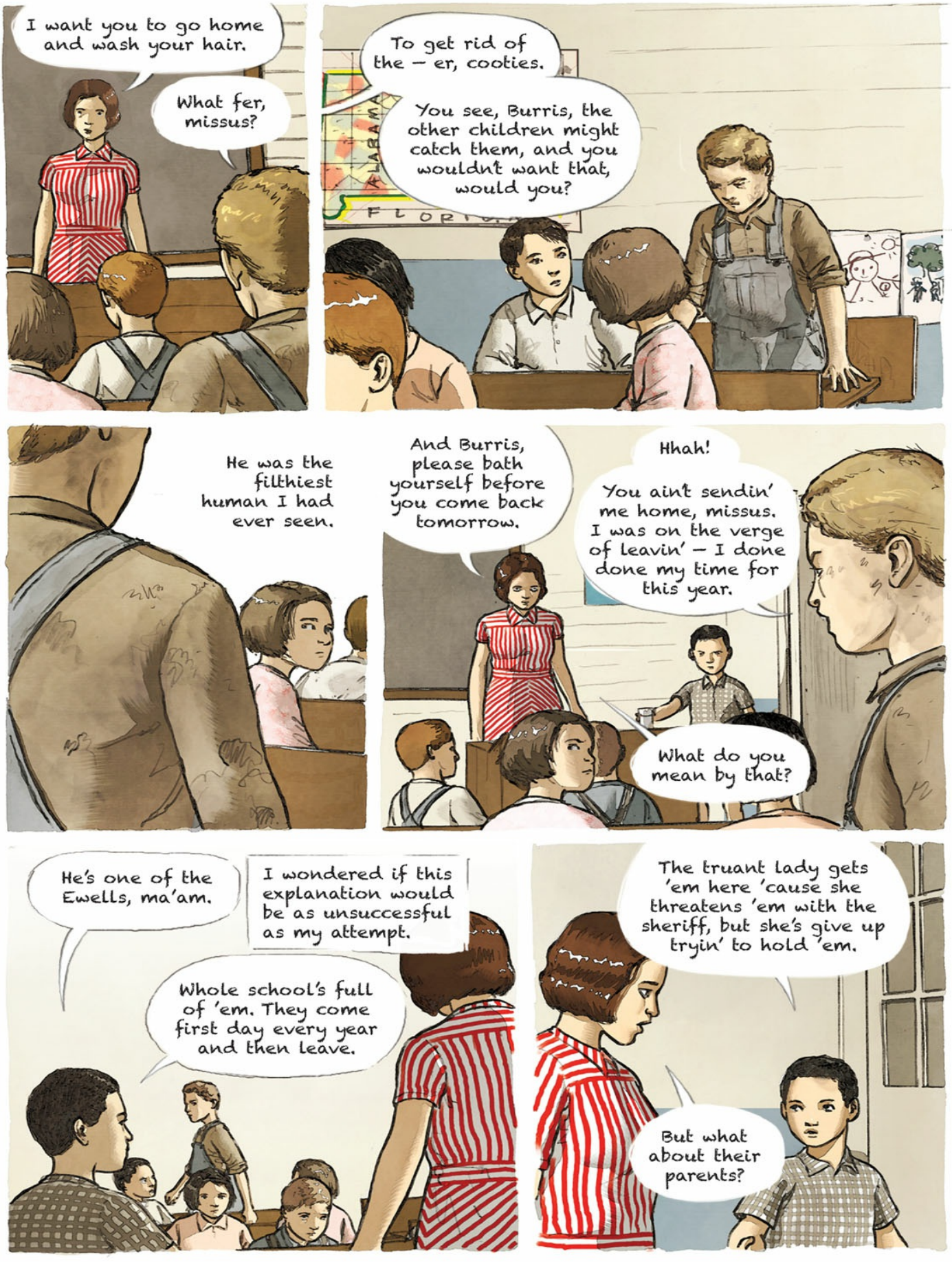

One morning Jem and I found a load of stovewood in the back yard.
With Christmas came a crate of smilax and holly.
That spring when we found a croker-sack full of turnip greens, Atticus said Mr. Cunningham had more than paid him.
Why does he pay you like that?
Because that's the only way he can pay me. He has no money.
Are we poor, Atticus?
We are indeed.
Are we as poor as the Cunninghams?
Not exactly. The Cunninghams are country folks, farmers, and the crash hit them hardest.
...There's another'n at the house now that's field size.
Did you pay a bushel of potatoes for him?
If I could have explained these things to Miss Caroline, I would have.

Why no, Jean Louise, A bushel of potatoes ain't worth—
Hey!
He's gone and drowned his dinner in syrup!
He's poured it all over—
Jean Louise!
I'd like a word with you in the kitchen, please.
What's a matter, Cal?
There's some folks who don't eat like us but you ain't called on to contradict 'em at the table when they don't.
That boy's yo' comp'ny and if he wants to eat up the table cloth you let him, you hear?
He ain't company, Cal, he's just a Cunningham—


Hush your mouth!
Don't matter who they are, anybody sets foot in this house's yo' comp'ny, and don't you let me catch you remarkin' on their ways like you was so high and mighty!
Yo' folks might be better'n the Cunninghams but it don't count for nothin' the way you're disgracin' 'em—
—if you can't act fit to eat at the table you can just set here and eat in the kitchen!
Jus' you wait, Cal! One day when you ain't lookin' I'll go off and drown myself in Barker's Eddy!

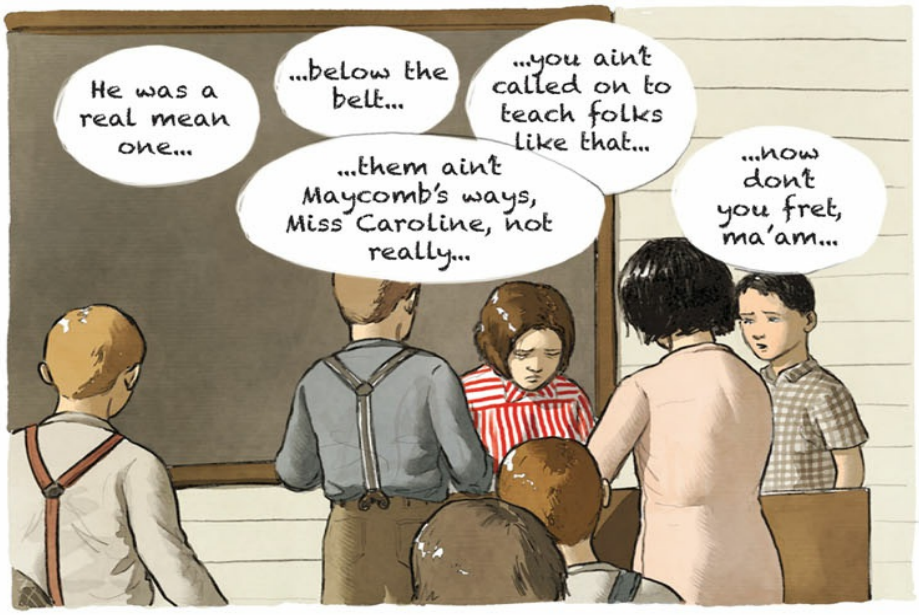
Jem and Walter returned to school ahead of me: staying behind to advise Atticus of Calpurnia's iniquities was worth a solitary sprint past the Radley Place.

I was just walking by when it crawled out of his hair...
Just crawled out of his hair—
Oh! There ain't no need to fear a cootie, ma'am.
Ain't you ever seen one?
Now don't you be afraid, you just go back to your desk and teach us some more.
Little Chuck Little was another member of the population who didn't know where his next meal was coming from, but he was a born gentleman.
Now don't you fret, ma'am. There ain't no need to fear a cootie.
I'll just fetch you some cool water.
What is your name, son?
SCRITCH SCRITCH
Who, me?
Burris Ewell.
I have a Ewell here, but I don't have a first name...
Would you spell your first name for me?
U.S.A.
Don't know how. They call me Burrist home.
Well, Burris, I think we'd better excuse you for the rest of the afternoon.

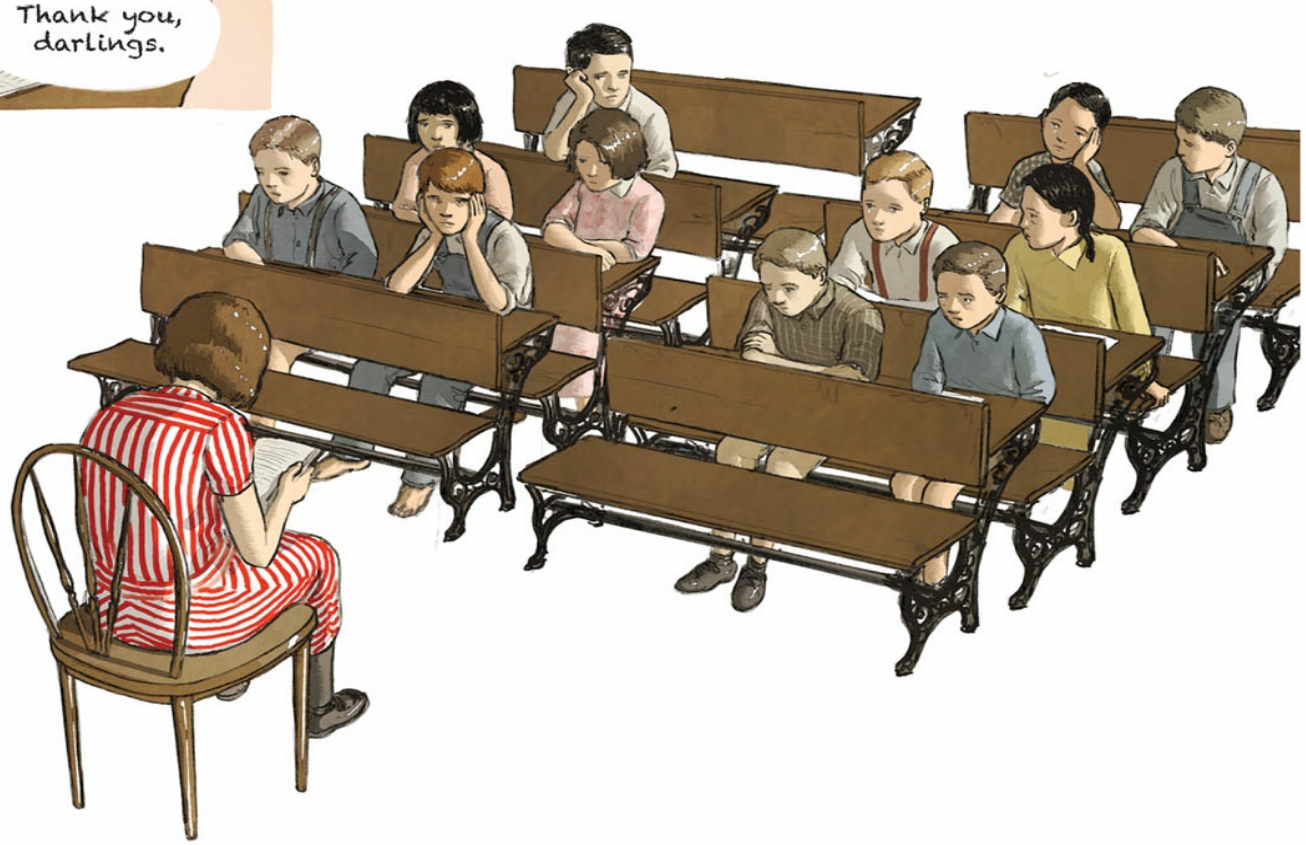

I want you to go home and wash your hair.
What fer, missus?
To get rid of the — er, cooties.
You see, Burris, the other children might catch them, and you wouldn't want that, would you?
He was the filthiest human I had ever seen.
And Burris, please bath yourself before you come back tomorrow.
Hhah!
You ain't sendin' me home, missus. I was on the verge of leavin' — I done done my time for this year.
What do you mean by that?
He's one of the Ewells, ma'am.
I wondered if this explanation would be as unsuccessful as my attempt.
Whole school's full of 'em. They come first day every year and then leave.
The truant lady gets 'em here 'cause she threatens 'em with the sheriff, but she's give up tryin' to hold 'em.
But what about their parents?

Ain't got no mother. And their paw's right contentious.
Been comin' to the first day o' the first grade fer three year now.
Reckon if I'm smart this year they'll promote me to the second...
FLORID
Sit back down, please, Burris.
You try and make me, missus.
ALABAMA
Let him go, ma'am.
He's a mean one. He's liable to start somethin', and there's some little folks here.
Watch your step, Burris.
I'd soon's kill you as look at you. Now go home.
Burris, go home. If you don't I'll call the principal. I'll have to report this, anyway.
Report and be damned to ye! Ain't no snot-nosed slut of a schoolteacher ever born c'n make me do nothin'!
You ain't makin' me go nowhere, missus. You just remember that.

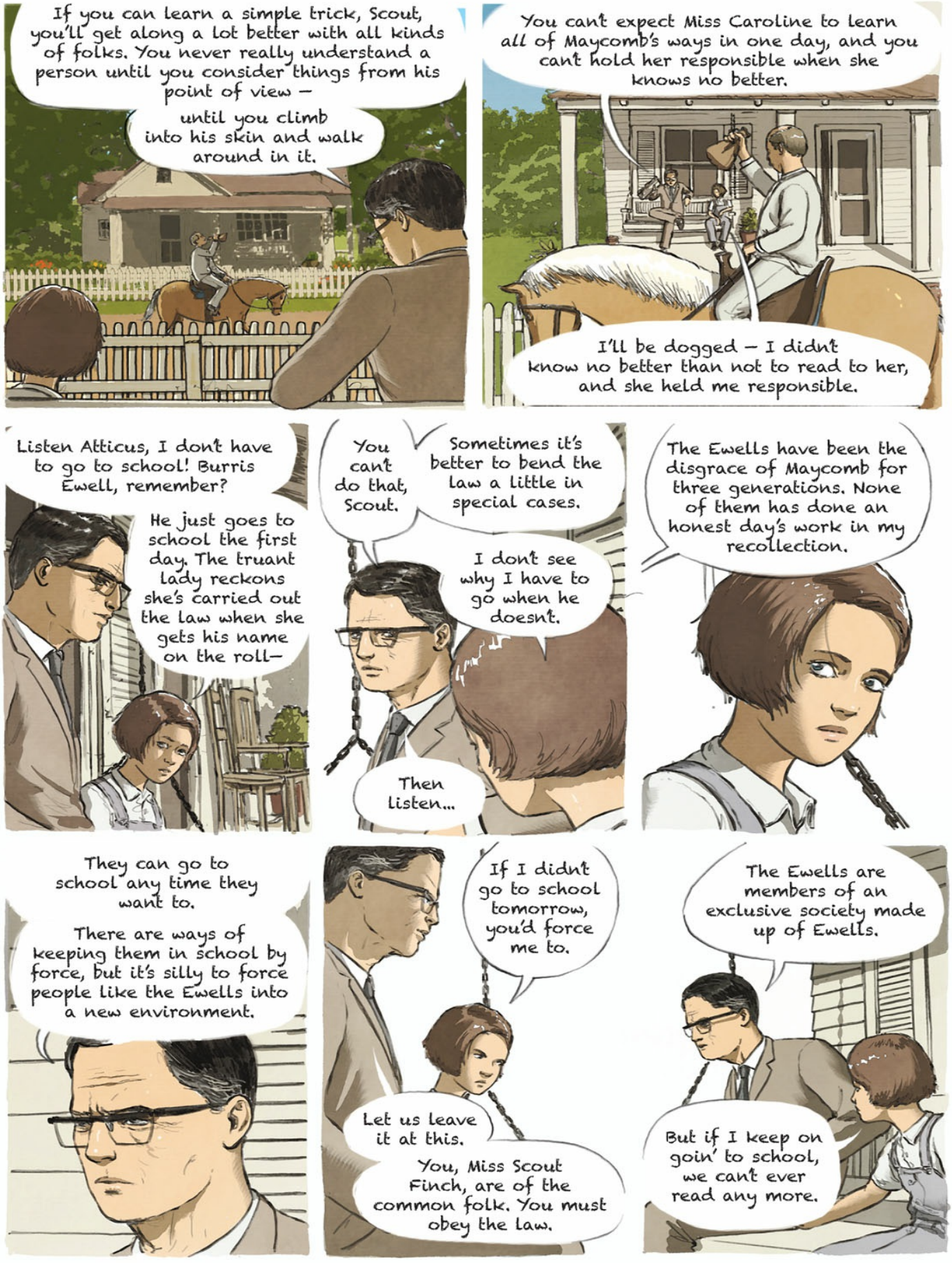
When he was sure she was crying, Burris shuffled out.

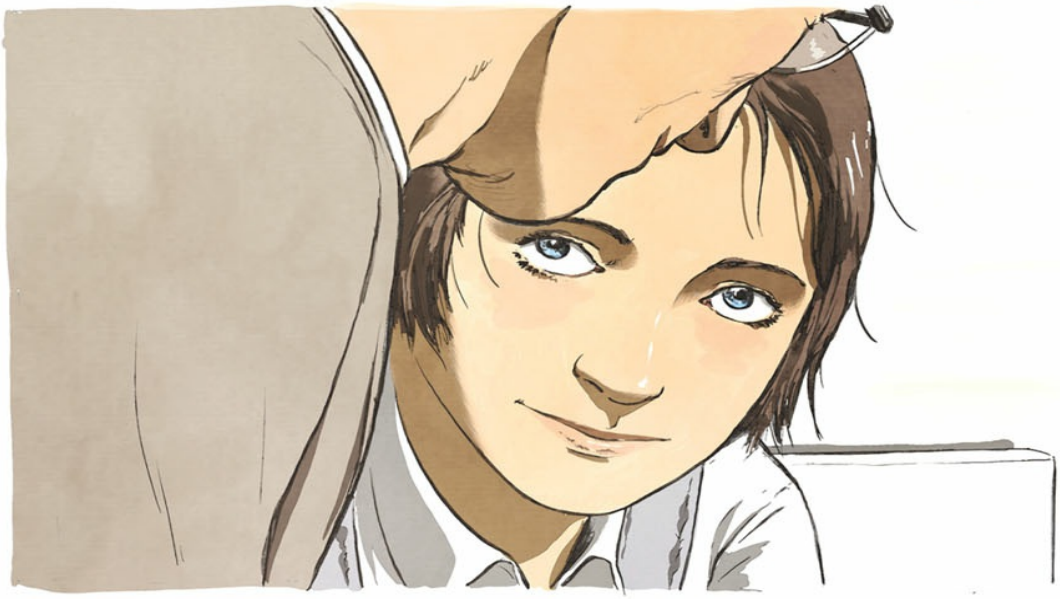


Having dispersed us, Miss Caroline opened a book and mystified the first grade with a long narrative about a toad-frog that lived in a hall.

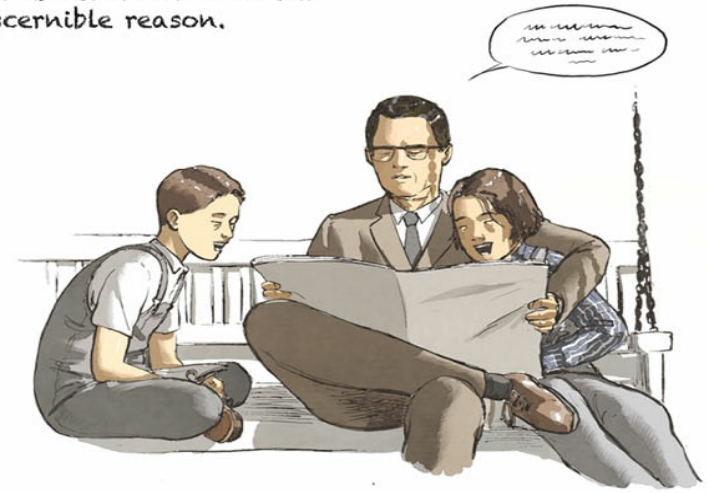


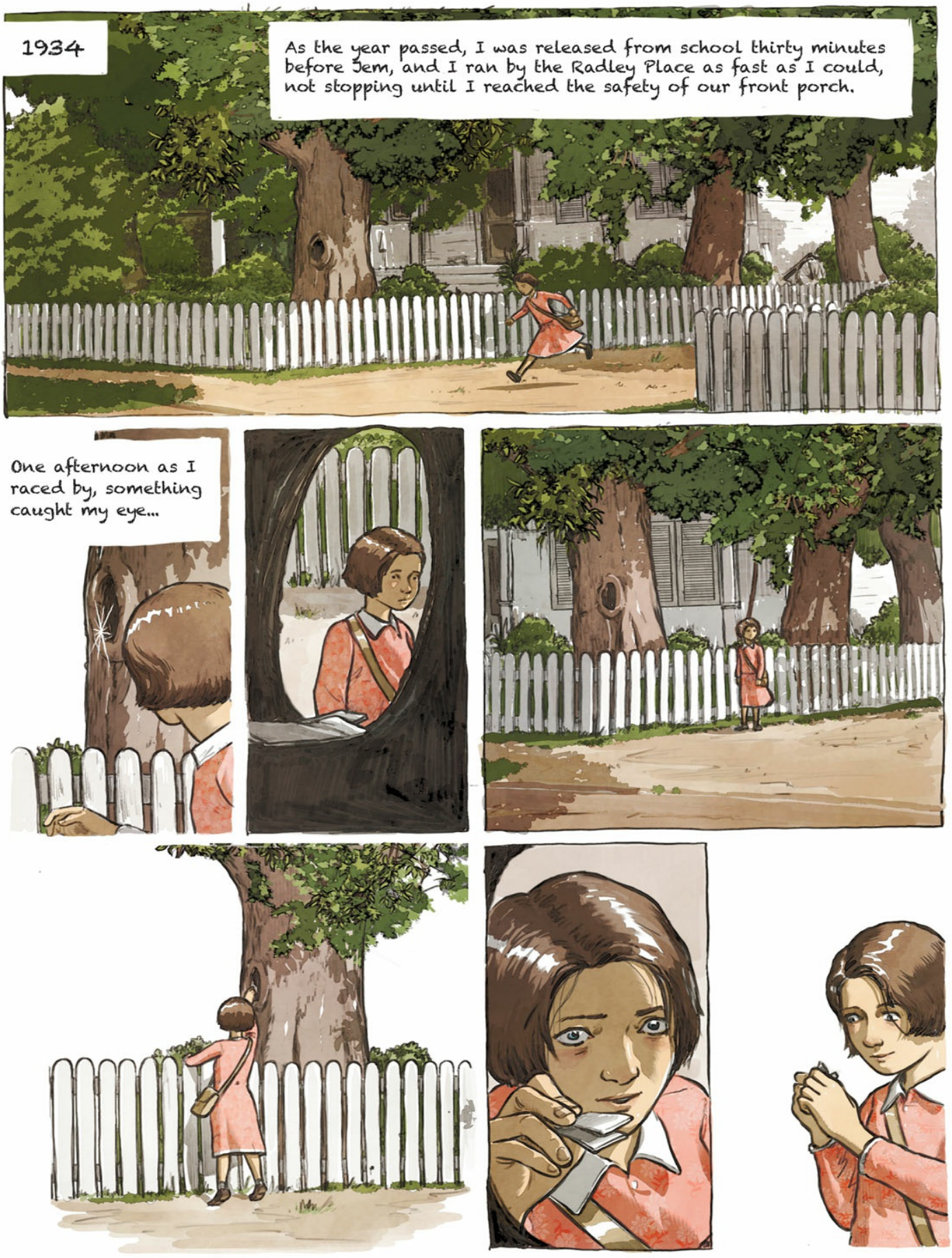
Scout, ready to read?
...
Something wrong, Scout?
Atticus, I don't feel very well.
I don't think I'll go to school any more if that's all right with you.
You never went to school and you do all right, so I'll just stay home too.
You can teach me like Granddaddy taught you'n Uncle Jack.
No I can't. I have to make a living.
Besides, they'd put me in jail if I kept you at home – dose of magnesia for you tonight and school tomorrow.
I'm feeling all right, really.
Thought so. Now what's the matter?
Bit by bit, I told him the day's misfortunes.
...and she said you taught me all wrong, so we can't ever read any more, ever.
Please don't send me back.
Please, sir.


If you can learn a simple trick, Scout, you'll get along a lot better with all kinds of folks. You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view —
until you climb into his skin and walk around in it.
You can't expect Miss Caroline to learn all of Maycomb's ways in one day, and you can't hold her responsible when she knows no better.
I'll be dogged — I didn't know no better than not to read to her, and she held me responsible.
Listen Atticus, I don't have to go to school! Burris Ewell, remember?
He just goes to school the first day. The truant lady reckons she's carried out the law when she gets his name on the roll—
You can't do that, Scout.
Sometimes it's better to bend the law a little in special cases.
I don't see why I have to go when he doesn't.
Then listen...
The Ewells have been the disgrace of Maycomb for three generations. None of them has done an honest day's work in my recollection.
They can go to school any time they want to.
There are ways of keeping them in school by force, but it's silly to force people like the Ewells into a new environment.
If I didn't go to school tomorrow, you'd force me to.
Let us leave it at this.
You, Miss Scout Finch, are of the common folk. You must obey the law.
The Ewells are members of an exclusive society made up of Ewells.
But if I keep on goin' to school, we can't ever read any more.



Atticus kept us in fits that evening, gravely reading columns of print about a man who sat on a flagpole for no discernible reason.




1934
As the year passed, I was released from school thirty minutes before Jem, and I ran by the Radley Place as fast as I could, not stopping until I reached the safety of our front porch.
One afternoon as I raced by, something caught my eye...

When Jem came home he asked me where I got such a wad.

I foun' it.

Don't eat things you find, Scout!

This wasn't on the ground, it was in a tree.

It was sticking in that tree yonder, the one comin' from school.

Spit it out right now!

:PTOU:

I've been chewin' it all afternoon and I ain't dead yet, not even sick.

Don't you know you're not supposed to even touch the trees over there?

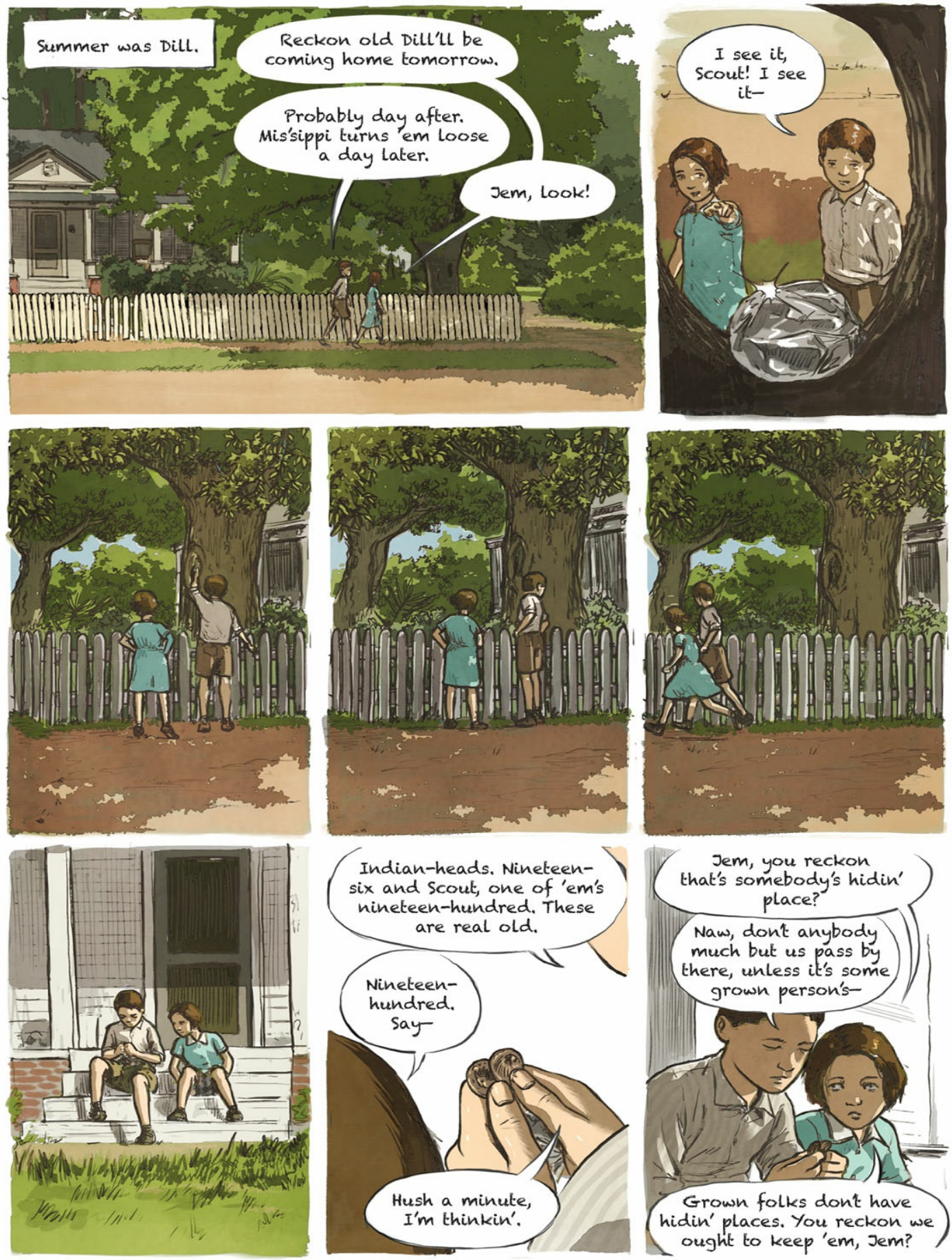
You go gargle right now, you hear me?

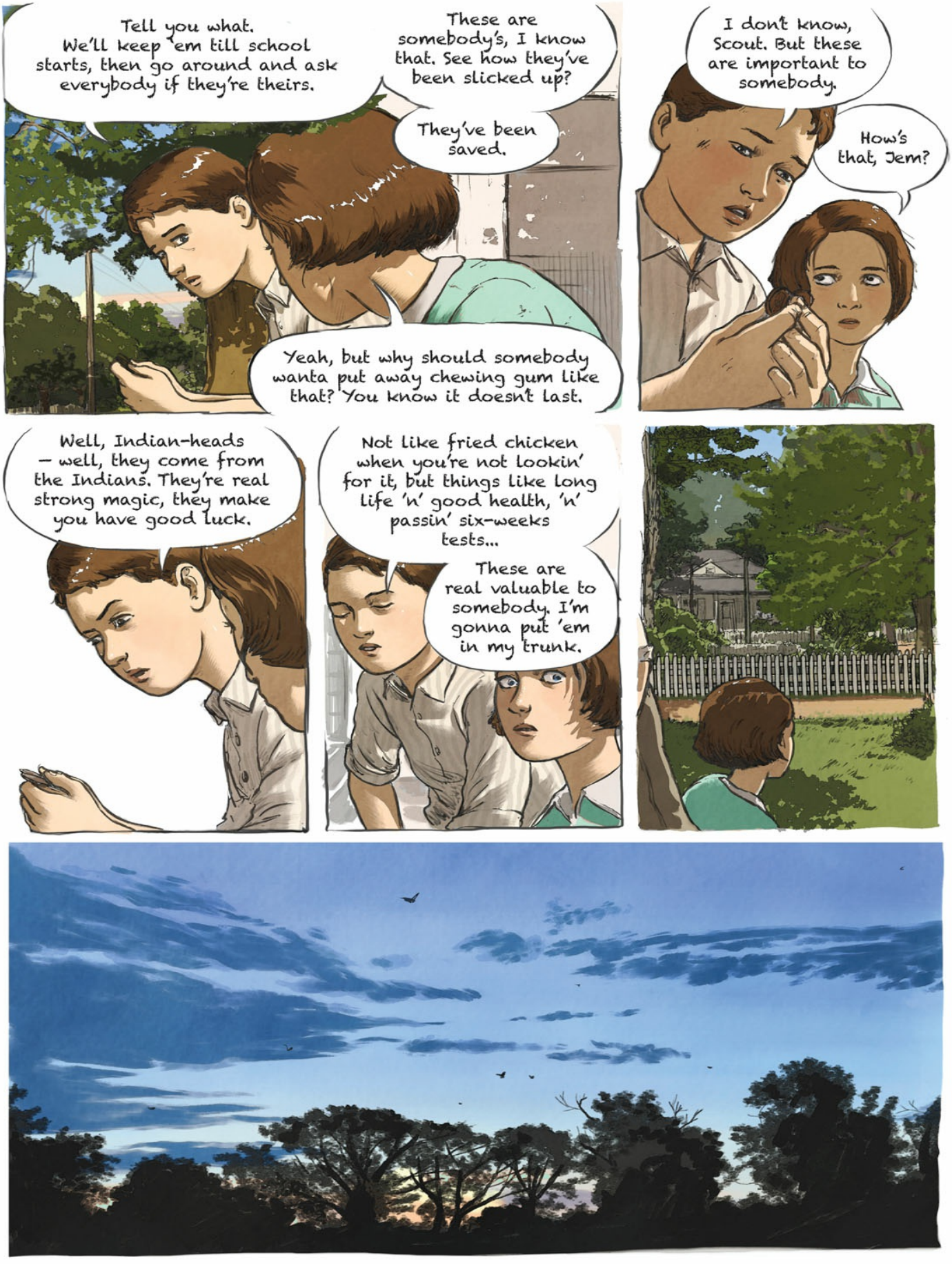
Ain't neither, it'll take the taste outa my mouth.

You don't 'n' I'll tell Calpurnia on you!

Summer was on the way; Jem and I awaited it with impatience.

Summer was sleeping on the back porch in cots, or trying to sleep in the treehouse; summer was everything good to eat; it was a thousand colors in a parched landscape; but most of all...


Summer was Dill.
Reckon old Dill'll be coming home tomorrow.
Probably day after. Mis'sippi turns 'em loose a day later.
Jem, look!
I see it, Scout! I see it—
Indian-heads. Nineteen-six and Scout, one of 'em's nineteen-hundred. These are real old.
Nineteen-hundred. Say—
Hush a minute, I'm thinkin'.
Jem, you reckon that's somebody's hidin' place?
Naw, don't anybody much but us pass by there, unless it's some grown person's—
Grown folks don't have hidin' places. You reckon we ought to keep 'em, Jem?


Tell you what. We'll keep 'em till school starts, then go around and ask everybody if they're theirs.
These are somebody's, I know that. See how they've been slicked up?
They've been saved.
Yeah, but why should somebody wanta put away chewing gum like that? You know it doesn't last.
I don't know, Scout. But these are important to somebody.
How's that, Jem?
Well, Indian-heads — well, they come from the Indians. They're real strong magic, they make you have good luck.
Not like fried chicken when you're not lookin' for it, but things like long life 'n' good health, 'n' passin' six-weeks tests...
These are real valuable to somebody. I'm gonna put 'em in my trunk.

Saw my daddy this year.
He's a sight taller'n your daddy. He's got a pointed black beard like so, and he's president of the L and N Railroad.

I helped the engineer for a while.
In a pig's ear you did, Dill. Hush.
What'll we play?
Tom and Sam and Dick?

Dill wanted the Rover Boys because there were three respectable parts. He was clearly tired of being our character man.
I'm tired of those.
Make us up one, Jem.
I'm tired of makin' 'em up.

...
I—smell—death.
I do, I mean it.
...
You mean when somebody's dyin' you can smell it?

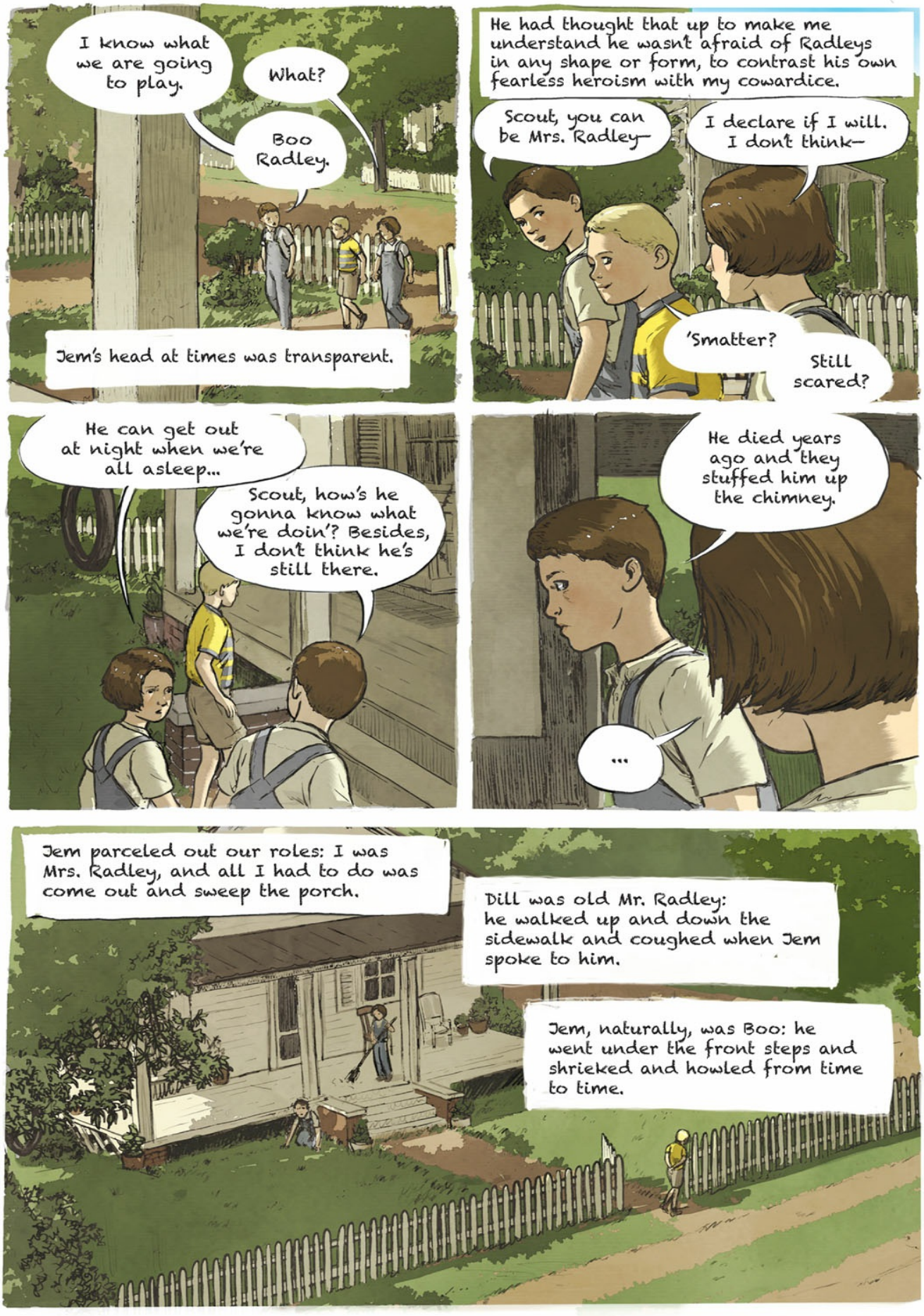
No, I mean I can smell somebody an' tell if they're gonna die. An old lady taught me how.
Jean—Louise—Finch...

You are going to die in three days.

Dill if you don't hush I'll knock you bowlegged. I mean it, now.
Yawl hush, you act like you believe in Hot Steams.
You act like you don't.
What's a Hot Steam?
Haven't you ever walked along a lonesome road at night and passed by a hot place?
A Hot Steam's somebody who can't get to heaven, just wallows around on lonesome roads an' if you walk through him, when you die you'll be one too, an' you'll go around at night suckin' people's breath—
How can you keep from passing through one?
You can't.
Sometimes they stretch all the way across the road.
But if you hafta go through one you say:
"Angel-bright, life-in-death; get off the road, don't suck my breath."
That keeps 'em from wrapping around you—
Don't you believe a word he says, Dill.
Calpurnia says that's nigger-talk.
Well, are we gonna play anything or not?
Let's roll in the tire.
You know I'm too big.
You c'n push.

I'm first.
Oughtn' I be first seein' as how I just got here?
How about Scout goes first an' you get extra time?
Until it happened I did not realize that Jem was offended by my contradicting him on Hot Steams.
He rewarded me by pushing the tire down the sidewalk with all the force in his body.
Ground, sky and houses melted into a mad palette.
My ears throbbed.
I was suffocating.
Scout, get away from there, come on!
Come on, Scout, don't just lie there!

Get up, can'tcha?
Get the tire!
Bring it with you! Ain't you got any sense at all?
Why didn't you bring it?
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
Why don't you get it?
I swear, Scout, sometimes you act so much like a girl it's mortifyin'.


I know what we are going to play.
What?
Boo Radley.
Jem's head at times was transparent.
He had thought that up to make me understand he wasn't afraid of Radleys in any shape or form, to contrast his own fearless heroism with my cowardice.
Scout, you can be Mrs. Radley—
I declare if I will. I don't think—
'Smatter?
Still scared?
He can get out at night when we're all asleep...
Scout, how's he gonna know what we're doin'? Besides, I don't think he's still there.
He died years ago and they stuffed him up the chimney.
...
Jem parceled out our roles: I was Mrs. Radley, and all I had to do was come out and sweep the porch.
Dill was old Mr. Radley: he walked up and down the sidewalk and coughed when Jem spoke to him.
Jem, naturally, was Boo: he went under the front steps and shrieked and howled from time to time.

As the summer progressed, so did our game. We polished and perfected it, added dialogue and plot until we had manufactured a small play upon which we rang changes every day.
I reluctantly played assorted ladies who entered the script.
RAAAAARRRRGGHHHHHHH
What are you all playin'?
Nothing.
Why are you tearing up that newspaper? If it's today's I'll tan you.
Nothing.
Nothing what?
Nothing, sir.

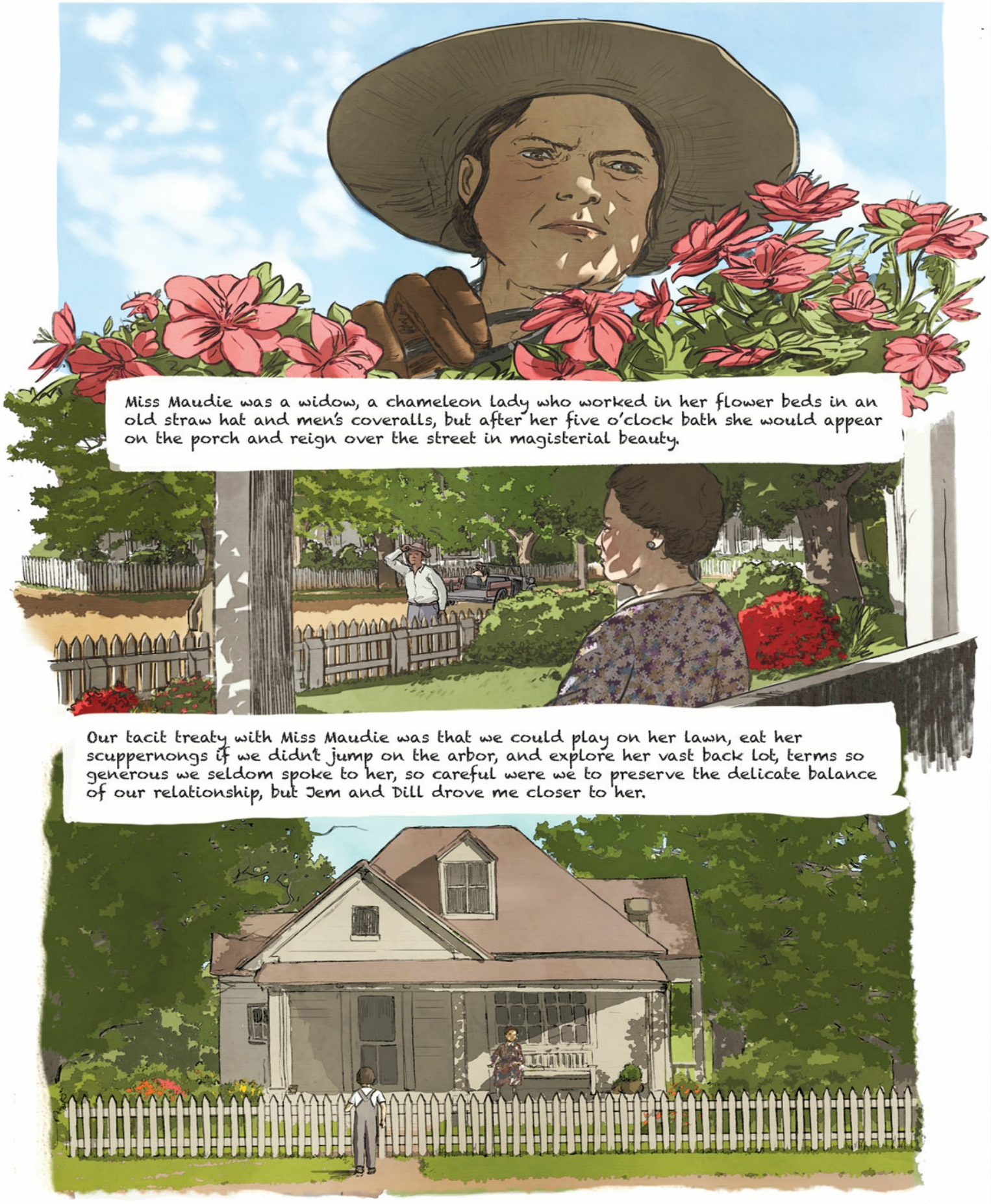
Does this by any chance have anything to do with the Rad—
No sir.
I hope it doesn't.
Je-m...
Shut up! He can hear us.
Reckon we oughtn't to play anymore?
I don't know. Atticus didn't say we couldn't—
Jem, I think Atticus knows it anyway.
No he don't. If he did he'd say he did.
You're bein' a girl again Scout, always imaginin' things. That's why other folks don't like girls.
All right, you just keep it up then.
You'll find out.
Atticus's arrival was the second reason I wanted to quit the game.
The first reason happened the day I rolled into the Radley front yard.
Through all the head-shaking, quelling of nausea and Jem-yelling, I had heard another sound, so low I could not have heard it from the sidewalk.
Someone inside the house was laughing.

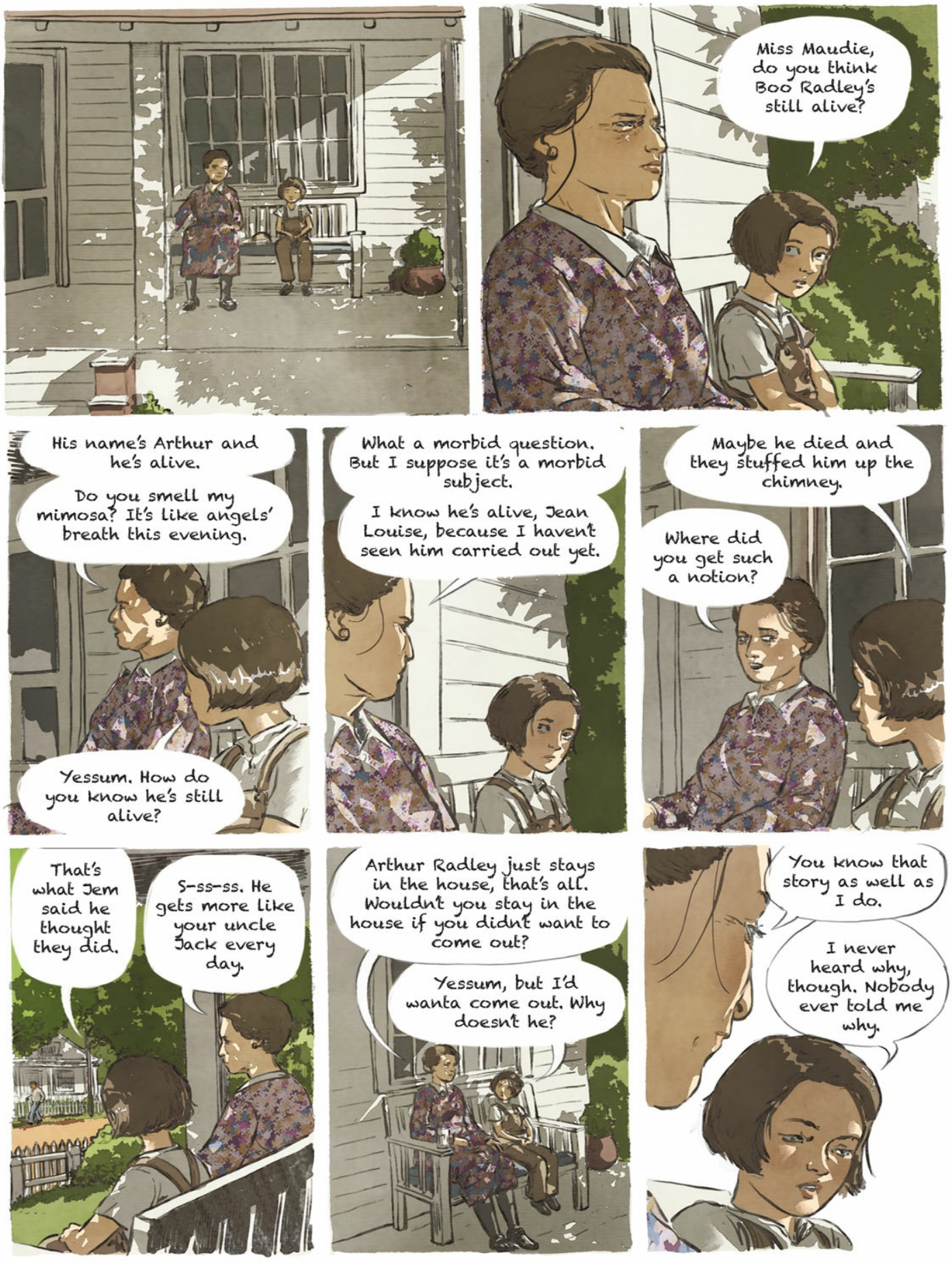
Dill was becoming something of a trial.

He had asked me earlier in the summer to marry him, then he promptly forgot about it. He staked me out, marked as his property, said I was the only girl he would ever love, then he neglected me.

I beat him up twice but it did no good, he only grew closer to Jem.

I kept aloof from their more foolhardy schemes for a while, and on pain of being called a girl, I spent most of the remaining twilights that summer sitting with Miss Maudie Atkinson on her front porch.


Miss Maudie was a widow, a chameleon lady who worked in her flower beds in an old straw hat and men's coveralls, but after her five o'clock bath she would appear on the porch and reign over the street in magisterial beauty.
Our tacit treaty with Miss Maudie was that we could play on her lawn, eat her scuppernongs if we didn't jump on the arbor, and explore her vast back lot, terms so generous we seldom spoke to her, so careful were we to preserve the delicate balance of our relationship, but Jem and Dill drove me closer to her.


Miss Maudie, do you think Boo Radley's still alive?
His name's Arthur and he's alive.
Do you smell my mimosa? It's like angels' breath this evening.
Yessum. How do you know he's still alive?
What a morbid question. But I suppose it's a morbid subject.
I know he's alive, Jean Louise, because I haven't seen him carried out yet.
Maybe he died and they stuffed him up the chimney.
Where did you get such a notion?
That's what Jem said he thought they did.
S-ss-ss. He gets more like your uncle Jack every day.
Arthur Radley just stays in the house, that's all. Wouldn't you stay in the house if you didn't want to come out?
Yessum, but I'd wanta come out. Why doesn't he?
You know that story as well as I do.
I never heard why, though. Nobody ever told me why.

You know old Mr. Radley was a foot-washing Baptist. Foot-washers believe anything that's pleasure is a sin. Did you know some of 'em passed by this place and told me me and my flowers were going to hell?

Your flowers, too?

Yes ma'am. They'd burn right with me.

That ain't right, Miss Maudie. You're the best lady I know.

Thank you ma'am.

Thing is, foot-washers think women are a sin by definition. They take the Bible literally, you know.

Is that why Mr. Arthur stays in the house, to keep away from women?

I've no idea. You are too young to understand it, but sometimes the Bible in the hand of one man is worse than a whiskey bottle in the hand of — oh, of your father.

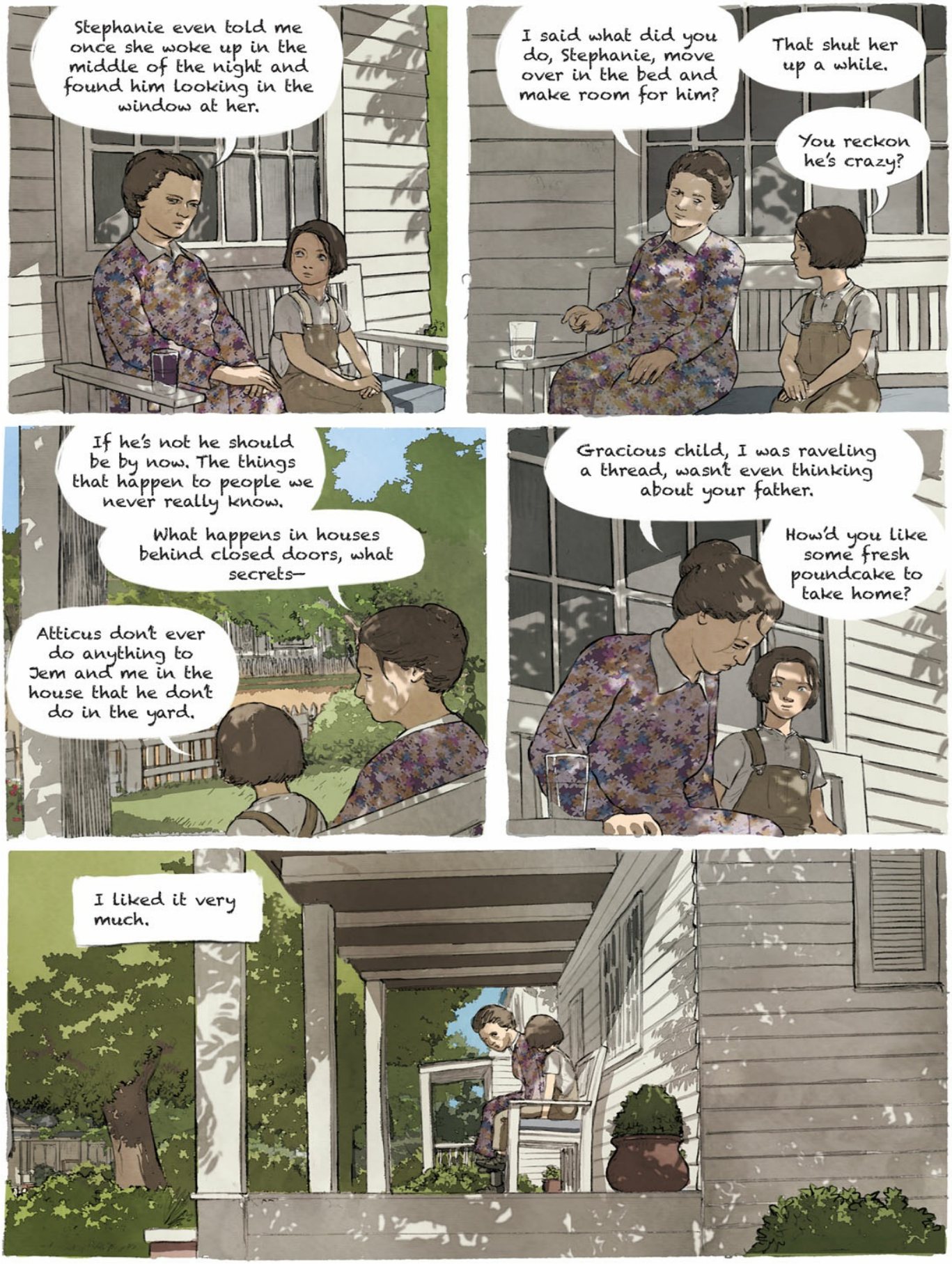
Atticus doesn't drink whiskey!

What I meant was, if Atticus Finch drank until he was drunk he wouldn't be as hard as some men are at their best.

There are just some kind of men who—who're so busy worrying about the next world they've never learned to live in this one, and you can look down the street and see the results.

Do you think they're true, all those things they say about B— Mr. Arthur?

That stuff is three-fourths colored folks and one-fourth Stephanie Crawford.


Stephanie even told me once she woke up in the middle of the night and found him looking in the window at her.
I said what did you do, Stephanie, move over in the bed and make room for him?
That shut her up a while.
You reckon he's crazy?
If he's not he should be by now. The things that happen to people we never really know.
What happens in houses behind closed doors, what secrets—
Atticus don't ever do anything to Jem and me in the house that he don't do in the yard.
Gracious child, I was raveling a thread, wasn't even thinking about your father.
How'd you like some fresh poundcake to take home?
I liked it very much.

Next morning when I awakened I found Jem and Dill in the back yard deep in conversation.
Go away now, Scout.
Will not. This yard's as much mine as it is yours, Jem Finch.
...
If you stay you've got to do what we tell you.
We-ll.
Who's so high and mighty all of a sudden?
If you don't say you'll do what we tell you, we ain't gonna tell you anything.
You act like you grew ten inches in the night! All right, what is it?
We are going to give a note to Boo Radley.
Just how?
We're gonna put a note on the end of a fishing pole and stick it through the shutters is all. If anyone comes, Dill'll ring the bell.
-TINKLY DING-
Jem—
Now you're in it and you can't get out of it, you'll just stay in it, Miss Priss!
What'd you write him?
We're askin' him real politely to come out sometimes, and tell us what he does in there—
You all've gone crazy, he'll kill us!
It's my idea. I figure if he'd come out and sit a spell with us he might feel better.

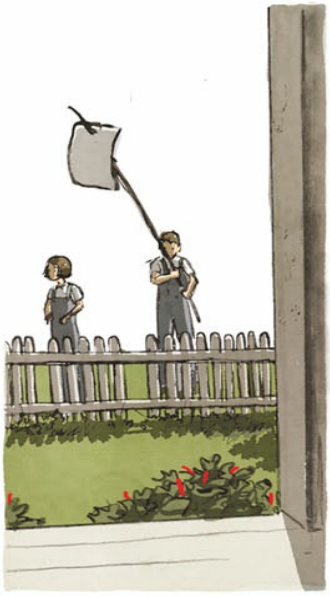
How do you know he don't feel good?
Well how'd you feel if you'd been shut up for a hundred years with nothin' but cats to eat? I bet he's got a beard down to here—
Like your daddy's?
He ain't got a beard, he—

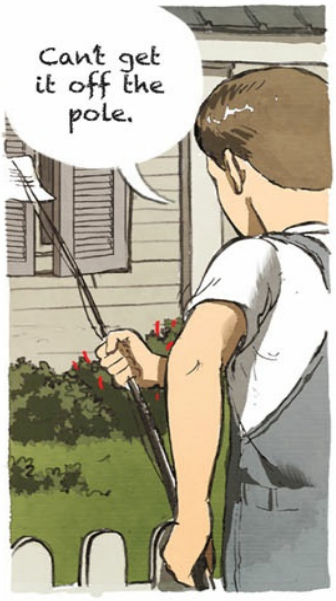
Uh huh, caughtcha!
You said 'fore your daddy had a black beard—

If it's all the same to you he shaved it off last summer!
Yeah, an' I've got the letter to prove it — he sent me two dollars, too!

Keep on — I reckon he even sent you a mounted police uniform!
That'n never showed up, did it? You just keep on tellin' 'em, son
You all hush.

Reckon this is long enough to reach from the sidewalk?

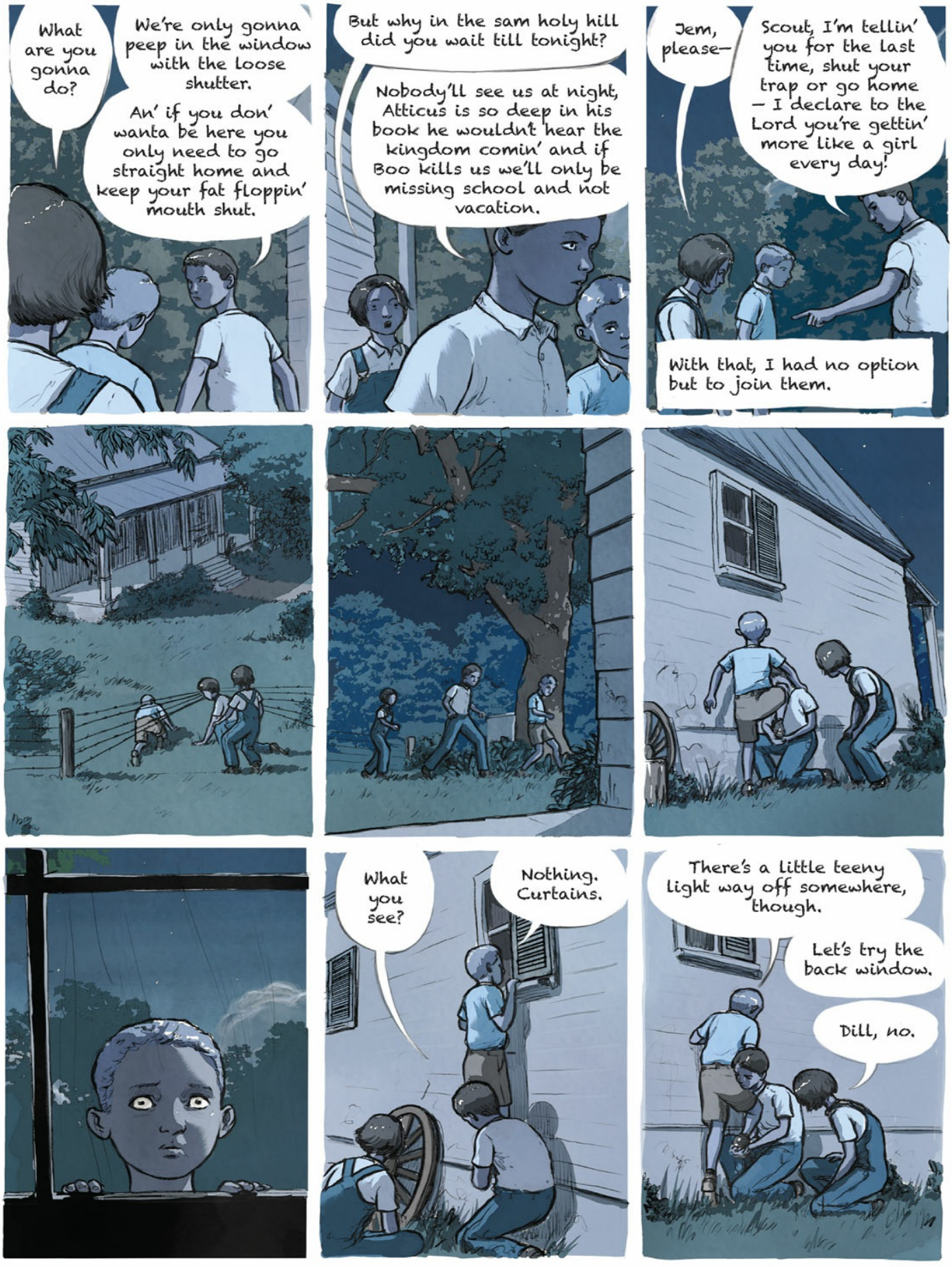


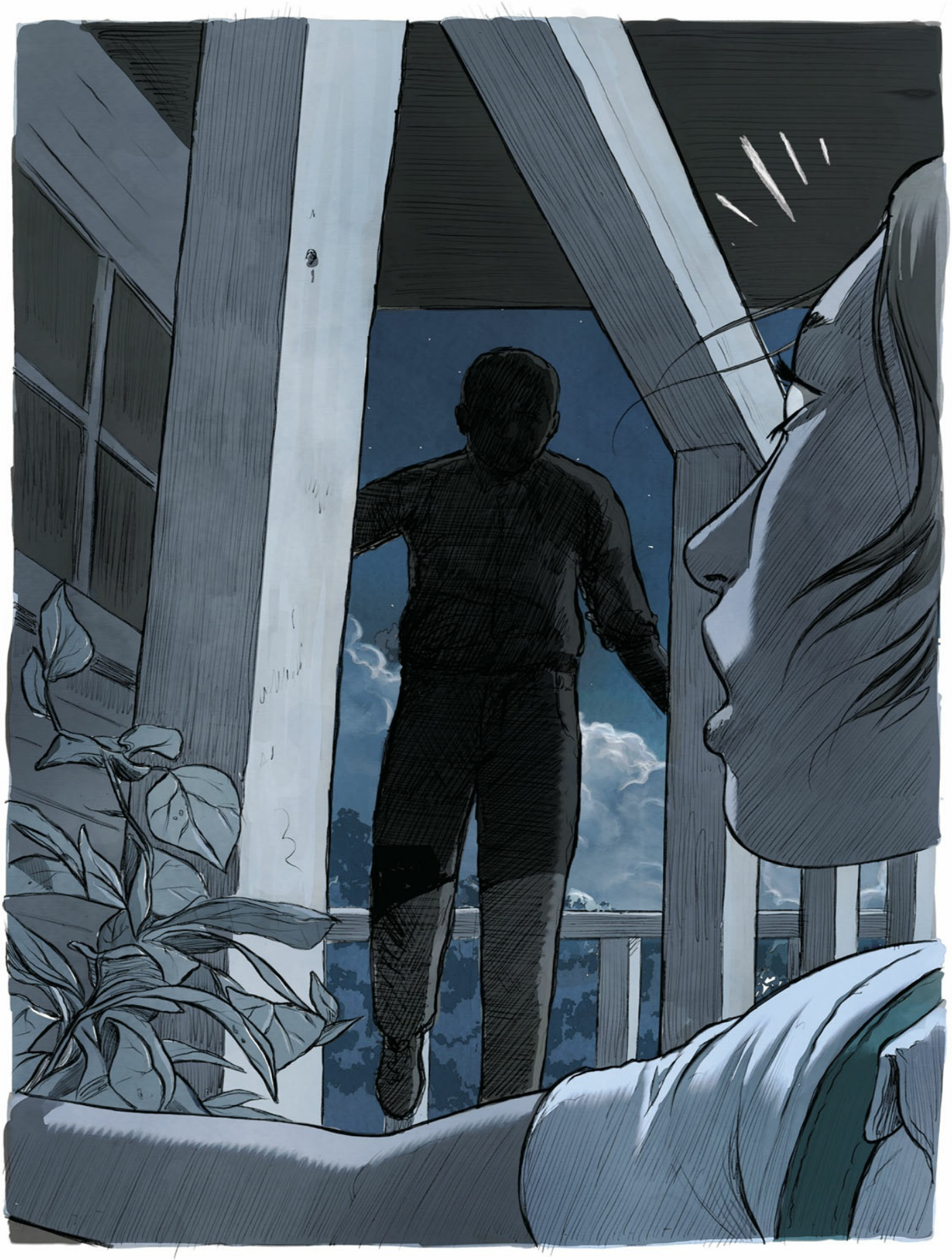

Can't get it off the pole.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING
DING DING DING DING
DING DING DING DING DING DING DING
Stop ringing that bell.
DING DING DING DING DING DING DING
Jem, what were you doing?
Nothin', sir.
I don't want any of that. Tell me.
I was — we were just tryin' to give a letter to Mr. Radley.

Let me see it.
Why do you want Mr. Radley to come out?
We thought he might enjoy us...
Son, I'm going to tell you something and tell you one time: stop tormenting that man.
That goes for the other two of you.
You're to stay away from that house until you're invited there. You're not to make fun of anybody on this street or in this town.
We weren't makin' fun of him, we weren't laughin' at him, we were just—
So that was what you were doing, wasn't it?
Makin' fun of him?
No, putting his life's history on display for the edification of the neighborhood.
I didn't say we were doin' that, I didn't say it!
You stop this nonsense right now, every one of you.

On Dill's last night our father had permitted us to sit out by Miss Rachel's fishpool.
I know what, let's go for a walk.
Where to, Dill?
Jus' down to the street light and back.
But Atticus said we—
You don't have to come along, Angel May.


What are you gonna do?
We're only gonna peep in the window with the loose shutter.
An' if you don' wanta be here you only need to go straight home and keep your fat floppin' mouth shut.
But why in the sam holy hill did you wait till tonight?
Nobody'll see us at night, Atticus is so deep in his book he wouldn't hear the kingdom comin' and if Boo kills us we'll only be missing school and not vacation.
Jem, please—
Scout, I'm tellin' you for the last time, shut your trap or go home — I declare to the Lord you're gettin' more like a girl every day!
With that, I had no option but to join them.
What you see?
Nothing. Curtains.
There's a little teeny light way off somewhere, though.
Let's try the back window.
Dill, no.



HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
BANG

HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
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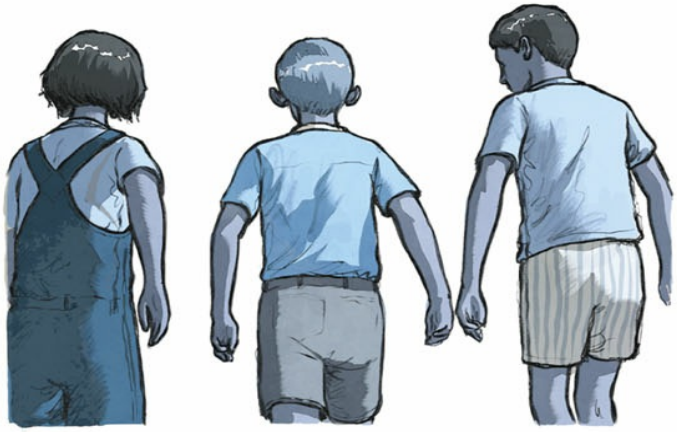
HF
GN
HWUH
We better go down there.
They'll think it's funny if we don't show up.

What happened, Miss Maudie?
Mr. Radley shot at a Negro in his collard patch.
Oh. Did he hit him?
No.
Shot in the air. Scared him pale, though.
Where're your pants, son?
Pants, sir?
Pants.
Ah I won 'em from him, Mr. Finch.
Won them? How?
We were playin' strip poker up yonder by the fishpool.
Do-o-o Jee-sus, Dill Harris! Gamblin' by my fishpool? I'll strip-poker you, sir!
Just a minute, Miss Rachel, I've never heard of 'em doing that before. Were you all playing cards?
No sir, just with matches.
Jem, Scout, I don't want to hear of poker in any form again. Go by Dill's and get your pants, Jem.

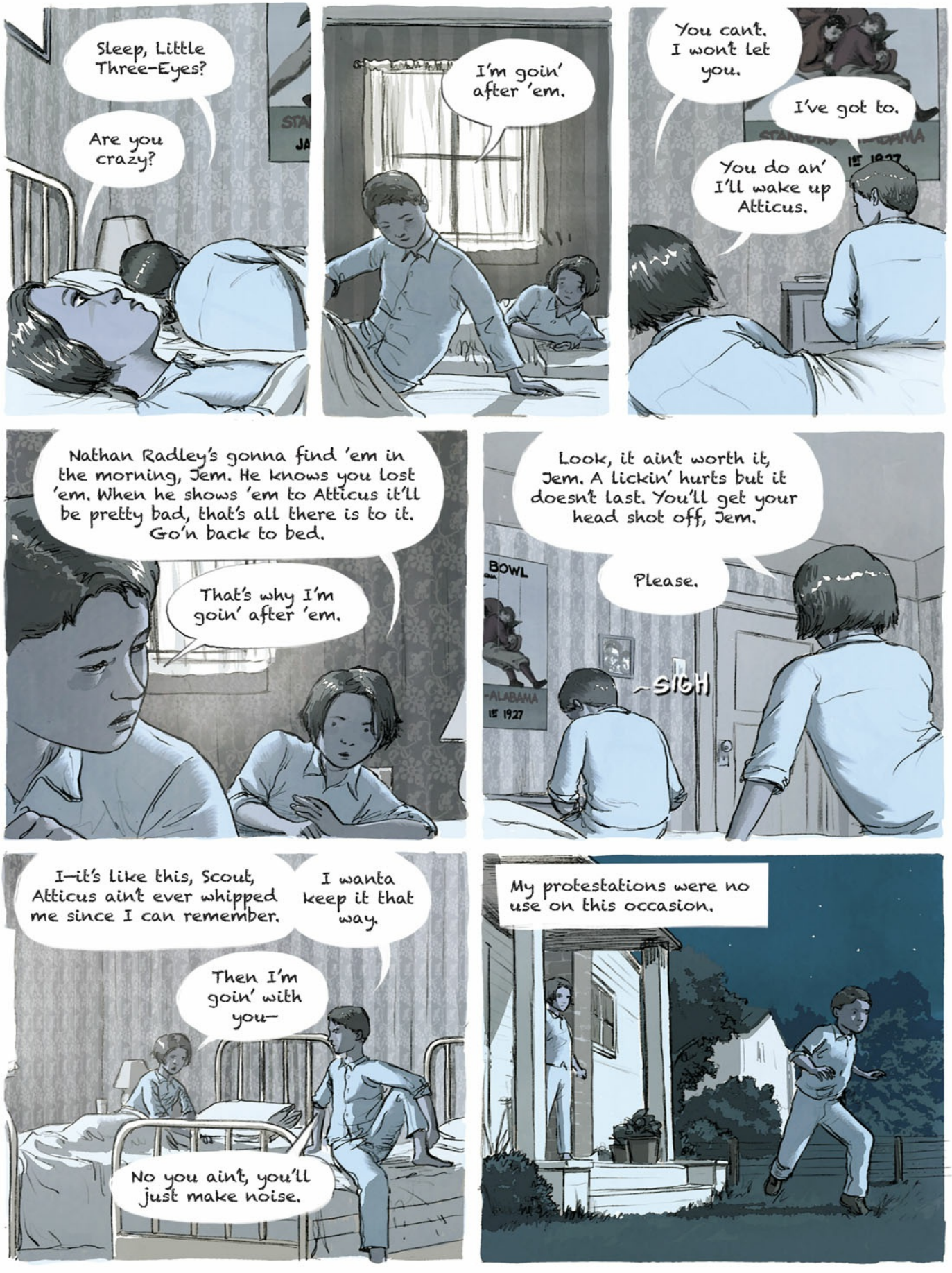
Dill was comforted, but Jem and I weren't. There was the problem of Jem showing up some pants in the morning.

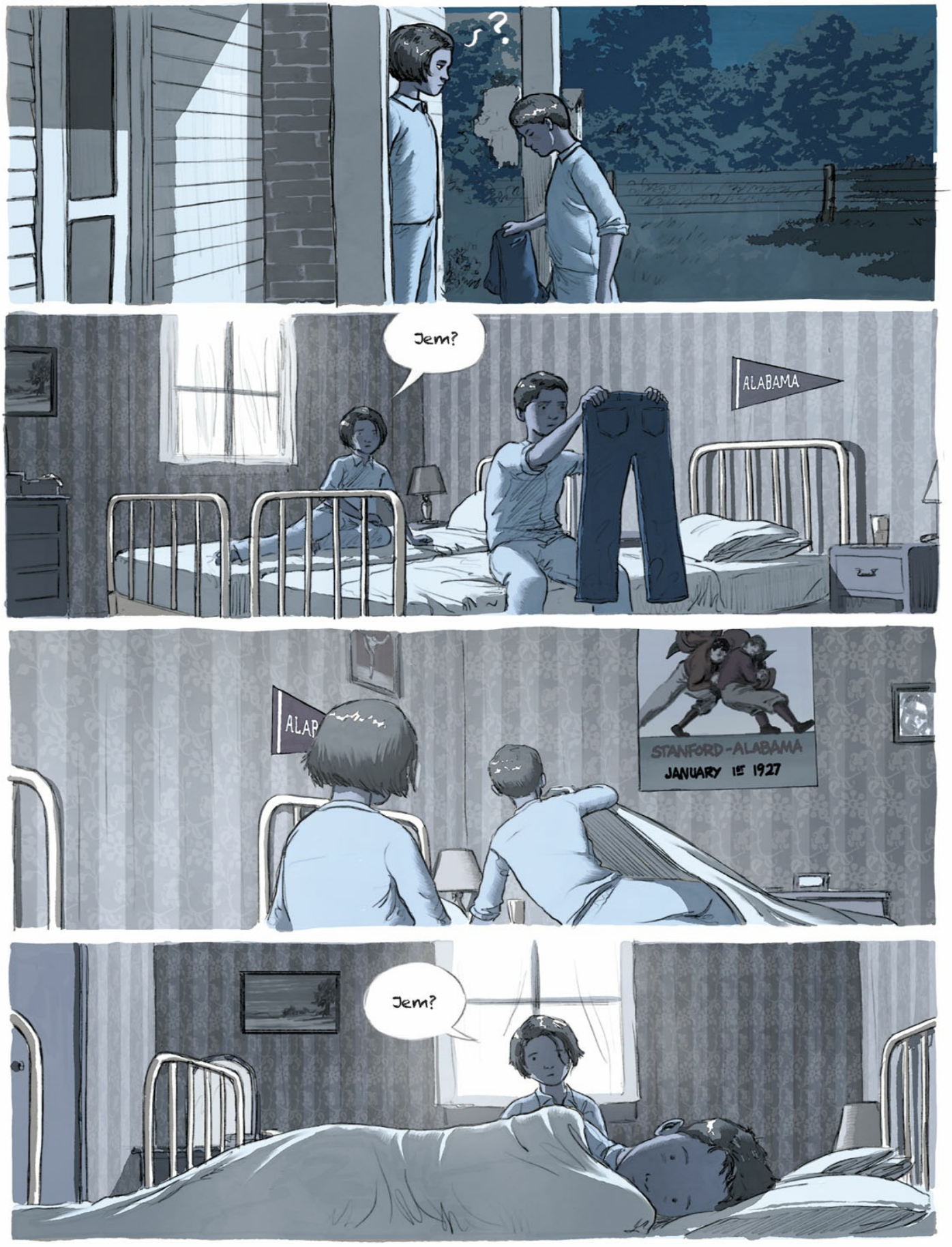


Dill offered a pair of his own but Jem said he couldn't get in them.

We said good-bye, and Dill went inside the house.

He evidently remembered he was engaged to me, for he ran back out and kissed me swiftly in front of Jem.


Sleep, Little Three-Eyes?
Are you crazy?
I'm goin' after 'em.
You can't. I won't let you.
I've got to.
You do an' I'll wake up Atticus.
Nathan Radley's gonna find 'em in the morning, Jem. He knows you lost 'em. When he shows 'em to Atticus it'll be pretty bad, that's all there is to it. Go'n back to bed.
That's why I'm goin' after 'em.
Look, it ain't worth it, Jem. A lickin' hurts but it doesn't last. You'll get your head shot off, Jem.
Please.
~SIGH
BOWL
ALABAMA
IE 1927
I—it's like this, Scout, Atticus ain't ever whipped me since I can remember.
I wanta keep it that way.
Then I'm goin' with you—
No you ain't, you'll just make noise.
My protestations were no use on this occasion.

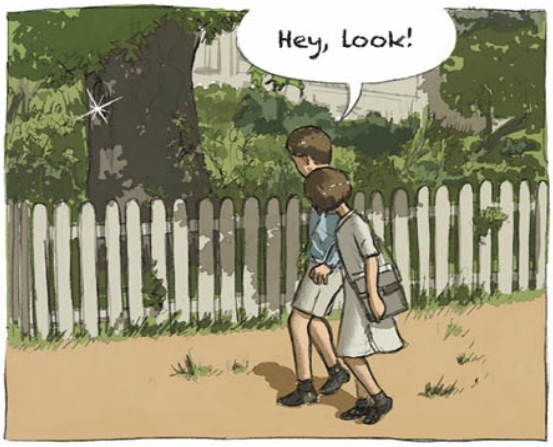

?
Jem?
ALABAMA
ALAB
STANFORD-ALABAMA
JANUARY 1ST 1927
Jem?

Jem stayed moody and silent for a week.
As Atticus had once advised me to do, I tried to climb into Jem's skin and walk around in it: if I had gone alone to the Radley Place at two in the morning, my funeral would have been held the next day.

One afternoon when we were crossing the schoolyard toward home, Jem suddenly spoke:
There's something I didn't tell you about that night.
You've never told me anything about that night.

When I went back for my breeches they were folded across the fence...
Like they were expectin' me.

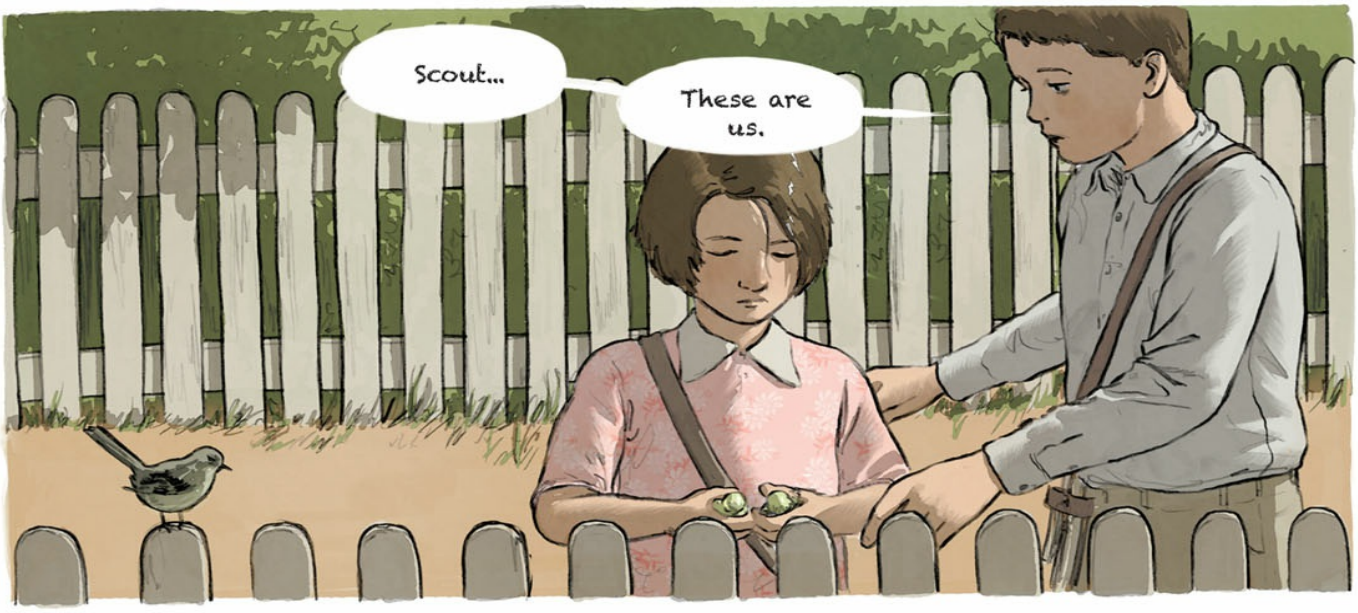
An' they'd been sewed up. Not like a lady sewed 'em, like somethin' I'd try to do.
Like somebody was readin' my mind...

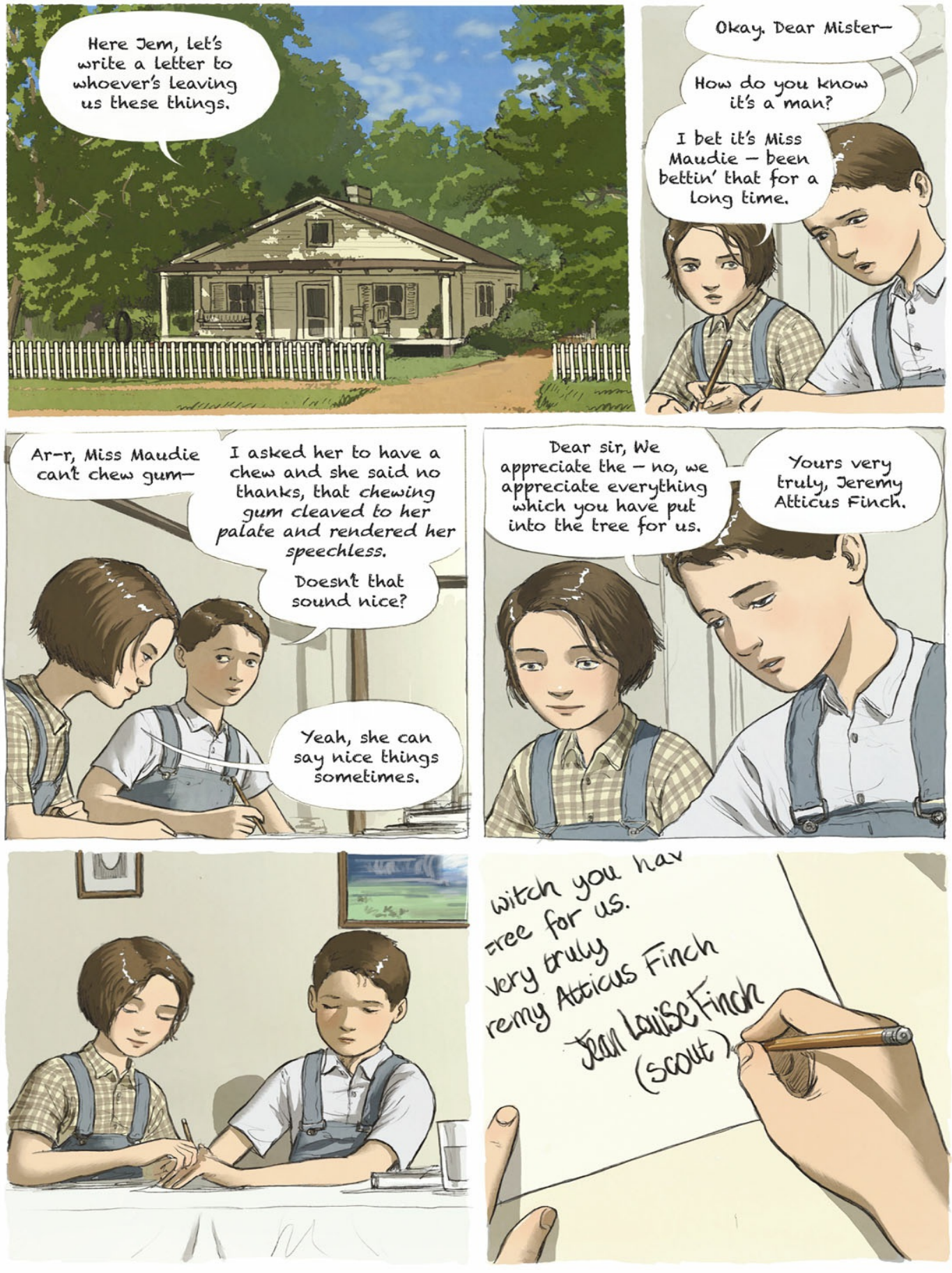

Hey, look!

Don't take it, Jem.
This is somebody's hidin' place. Somebody like Walter Cunningham. Listen, let's leave it and wait a couple of days. If it ain't gone then, we'll take it, okay?

When it was still there on the third day, Jem pocketed it.

From then on, we considered everything we found in the knot-hole our property: a tarnished medal, a pack of gum, a watch and chain and, one day in October...




Here Jem, let's write a letter to whoever's leaving us these things.
Okay. Dear Mister—
How do you know it's a man?
I bet it's Miss Maudie — been bettin' that for a long time.
Ar-r, Miss Maudie can't chew gum—
I asked her to have a chew and she said no thanks, that chewing gum cleaved to her palate and rendered her speechless.
Doesn't that sound nice?
Yeah, she can say nice things sometimes.
Dear sir, We appreciate the — no, we appreciate everything which you have put into the tree for us.
Yours very truly, Jeremy Atticus Finch.
witch you hav
ree for us.
very truly
remy Atticus Finch
Jean Louise Finch
(scout)

Morning Jem, Scout.
Hidy do, Mr. Nathan.
Mr. Radley?
Mr. Radley, ah – did you put cement in this hole?
Yes, I filled it up.
Why'd you do it, sir?
Tree's dying. You plug 'em with cement when they're sick.

Atticus, look down yonder at that tree, please sir.
What tree, son?
The one on the corner of the Radley lot comin' from school.
Is that tree dyin'?
Why no, son, I don't think so. Look at the leaves, they're all green and full, no brown patches anywhere—
It ain't even sick?
That tree's as healthy as you are, Jem.

For reasons unfathomable to the most experienced prophets in Maycomb County, autumn turned to winter that year.

Baby, get up.
Is it morning?
No, it's a little after one. Hurry now.
STANFORD
JANUARY

Miss Maudie...

Miss Maudie's out and safe. Now listen, both of you. Go down and stand in front of the Radley Place. Keep out of the way, do you hear?
See which way the wind's blowing?
It's gone, ain't it?
I expect so.
Run now. Don't let Scout out of your sight.
Oh-h Lord, Jem...
Hush, Scout, it ain't time to worry yet.
I'll let you know when.

Looka yonder.
See there, he's not worried yet.
Why ain't he on top of one of the houses like the other men?
He's too old, he'd break his neck.

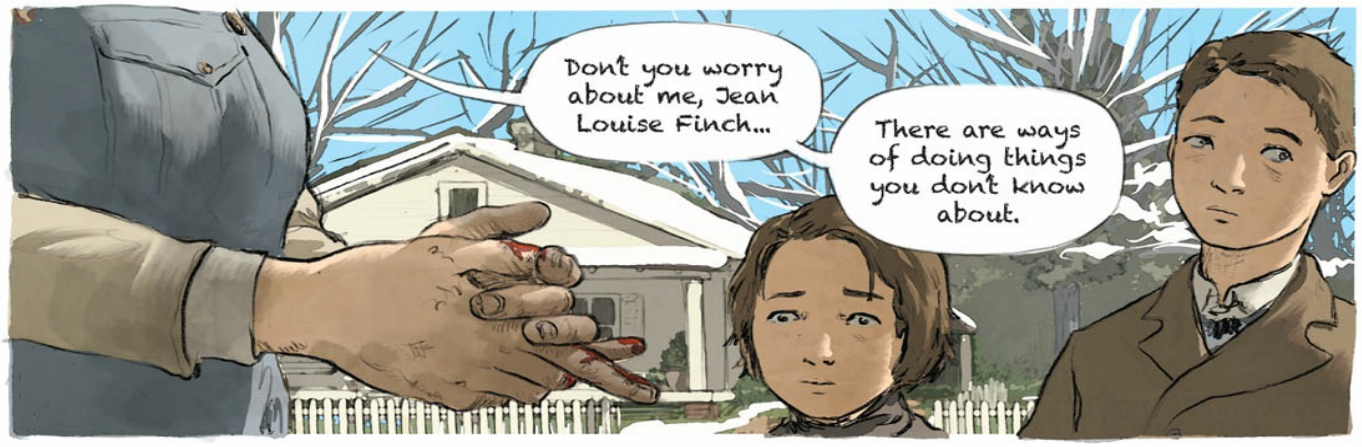
Anybody want some hot chocolate?

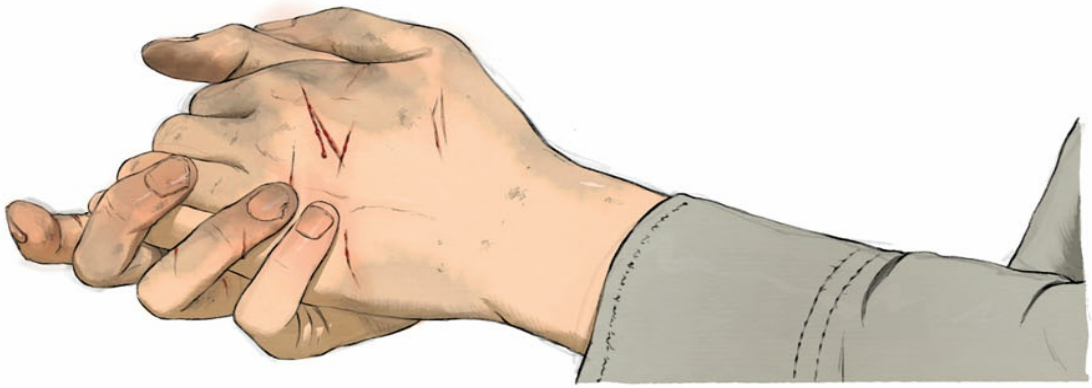
I thought I told you and Jem to stay put.
Why, we did. We stayed–
Then whose blanket is that?
Blanket?
Yes ma'am, blanket. It isn't ours.
Atticus, I– I don't know, sir...
Sir, I don't know how it got there. We did just as you said, stood down by the Radley Place and didn't move an inch an' I saw Nathan Radley up at Miss Maudie's haulin out...
That's all right, son.
Looks like all of Maycomb was out tonight, in one way or another.

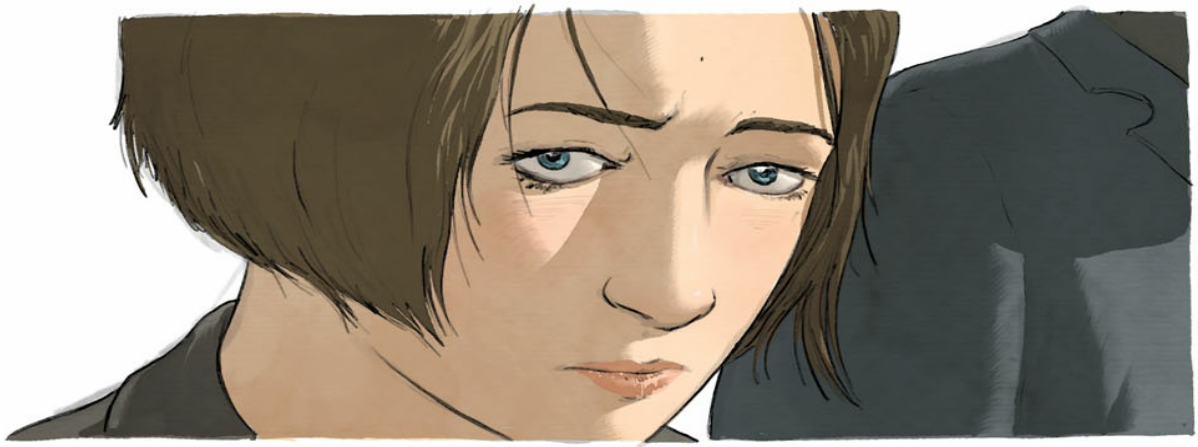
We're awful sorry 'bout your house, Miss Maudie.

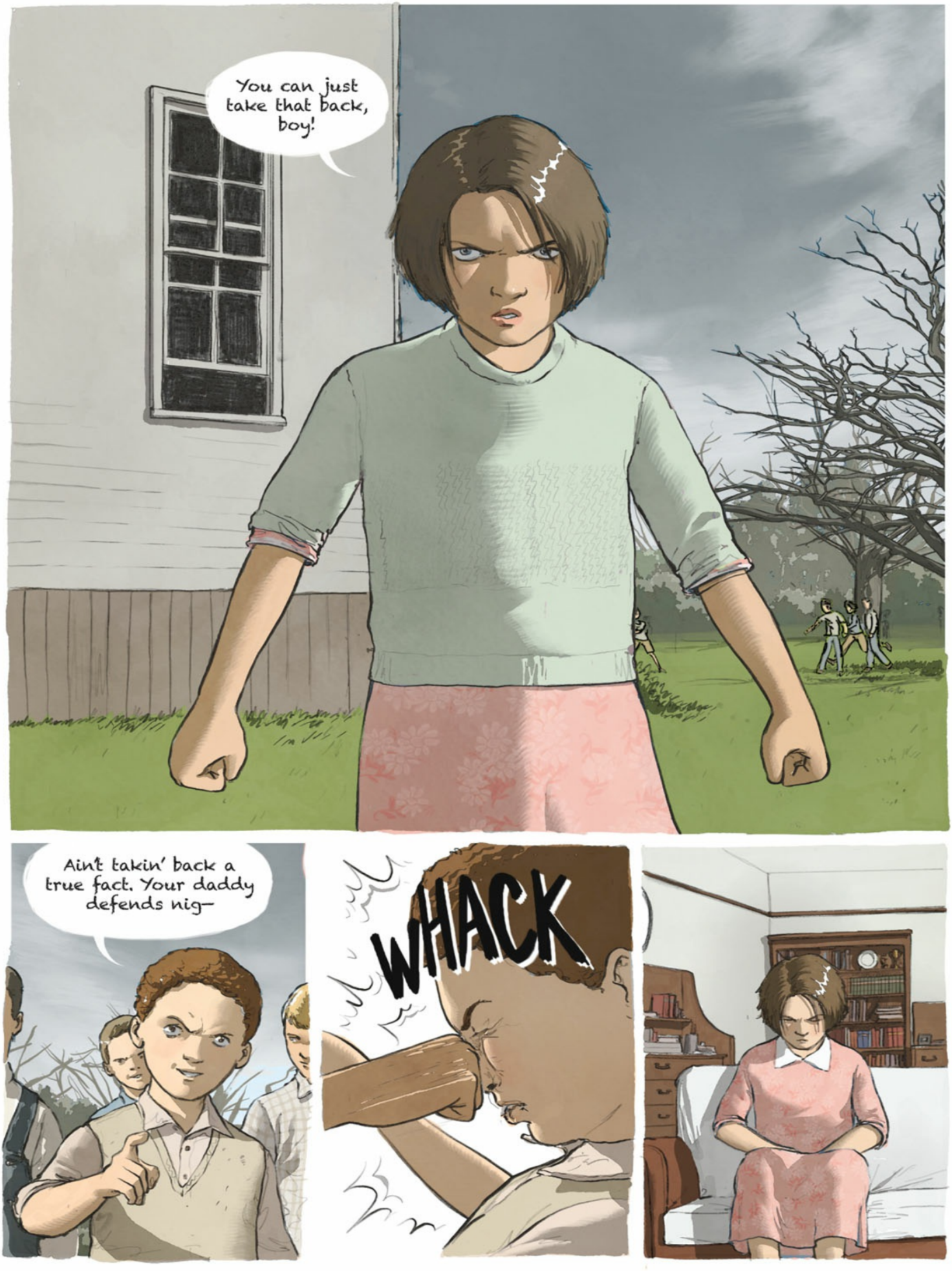
Always wanted a smaller house, Jem Finch. Gives me more yard.
Just think, I'll have more room for my azaleas now!
You ain't grievin', Miss Maudie?

Grieving, child? Why, I hated that old cow barn. Thought of settin' fire to it a hundred times myself, except they'd lock me up.

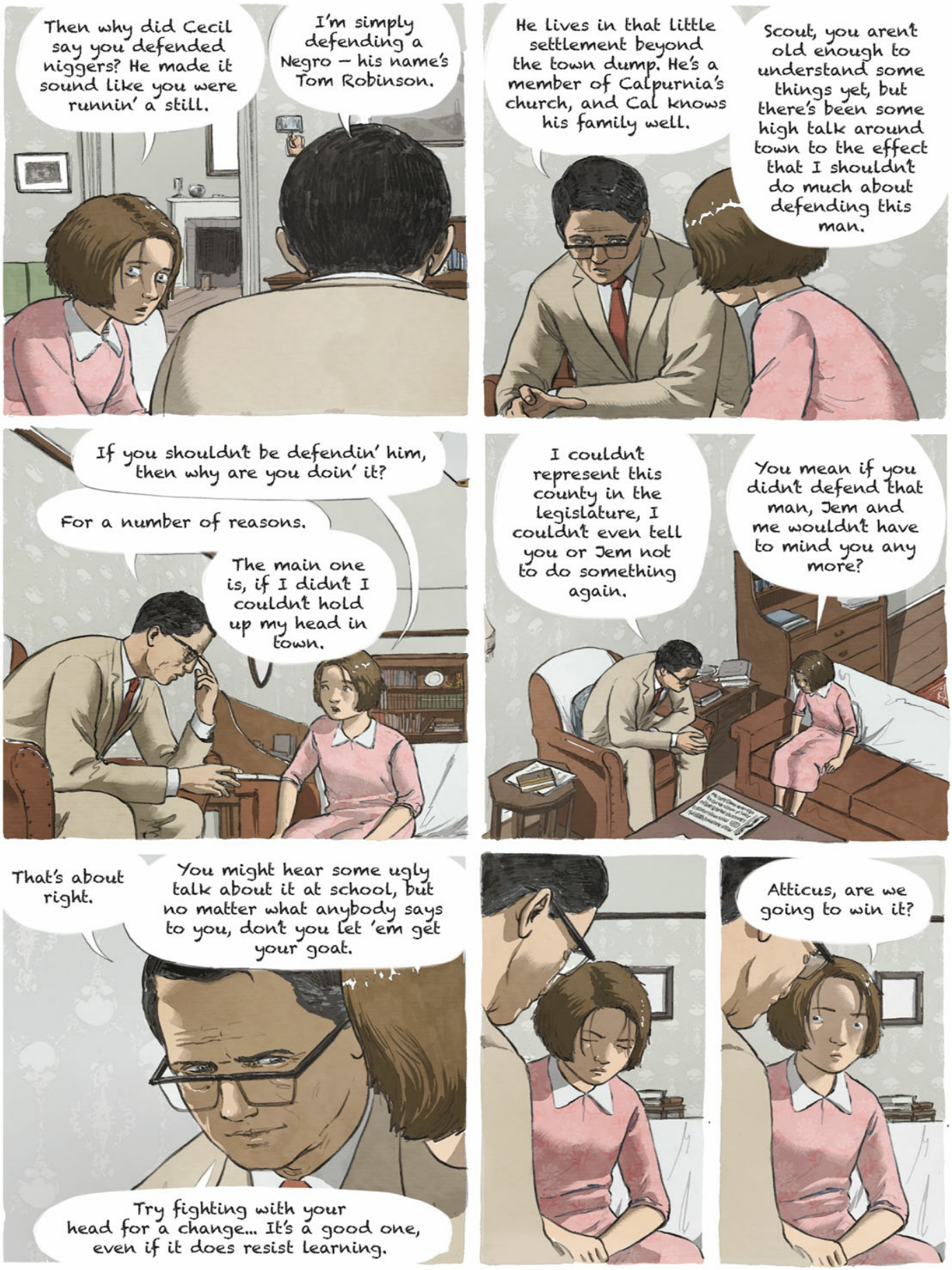

Don't you worry about me, Jean Louise Finch...
There are ways of doing things you don't know about.

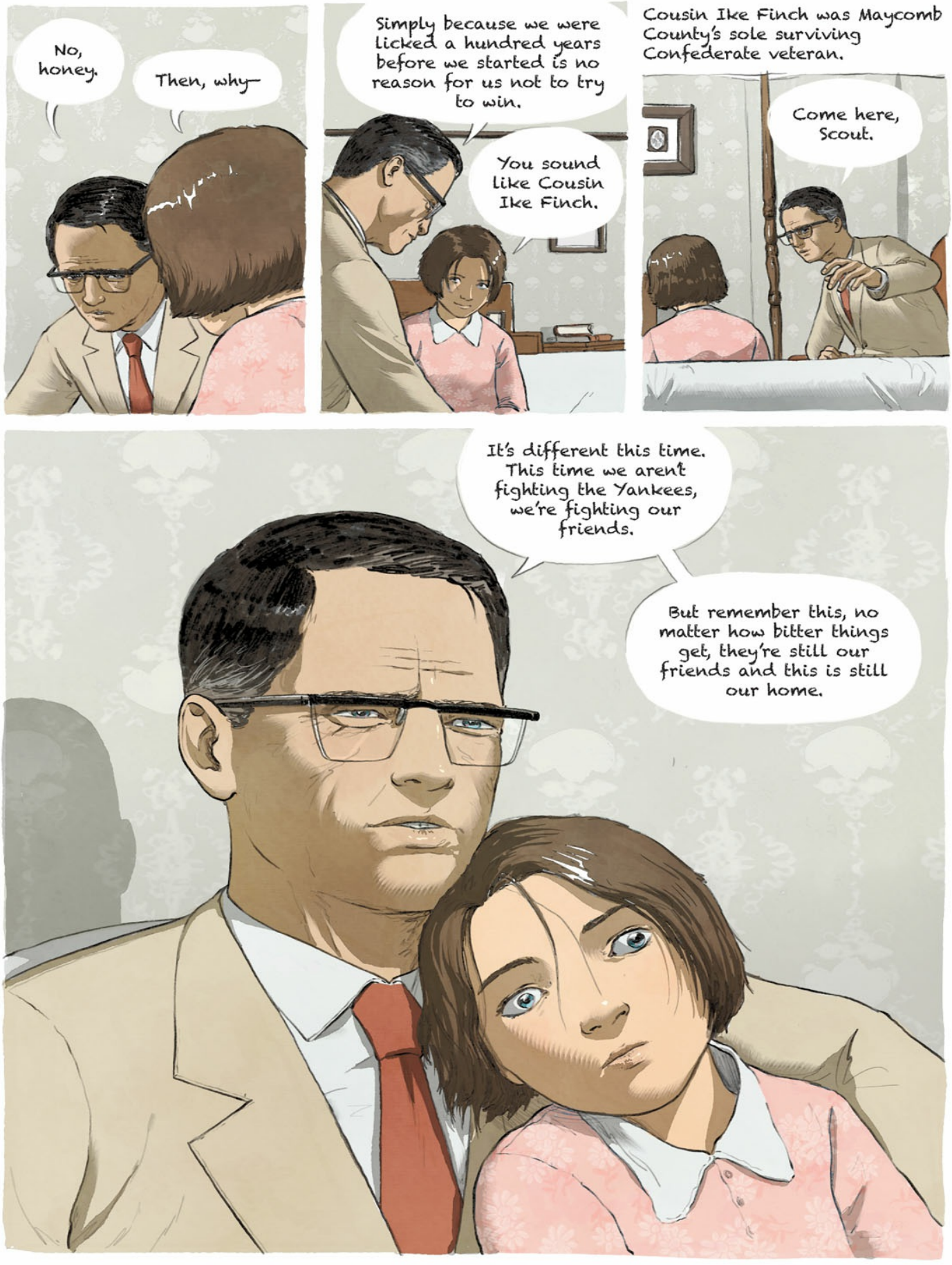


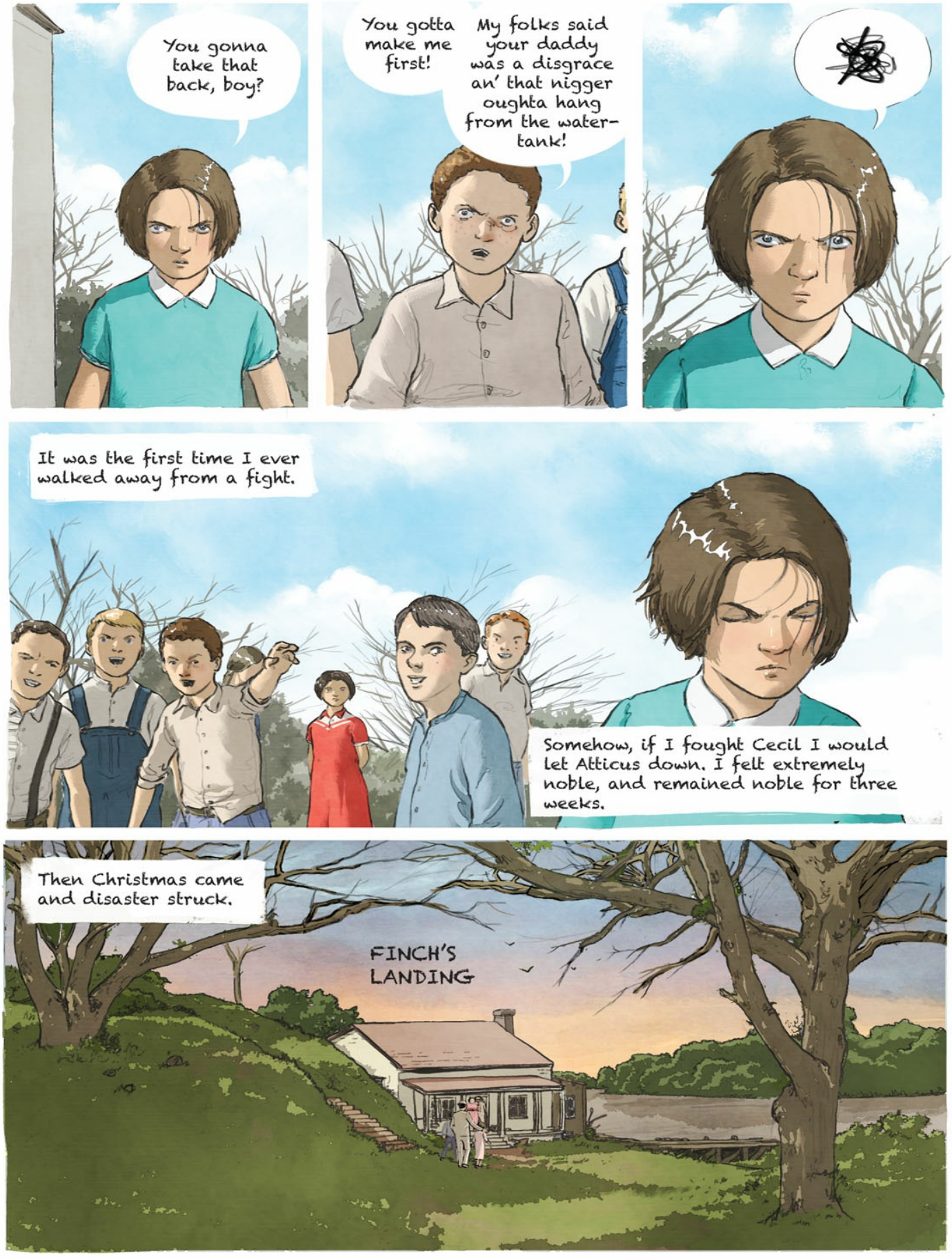



You can just take that back, boy!
Ain't takin' back a true fact. Your daddy defends nig—
WHACK

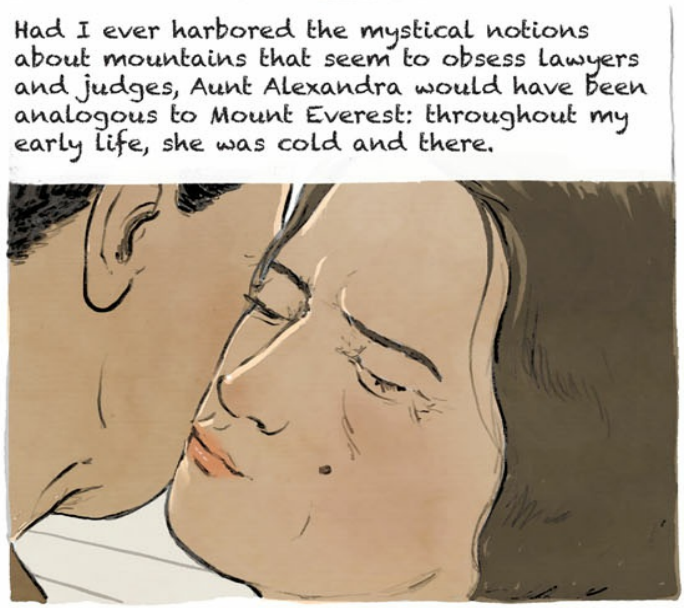
Scout, you're far too old and big for such childish things.
What got into you?
Scout?
Do you defend niggers, Atticus?
Of course I do.
Don't say nigger, Scout. That's common.
's what everybody at school says.
From now on it'll be everybody less one—
Well if you don't want me to grow up talkin' that way, why do you send me to school?
Do all lawyers defend n-Negroes, Atticus?
Of course they do, Scout.

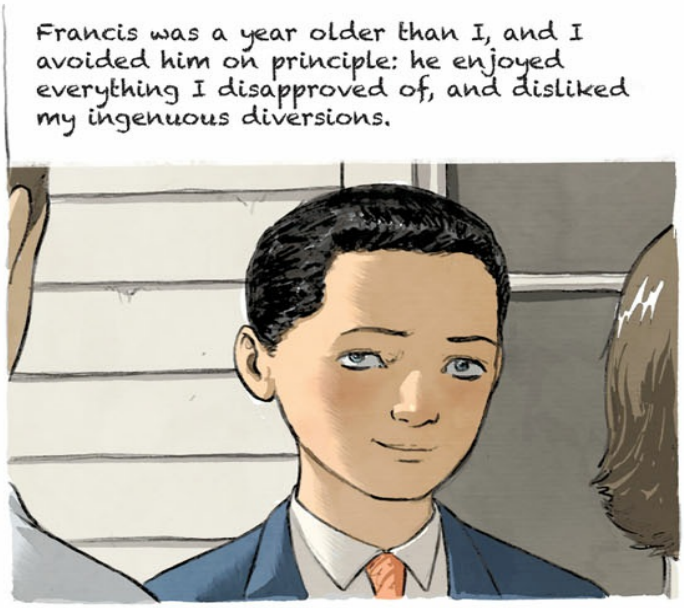

Then why did Cecil say you defended niggers? He made it sound like you were runnin' a still.
I'm simply defending a Negro — his name's Tom Robinson.
He lives in that little settlement beyond the town dump. He's a member of Calpurnia's church, and Cal knows his family well.
Scout, you aren't old enough to understand some things yet, but there's been some high talk around town to the effect that I shouldn't do much about defending this man.
If you shouldn't be defendin' him, then why are you doin' it?
For a number of reasons.
The main one is, if I didn't I couldn't hold up my head in town.
I couldn't represent this county in the legislature, I couldn't even tell you or Jem not to do something again.
You mean if you didn't defend that man, Jem and me wouldn't have to mind you any more?
That's about right.
You might hear some ugly talk about it at school, but no matter what anybody says to you, don't you let 'em get your goat.
Try fighting with your head for a change... It's a good one, even if it does resist learning.
Atticus, are we going to win it?

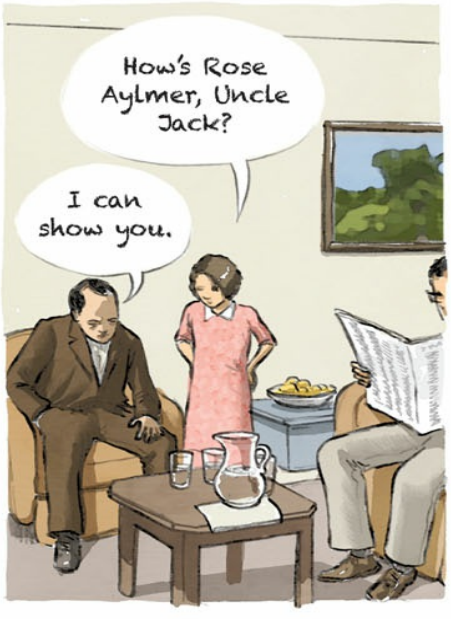

No, honey.
Then, why—
Simply because we were licked a hundred years before we started is no reason for us not to try to win.
You sound like Cousin Ike Finch.
Cousin Ike Finch was Maycomb County's sole surviving Confederate veteran.
Come here, Scout.
It's different this time. This time we aren't fighting the Yankees, we're fighting our friends.
But remember this, no matter how bitter things get, they're still our friends and this is still our home.


You gonna take that back, boy?
You gotta make me first!
My folks said your daddy was a disgrace an' that nigger oughta hang from the water-tank!
It was the first time I ever walked away from a fight.
Somehow, if I fought Cecil I would let Atticus down. I felt extremely noble, and remained noble for three weeks.
Then Christmas came and disaster struck.
FINCH'S LANDING

Jem and I viewed Christmas with mixed feelings.
The good side was the tree and Uncle Jack Finch.
A flip of the coin revealed the uncompromising lineaments of Aunt Alexandra and Francis.

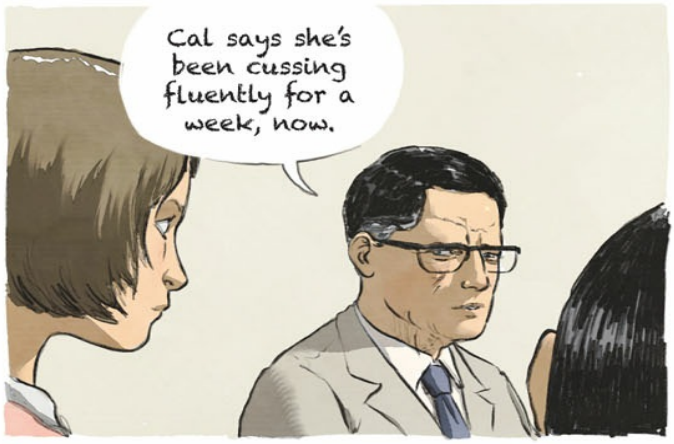

Had I ever harbored the mystical notions about mountains that seem to obsess lawyers and judges, Aunt Alexandra would have been analogous to Mount Everest: throughout my early life, she was cold and there.


Francis was a year older than I, and I avoided him on principle: he enjoyed everything I disapproved of, and disliked my ingenuous diversions.


How's Rose Aylmer, Uncle Jack?
I can show you.

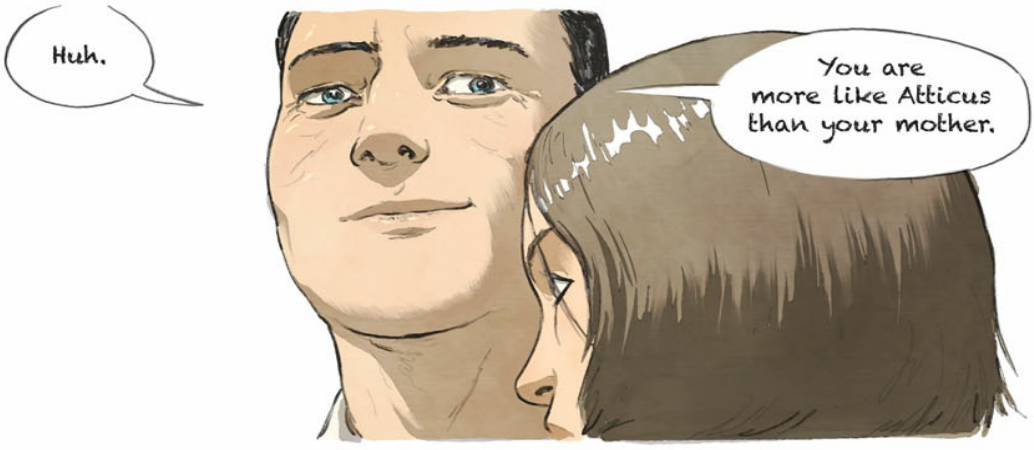
She's gettin' fat.
I should think so. She eats all the left-over fingers and ears from the hospital.
Aw, that's a damn story.

I beg your pardon?
Don't pay any attention to her, Jack. She's trying you out.



At supper that evening when I asked him to pass the damn ham, please, Uncle Jack pointed at me.

I was proceeding on the dim theory, aside from the innate attractiveness of such words, that if Atticus discovered I had picked them up at school he wouldn't make me go.

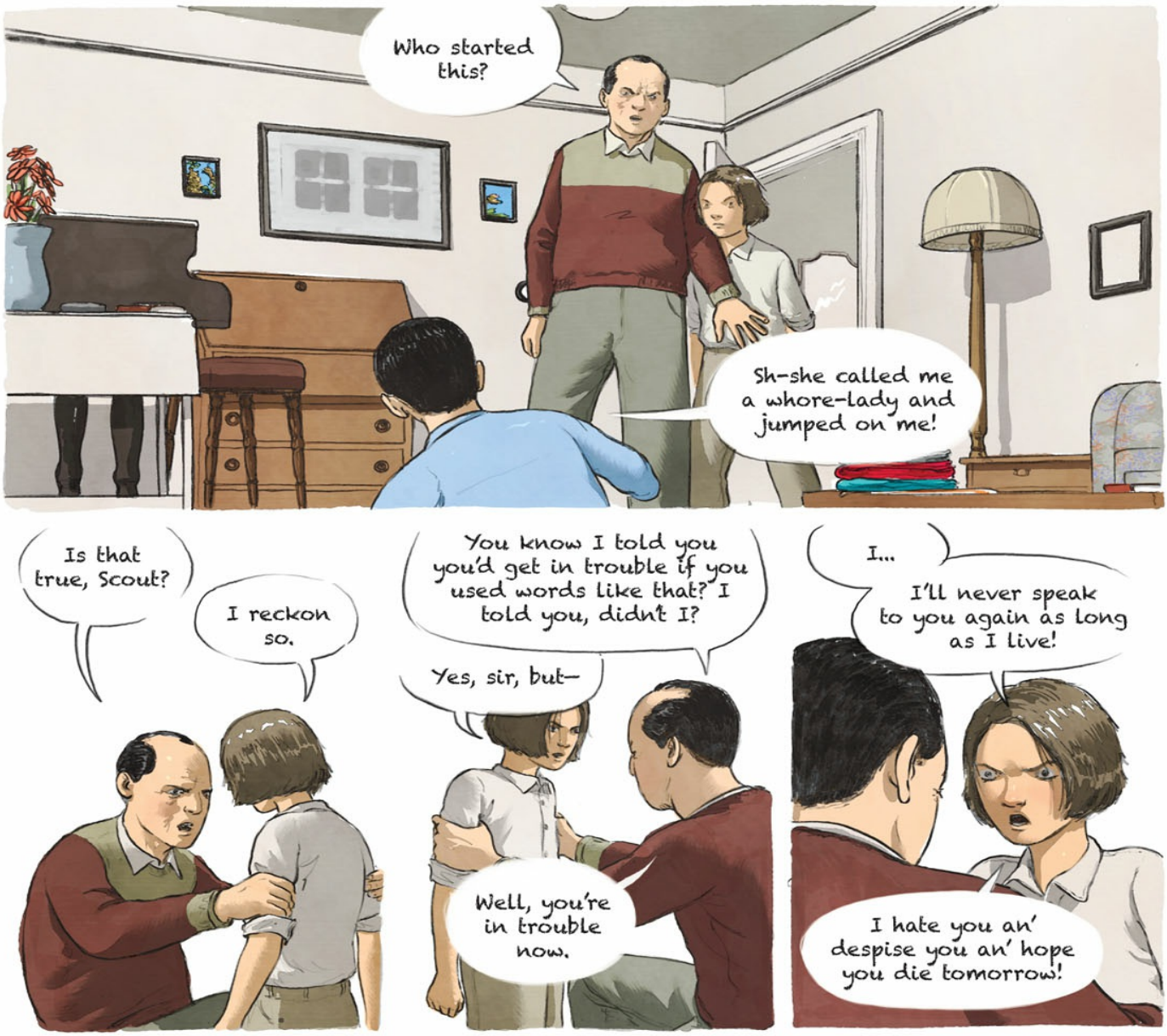


I had already begun to think of shooting Francis, but Atticus said if we made one false move he'd take them away for good.

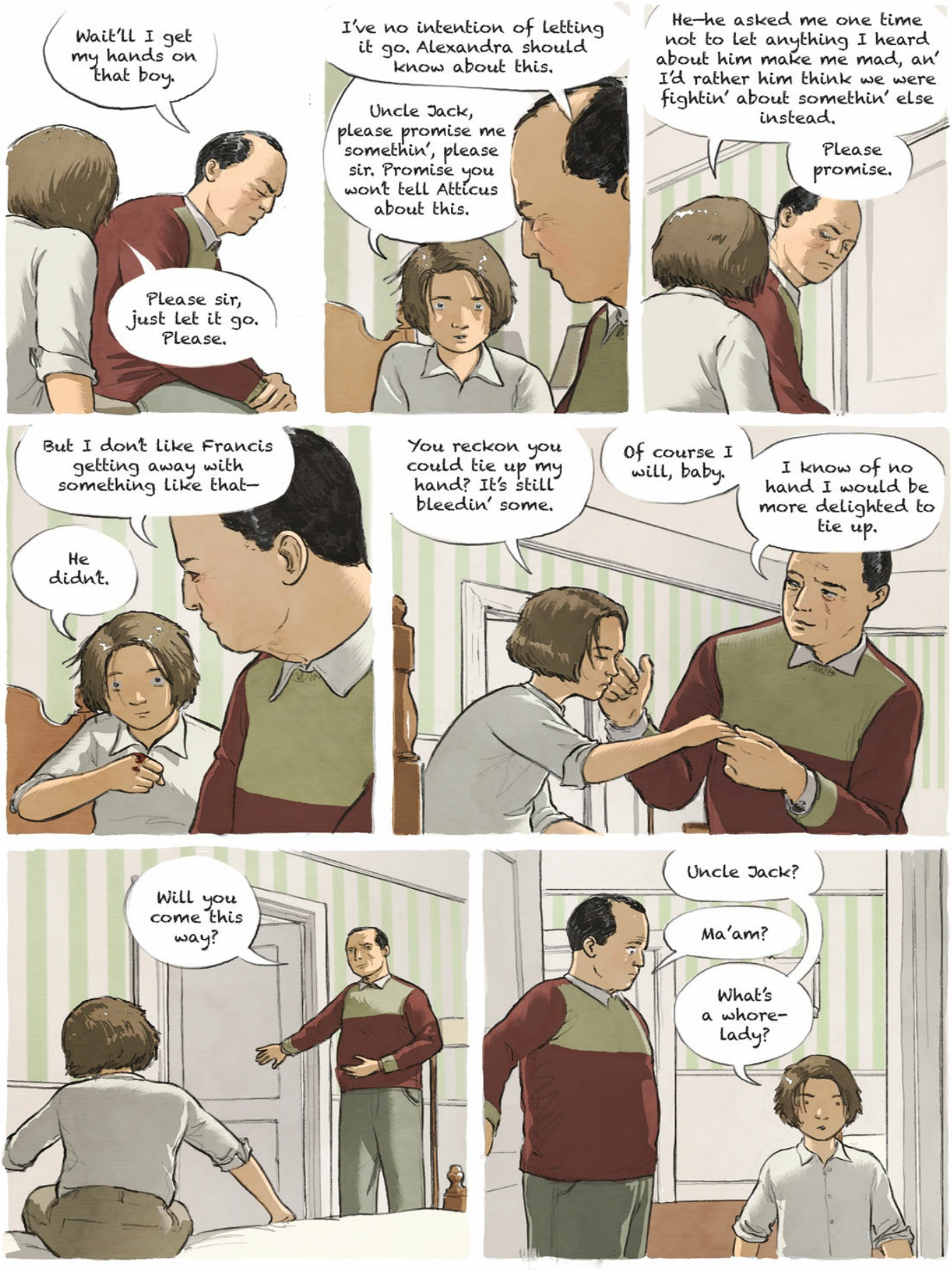
Jem felt his age and gravitated to the adults, leaving me to entertain our cousin. Francis was eight and slicked back his hair.

No, a real one. He's gonna make me some invisible ink, and I'm gonna write to Dill in it.
Where's the use in that?
It'll drive him nuts!
Talking to Francis gave me the sensation of settling slowly to the bottom of the ocean.
That was the best Christmas dinner yet.
Grandma's a wonderful cook.
She's gonna teach me how.
Boys don't cook.
Grandma says all men should learn to cook, that men oughta be careful with their wives and wait on 'em when they don't feel good.
I don't want Dill waitin' on me. I'd rather wait on him.
Yeah. Don't say anything about it yet, but we're gonna get married as soon as we're big enough.
You mean that little runt Grandma says stays with Miss Rachel every summer?
That's exactly who I mean.
I know all about him.
What about him?
Grandma says he hasn't got a home. He just gets passed around from relative to relative.
Francis, that's not so!
You're mighty dumb sometimes, Jean Louise. Guess you don't know any better, though.
What do you mean?
If Uncle Atticus lets you run around with stray dogs, that's his own business, like Grandma says, so it ain't your fault.

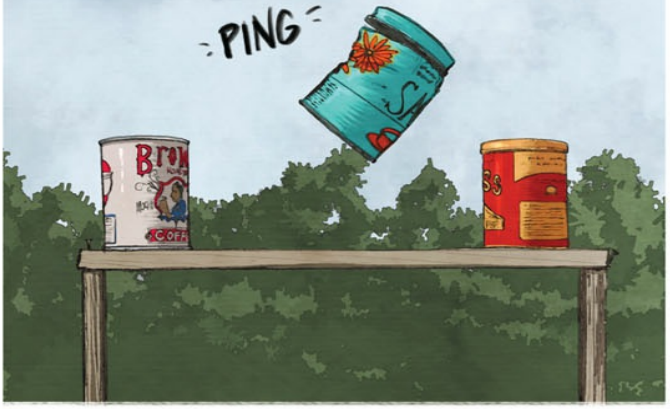
I guess it ain't your fault if Uncle Atticus is a nigger-lover besides, but I'm here to tell you it certainly does mortify the rest of the family.
Francis, what the hell do you mean?
He's nothin' but a nigger-lover!
WHACK
THUMP
WHAP
SMACK
Scout, stop!


Who started this?
Sh-she called me a whore-lady and jumped on me!
Is that true, Scout?
I reckon so.
You know I told you you'd get in trouble if you used words like that? I told you, didn't I?
Yes, sir, but—
Well, you're in trouble now.
I...
I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!
I hate you an' despise you an' hope you die tomorrow!

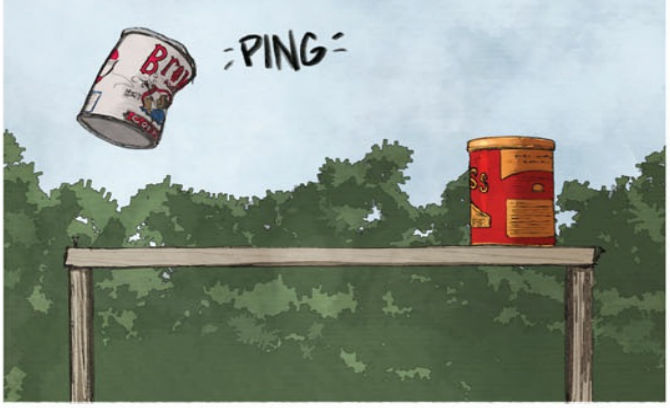
Scout?
Do you still hate me?
Go away!
Honey, you can't go around calling people—
You ain't fair.
Not fair? How not?
You're real nice, Uncle Jack, an' I reckon I love you even after what you did, but you don't understand children much.
Such conduct as yours required little understanding. It was obstreperous, disorderly, and abusive—
You gonna give me a chance to tell you? I don't mean to sass you, I'm just tryin' to tell you.
Proceed.
Well, in the first place you never stopped to gimme a chance to tell you my side of it — you just lit right into me.
An' in the second place you told me never to use words like that except in extreme provocation, and Francis provocated me enough to knock his block off—
What was your side of it, Scout?
Francis called Atticus a nigger-lover.
I ain't very sure what it means, but the way Francis said it—
He called Atticus that?
Yes sir, he did, an' a lot more.


Wait'll I get my hands on that boy.
Please sir, just let it go. Please.
I've no intention of letting it go. Alexandra should know about this.
Uncle Jack, please promise me somethin', please sir. Promise you won't tell Atticus about this.
He—he asked me one time not to let anything I heard about him make me mad, an' I'd rather him think we were fightin' about somethin' else instead.
Please promise.
But I don't like Francis getting away with something like that—
He didn't.
You reckon you could tie up my hand? It's still bleedin' some.
Of course I will, baby.
I know of no hand I would be more delighted to tie up.
Will you come this way?
Uncle Jack?
Ma'am?
What's a whore-lady?

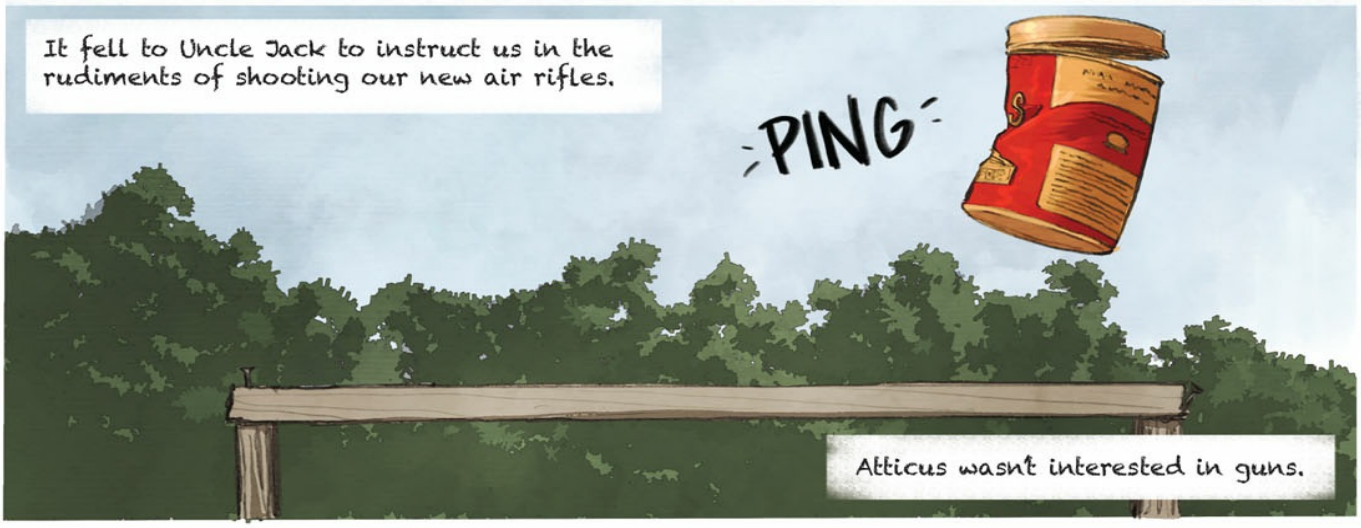
He was nearly fifty. When Jem and I asked him why he was so old, he said he got started late.

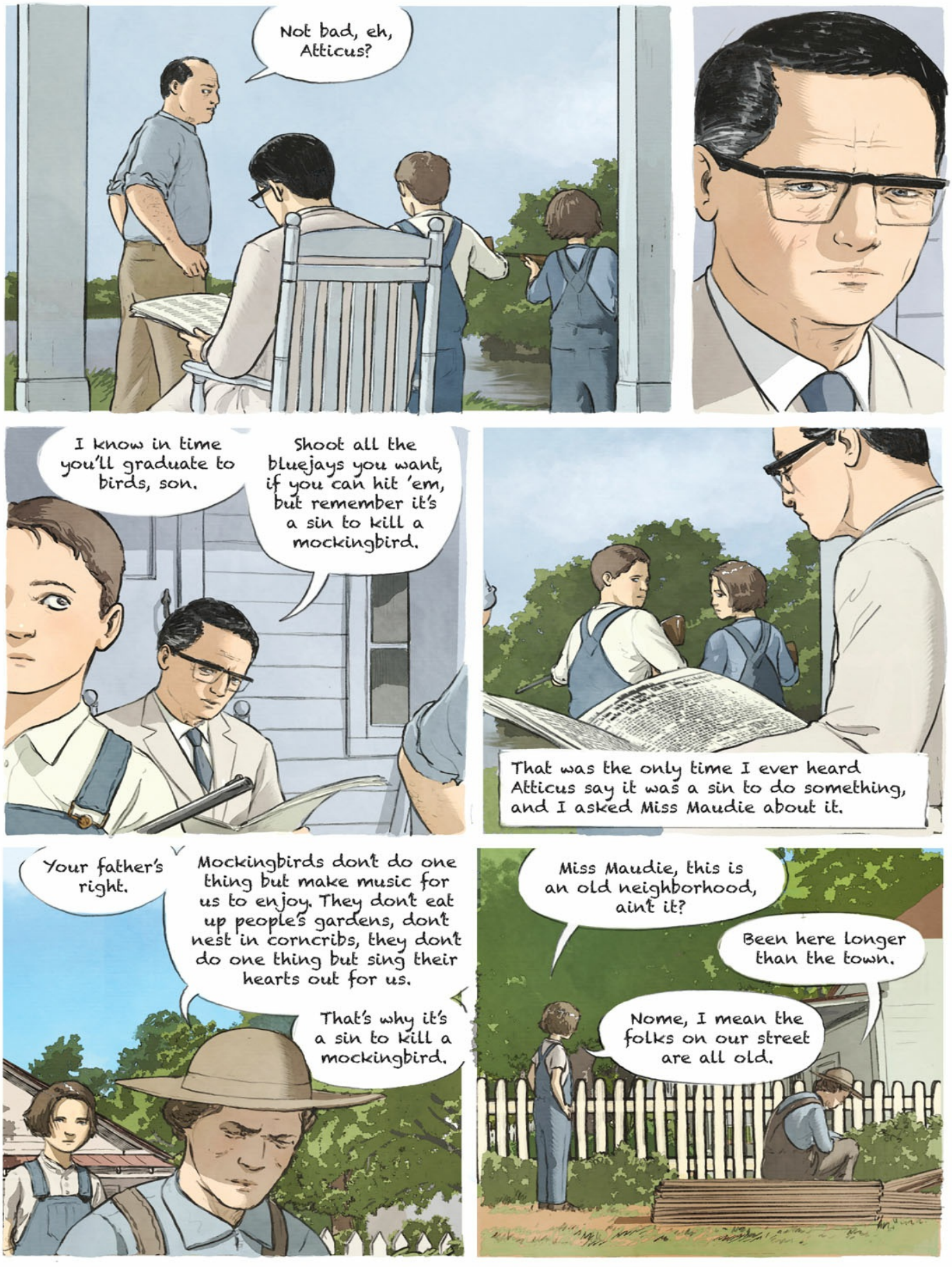


Jem was football crazy. Atticus was never too tired to play keepaway, but when Jem wanted to tackle him Atticus would say, "I'm too old for that, son."



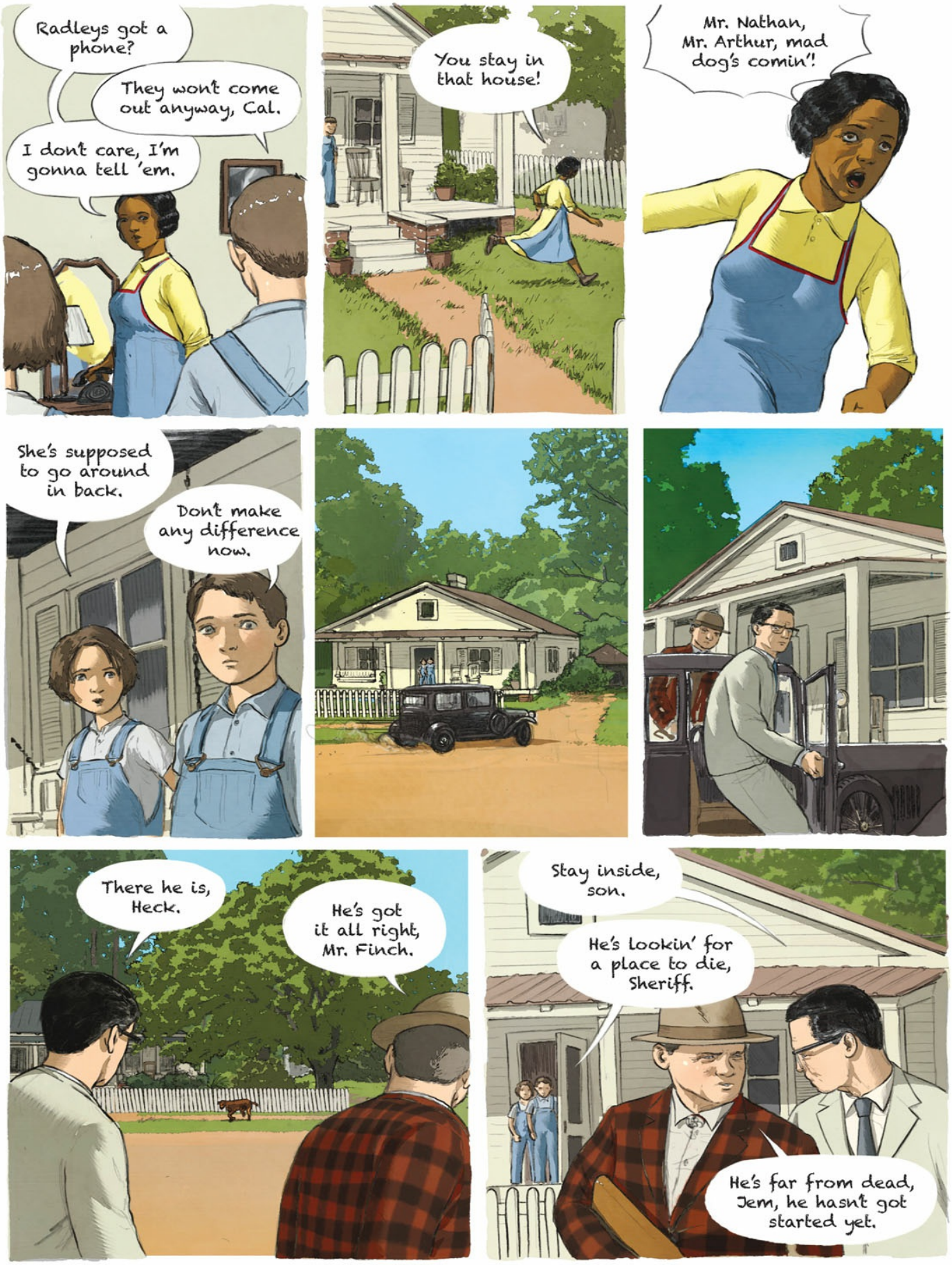
He did not do the things our schoolmates' fathers did: he never went hunting, he did not play poker or fish or drink or smoke. He sat in the livingroom and read.




Not bad, eh, Atticus?
I know in time you'll graduate to birds, son.
Shoot all the bluejays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird.
That was the only time I ever heard Atticus say it was a sin to do something, and I asked Miss Maudie about it.
Your father's right.
Mockingbirds don't do one thing but make music for us to enjoy. They don't eat up people's gardens, don't nest in corncribs, they don't do one thing but sing their hearts out for us.
That's why it's a sin to kill a mockingbird.
Miss Maudie, this is an old neighborhood, ain't it?
Been here longer than the town.
Nome, I mean the folks on our street are all old.

I don't call fifty very old. Not being wheeled around yet, am I?
If your father was thirty you'd find life quite different.
I sure would. Atticus can't do anything.
You'd be surprised.
What can he do?
Well, he can make somebody's will so airtight can't anybody meddle with it.
And he's the best checker-player in this town.
Good Lord, Miss Maudie, Jem and me beat him all the time.
It's about time you found out it's because he lets you. Did you know he can play a jew's harp?
Whatcha looking at, Jem?
That old dog down yonder.
That's old Tim Johnson, ain't it?
Yeah.
What's he doing?
I don't know, Scout.
I'm gonna tell Cal.

Cal, can you come down the sidewalk a minute?
What for, Jem? I can't come down the sidewalk every time you want me.
There's somethin' wrong with an old dog down yonder.
He's gone lopsided.
Gimme Mr. Finch's office!
Mr. Finch!
This is Cal.
I swear to God there's a mad dog down the street a piece — he's comin' this way, yes sir, he's—
Mr. Finch, I declare he is—
Old Tim Johnson, yes sir...
Yessir... yes—


Radleys got a phone?
They won't come out anyway, Cal.
I don't care, I'm gonna tell 'em.
You stay in that house!
Mr. Nathan, Mr. Arthur, mad dog's comin'!
She's supposed to go around in back.
Don't make any difference now.
There he is, Heck.
He's got it all right, Mr. Finch.
Stay inside, son.
He's lookin' for a place to die, Sheriff.
He's far from dead, Jem, he hasn't got started yet.

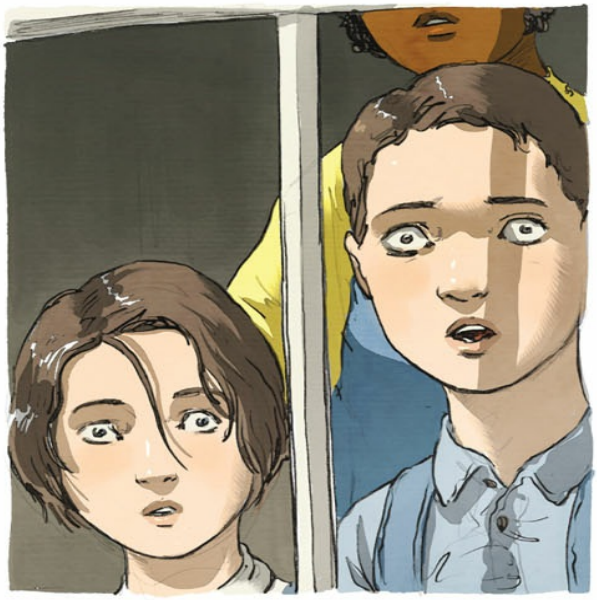
He's within range, Heck. You better get him now.

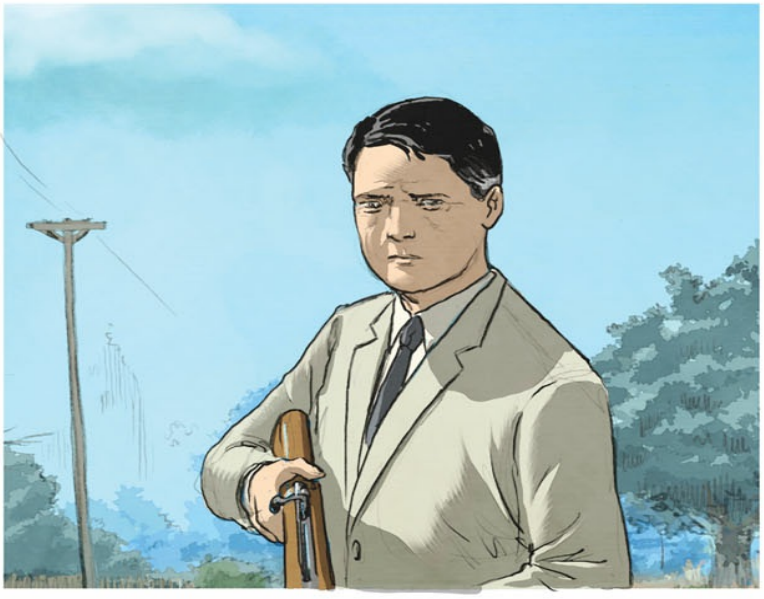
Take him, Mr. Finch.
Don't waste time.

Mr. Finch, this is a one-shot job.
He won't wait all day for you—

Don't just stand there, Heck!
For God's sake, Mr. Finch, look where he is! Miss and you'll go straight into the Radley house! I can't shoot that well and you know it!

I haven't shot a gun in thirty years—
I'd feel mighty comfortable if you did now.



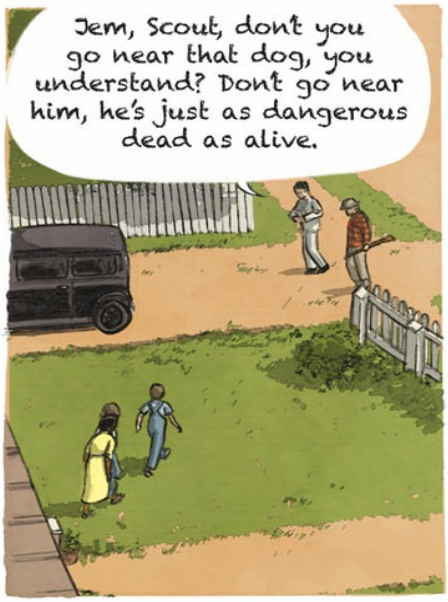


CRACK

You were a little to the right, Mr. Finch.
Always was.
If I had my 'druthers I'd take a shotgun.

I saw that, One-Shot Finch!

I'll have Zeebo collect him.
You haven't forgot much, Mr. Finch. They say it never leaves you.


Jem, Scout, don't you go near that dog, you understand? Don't go near him, he's just as dangerous dead as alive.

Y-yes, sir.
Atticus?
What, son?
...
Nothin'.

What's the matter with you, boy? Didn't you know your daddy's—
Hush, Heck.

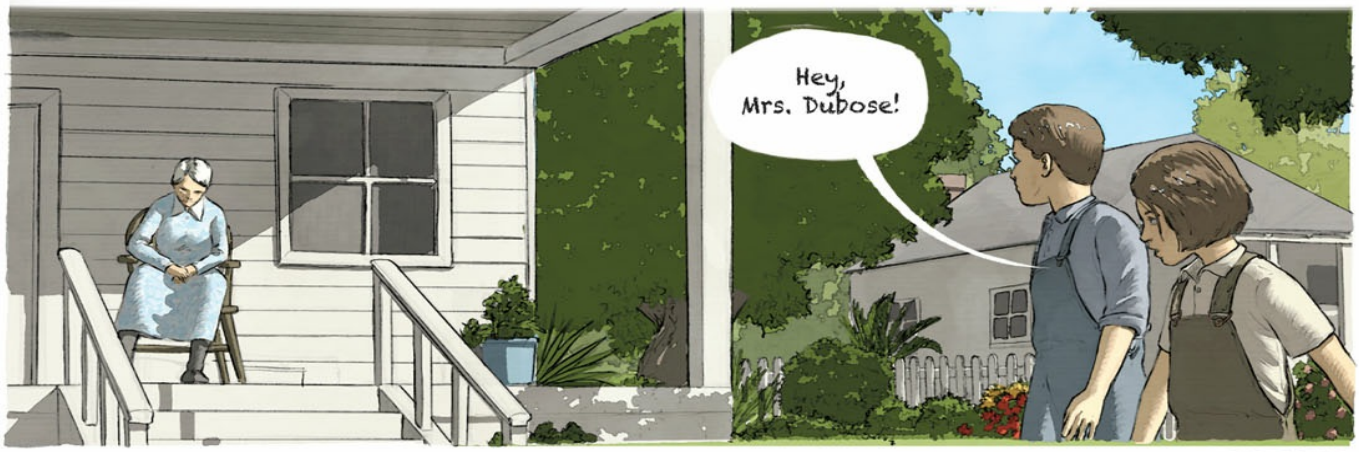
Let's go back to town.

Well now, Miss Jean Louise.
Still think your father can't do anything?
Nome.
Forgot to tell you that besides playing the jew's harp, Atticus Finch was the deadest shot in Maycomb County in his time.
Dead shot...
He never said anything about that.
Never said anything about it, did he?
No ma'am.
Wonder why he never goes huntin' now.
Maybe I can tell you.
If your father's anything, he's civilized in his heart. Marksmanship's a gift of God, a talent.
Looks like he'd be proud of it.
People in their right minds never take pride in their talents.

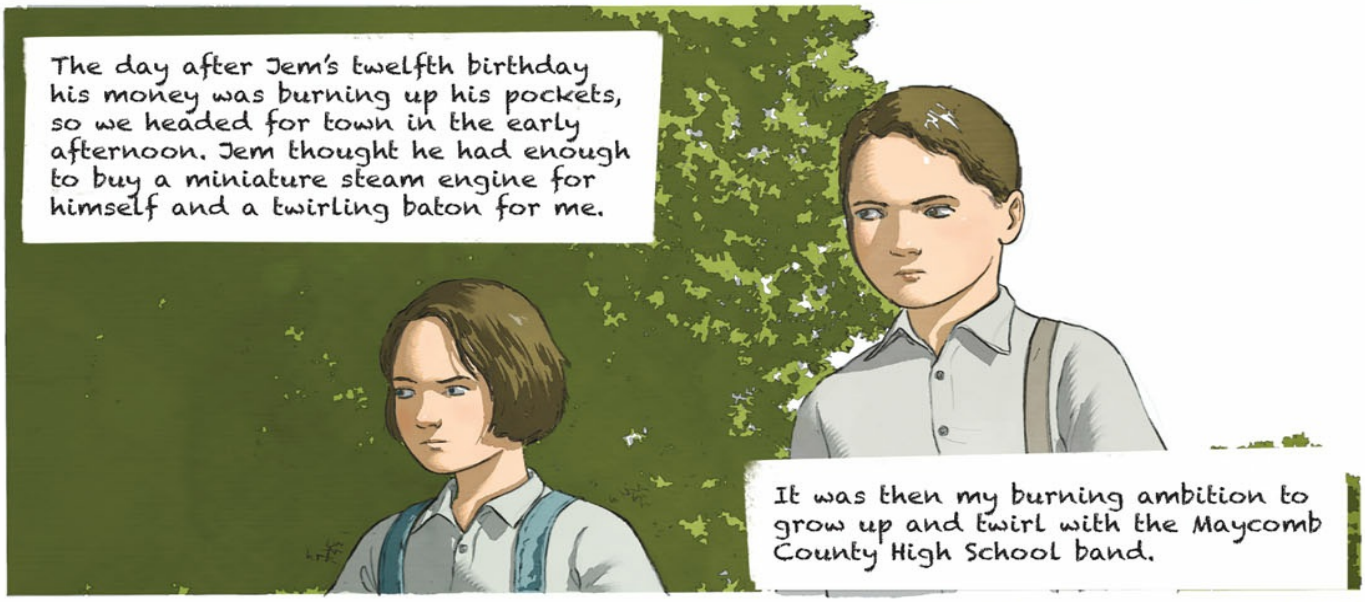
We'll sure have a story to tell at school on Monday. Ain't everybody's daddy the deadest shot in Maycomb County.
Don't say anything about it, Scout.
I reckon if he'd wanted us to know it, he'da told us.
Maybe it just slipped his mind.
Naw, Scout, it's something you wouldn't understand.
Atticus is real old, but I wouldn't care if he couldn't do anything — I wouldn't care if he couldn't do a blessed thing.
Atticus is a gentleman, just like me!

When I was well into the second grade at school and tormenting Boo Radley became passé, the business section of Maycomb drew us frequently up the street past the real property of Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose.

Jem and I hated her. If she was on the porch when we passed, we would be raked by her wrathful gaze, subjected to ruthless interrogation regarding our behavior, and given a melancholy prediction on what we would amount to when we grew up, which was always nothing.



Countless evenings Atticus would find Jem furious at something Mrs. Dubose had said when we went by.



Your father's no better than the niggers and trash he works for!
I had become almost accustomed to hearing insults aimed at Atticus. But this was the first one coming from an adult.
On the way home Mrs. Dubose was not on the porch.
In later years, I sometimes wondered exactly what made Jem do it.
Jem had probably stood as much guff about Atticus lawing for niggers as had I, and I took it for granted that he kept his temper — he had a naturally tranquil disposition and a slow fuse.
At the time, however, I thought the only explanation for what he did was that for a few minutes he simply went mad.

Why'd you do it?
She said you lawed for niggers and trash.

You did this because she said that?
Yes, sir.

Son, I have no doubt that you've been annoyed by your contemporaries about me lawing for niggers, as you say, but to do something like this to a sick old lady is inexcusable.
I strongly advise you to go down and have a talk with Mrs. Dubose.

Come straight home afterward.

You don't care what happens to him. All he was doin' was standin' up for you.

I never thought Jem'd be the one to lose his head over this — thought I'd have more trouble with you.

Well, son?
I cleaned it up for her and said I was sorry, but I ain't.

Atticus, she wants me to read to her. She wants me to come every afternoon after school and Saturdays and read to her out loud for two hours.
Atticus, do I have to?

Certainly.
But she wants me to do it for a month.
Then you'll do it for a month.

Atticus, it's all right on the sidewalk but inside it's—it's all dark and creepy. There's shadows and things on the ceiling...
That should appeal to your imagination.

Just pretend you're inside the Radley house.

Mrs. Dubose?
So you brought that dirty little sister of yours, did you?
My sister ain't dirty and I ain't scared of you.
Mrs. Dubose, are you all right?

Atticus had two yellow pencils for me and a football magazine for Jem, which I suppose was a silent reward for our first day's session with Mrs. Dubose. Jem told him what happened.

The next afternoon at Mrs. Dubose's was the same as the first, and so was the next, until gradually a pattern emerged.

Everything would begin normally – that is, Mrs. Dubose would hound Jem for a while on her favorite subjects, her camellias and our father's nigger-loving propensities...

Her fits passed after a time and she was in every other way her old self.

Jeremy Finch, I told you you'd live to regret tearing up my camellias. You regret it now, don't you?

I certainly do.

Thought you could kill my Snow-on-the-Mountain, did you? Well, Jessie says the top's growing back out. Next time you'll know how to do it right, won't you? You'll pull it up by the roots, won't you?
I certainly will.
Don't you mutter at me, boy! You hold up your head and say yes ma'am. Don't guess you feel like holding it up, though, with your father what he is.
That'll do.
And that's all.
Good-day to you.
It was over. We bounded down the sidewalk on a spree of sheer relief, leaping and howling.
That spring was a good one: the days grew longer and gave us more playing time.
I'm going down to Mrs. Dubose's for a while.
I won't be long.
Jem's mind was occupied mostly with the vital statistics of every college football player in the nation.

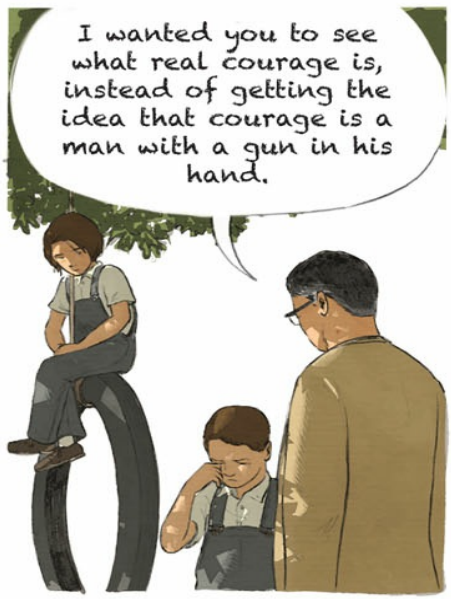
We had not seen Mrs. Dubose for over a month. She was never on the porch any more when we passed.
What'd she want?
She's dead, son.
She died a few minutes ago.
Oh.
Well.
Well is right. She's not suffering any more.
She was sick for a long time. Son, didn't you know what her fits were?
Mrs. Dubose was a morphine addict.
She took it as a pain-killer for years. The doctor put her on it.
She'd have spent the rest of her life on it and died without so much agony, but she was too contrary.
Sir?
She said she was going to leave this world beholden to nothing and nobody.
She said she meant to break herself of it before she died, and that's what she did.
She still disapproved heartily of my doings, and said I'd probably spend the rest of my life bailing you out of jail.
She had Jessie fix you this box—

Old hell-devil, old hell-devil!
Why can't she leave me alone?

Sh-h.
I think that was her way of telling you — everything's all right now, Jem, everything's all right.

You know, she was a great lady.
A lady? After all those things she said about you, a lady?

She was. She had her own views about things, a lot different from mine, maybe... Son, if you hadn't lost your head I'd have made you go read to her.

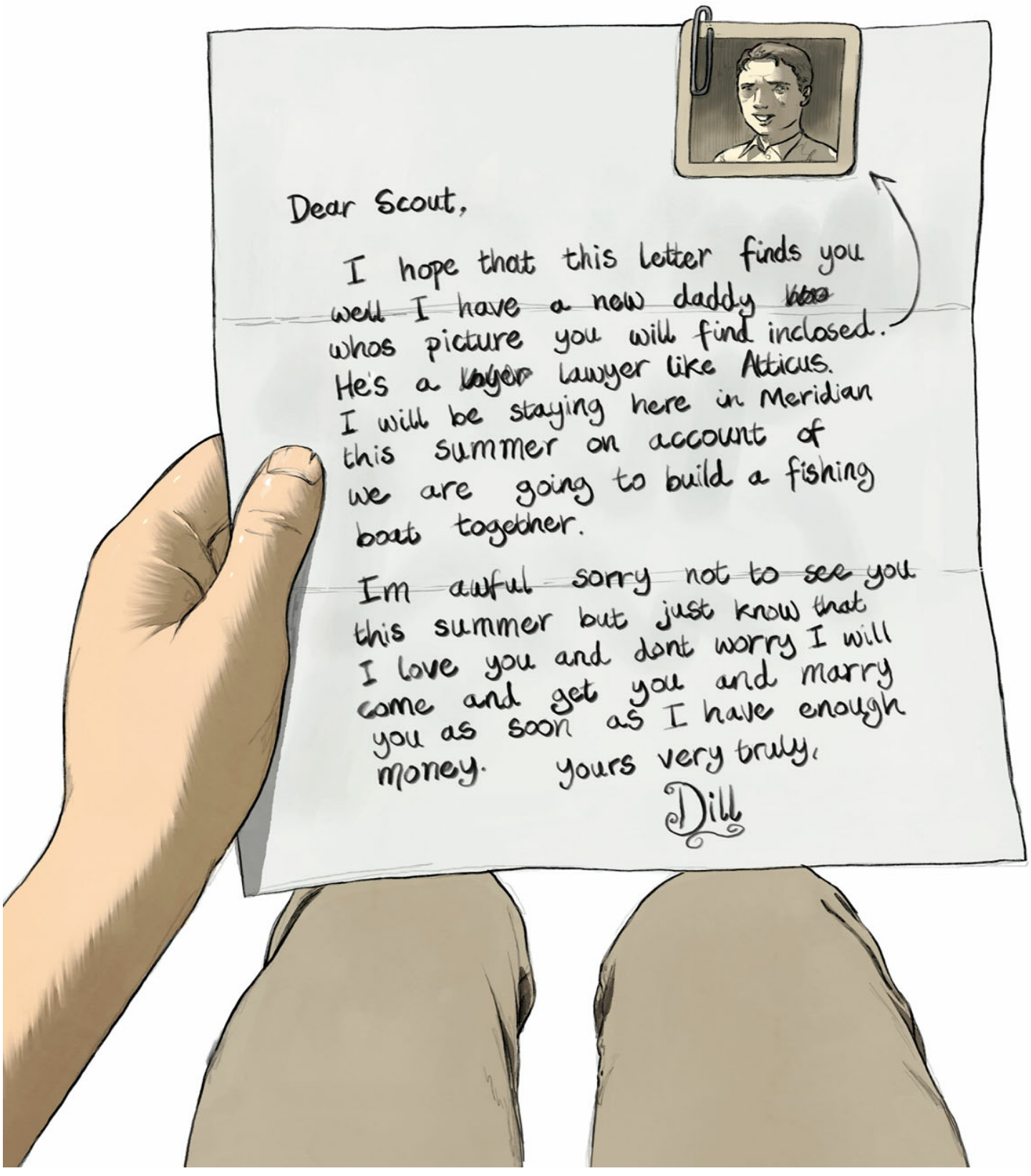

I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand.

It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what.

You rarely win, but sometimes you do. Mrs. Dubose won, all ninety-eight pounds of her. According to her views, she died beholden to nothing and nobody.

She was the bravest person I ever knew.

PART 2


Dear Scout,
I hope that this letter finds you well I have a new daddy whos picture you will find inclosed. He's a lawyer like Atticus. I will be staying here in Meridian this summer on account of we are going to build a fishing boat together.
Im awful sorry not to see you this summer but just know that I love you and dont worry I will come and get you and marry you as soon as I have enough money. yours very truly.
Dill

The fact that I had a permanent fiancé was little compensation for his absence.

I was crushed.

Jem was twelve. He was difficult to live with, inconsistent, moody.

Atticus said I must be patient with him and disturb him as little as possible.

After one altercation when Jem hollered, "It's time you started bein' a girl and acting right!" I burst into tears and fled to Calpurnia.

Don't you fret too much over Mister Jem—

Mis-ter Jem?

Yeah, he's just about Mister Jem now.

He ain't that old. All he needs is somebody to beat him up, and I ain't big enough.

As if this were not enough, the state legislature was called into emergency session and Atticus left us for two weeks.

How'd you and Mister Jem like to come to church with me tomorrow?

Really?

How 'bout it?

It's like we were goin' to Mardi Gras.
What's all this for, Cal?
I don't want anybody sayin' I don't look after my children.
First Purchase African M.E. Church was in the Quarters outside the southern town limits, across the old sawmill tracks.
It was the only church in Maycomb with a steeple and bell, called First Purchase because it was paid for from the first earnings of freed slaves.

Negroes worshipped in it on Sundays and white men gambled in it on weekdays.
What you up to, Miss Cal?
What you want, Lula?
I wants to know why you bringin' white chillun to nigger church.
They's my comp'ny.
I thought her voice strange. She spoke quietly, contemptuously.
Yeah, an' I reckon you's comp'ny at the Finch house durin' the week.
Don't you fret.
Stop right there, nigger.
They got their church, we got our'n. It is our church, ain't it, Miss Cal?
It's the same God, ain't it?
Let's go home, Cal, they don't want us here—

Now Mister Jem, we're mighty glad to have you all here.
Don't pay no 'tention to Lula.
She's a troublemaker from way back, got fancy ideas an' haughty ways.
We've got our collection money, Cal. You keep it.
You're my comp'ny.
Cal, where are the hymn-books?
We don't have any.
Well how—?
Sh-h.
Brethren and sisters, we are particularly glad to have company with us this morning.
Mister and Miss Finch. You all know their father.
IS LOVE

You all know of Brother Tom Robinson's trouble.
He has been a faithful member of First Purchase since he was a boy.

The collection taken up today and for the next three Sundays will go to Helen—his wife, to help her out at home.
That's the Tom Atticus's de—
Sh-h!

Will the music superintendent lead us in the first hymn.

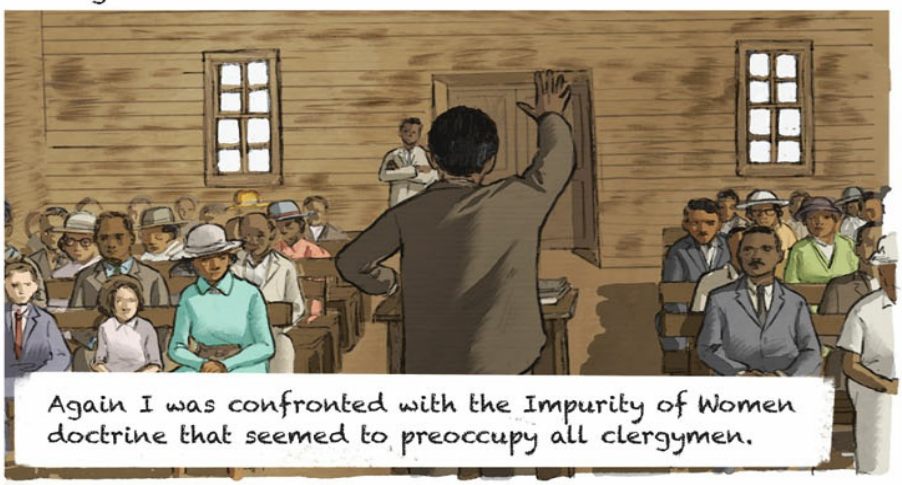
We'll sing number two seventy-three.
There's a land beyond the river.

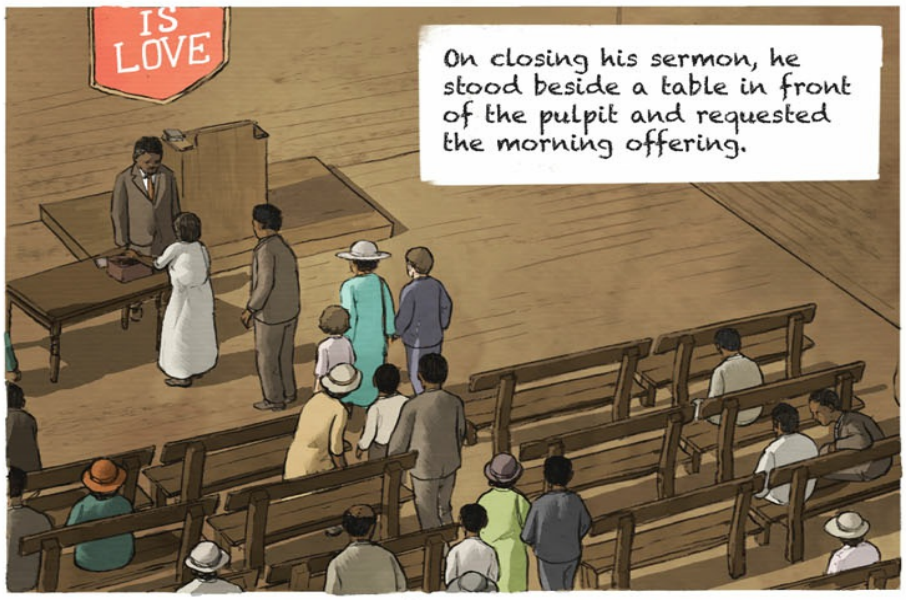
H'rm.

There's a land beyond the river,
That we call the sweet forever,

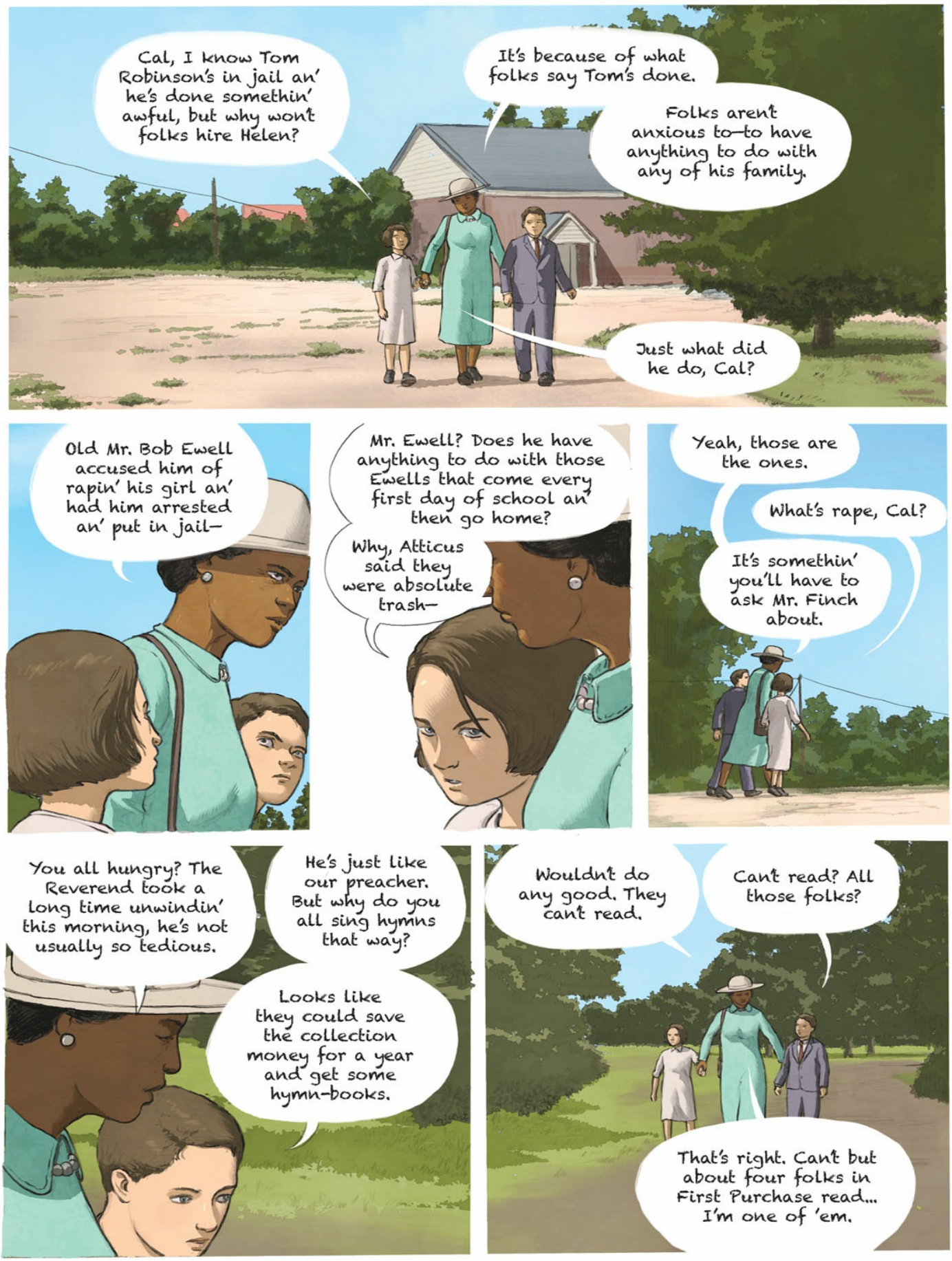
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree;
One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing.
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee.
In that far off sweet forever,
Just beyond the shining river,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

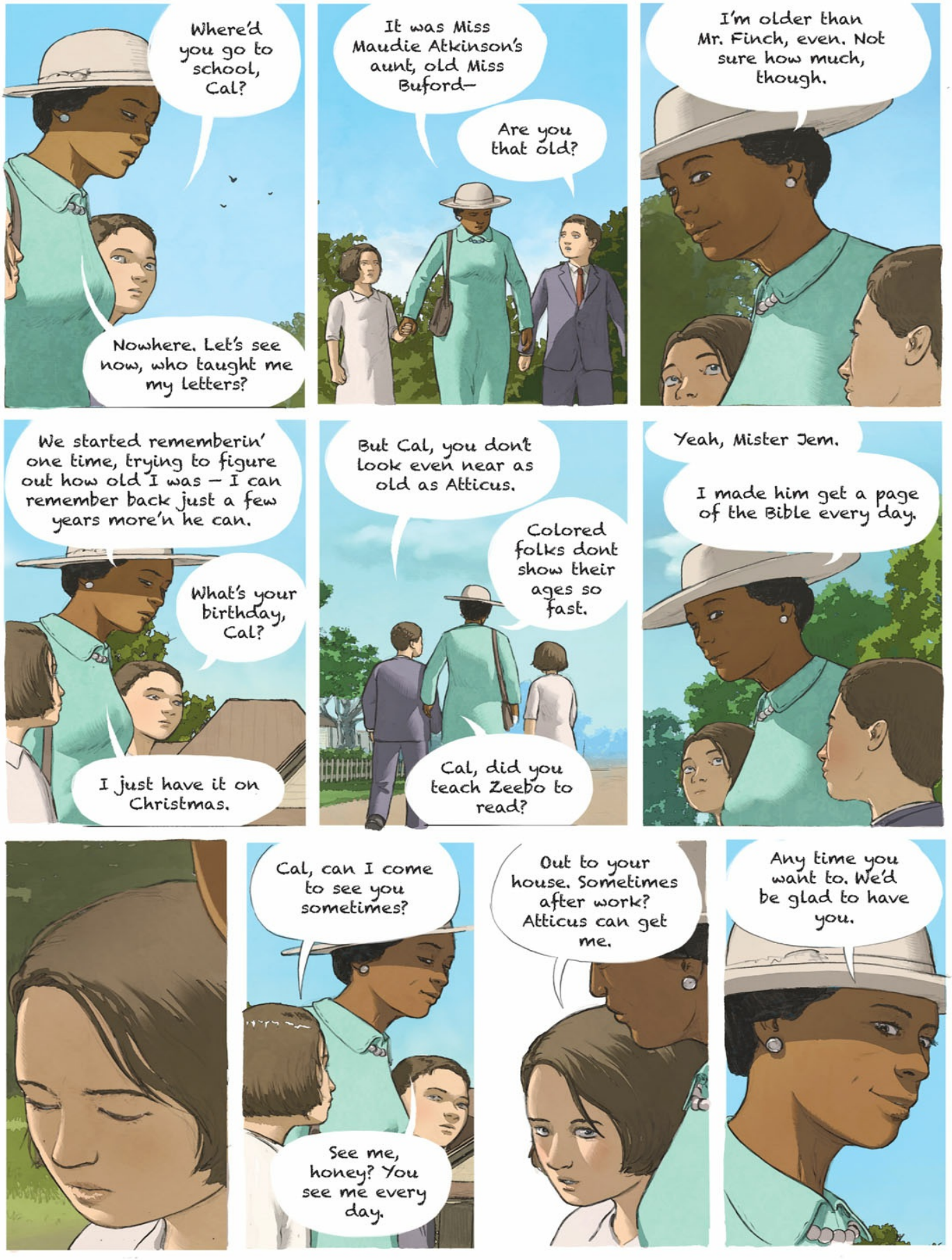
The Reverend Sykes' sermon was a procedure no different from our church practice: a forthright denunciation of sin, a warning against the evils of heady brews, gambling, and strange women.

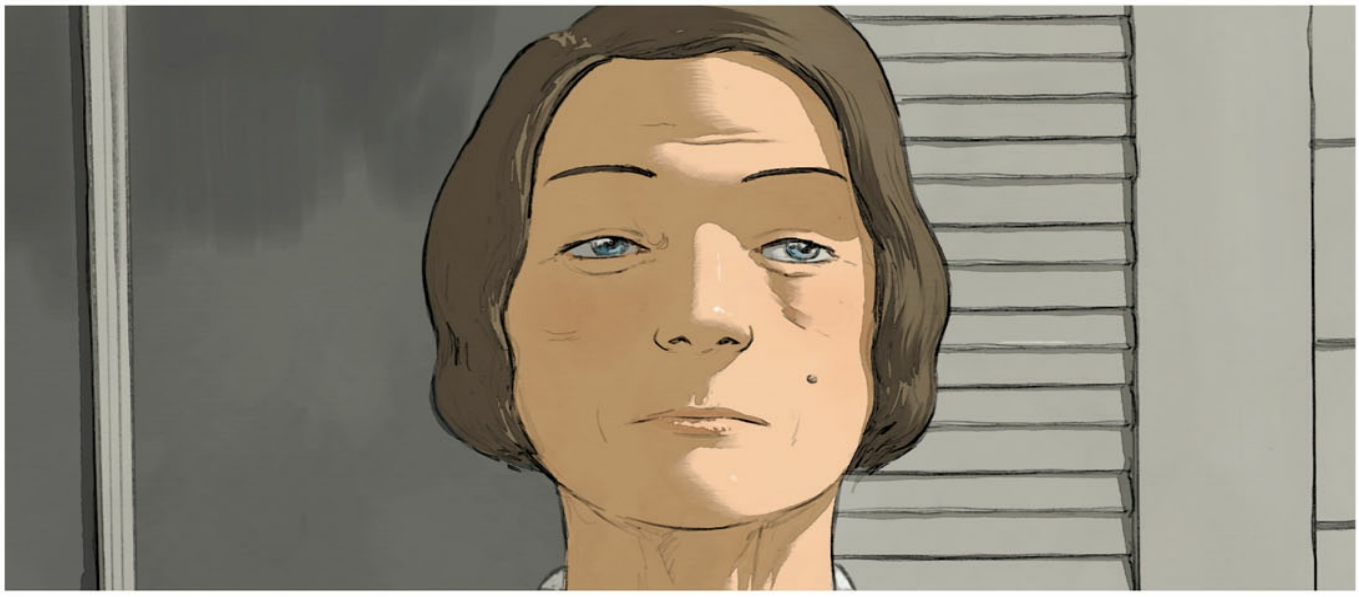


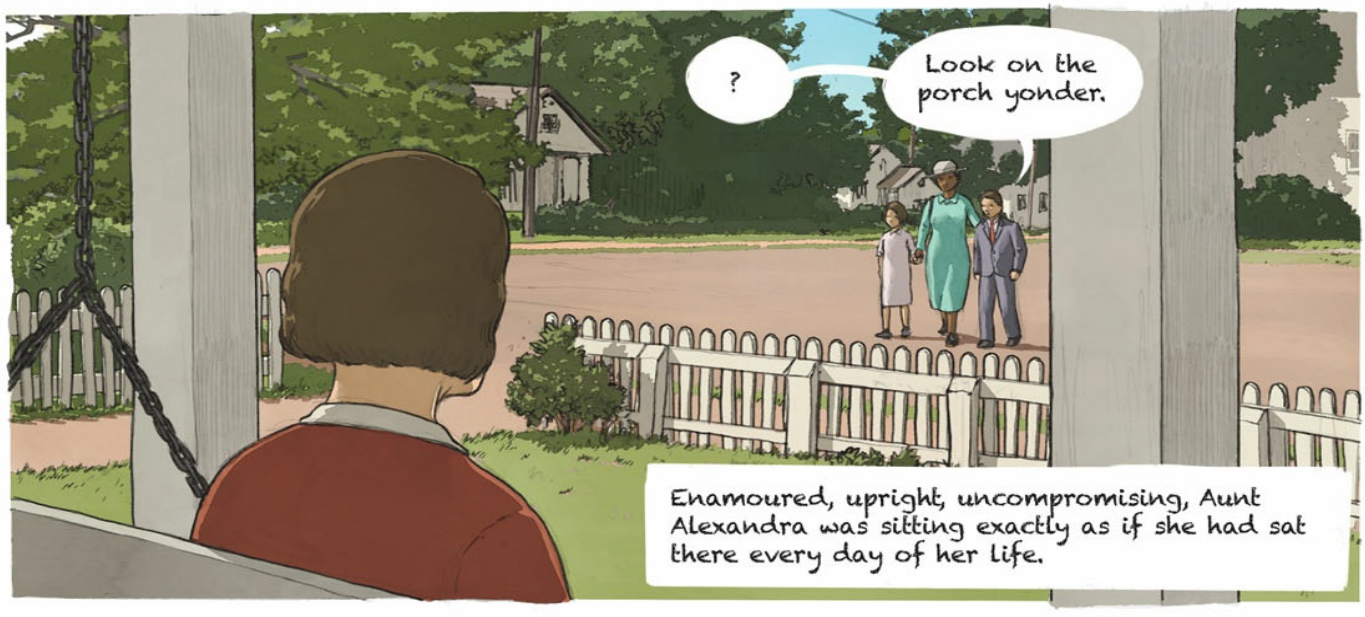


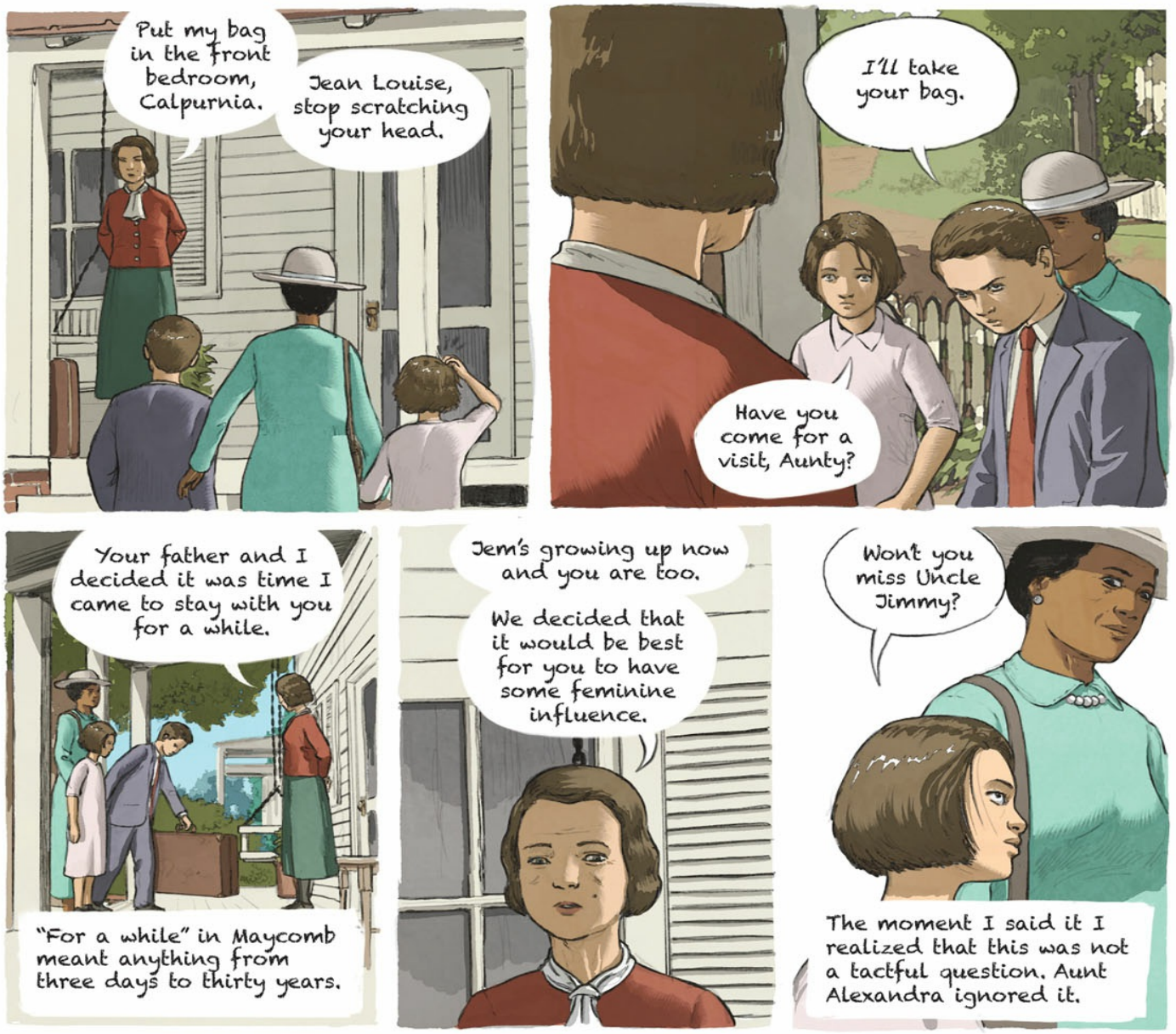
I want all of you with no children to make a sacrifice and give one more dime apiece. Then we'll have it.
Naw Cal, we can put ours in.
Gimme your dime, Scout.
We were 'specially glad to have you all here.
Why were you all takin' up collection for Tom Robinson's wife?
Didn't you hear why?
Helen's got three little'uns and she can't go out to work—
Why can't she take 'em with her, Reverend?
To tell you the truth, Miss Jean Louise, Helen's finding it hard to find work these days.
Why—
We thank you for lettin' us come, Reverend.

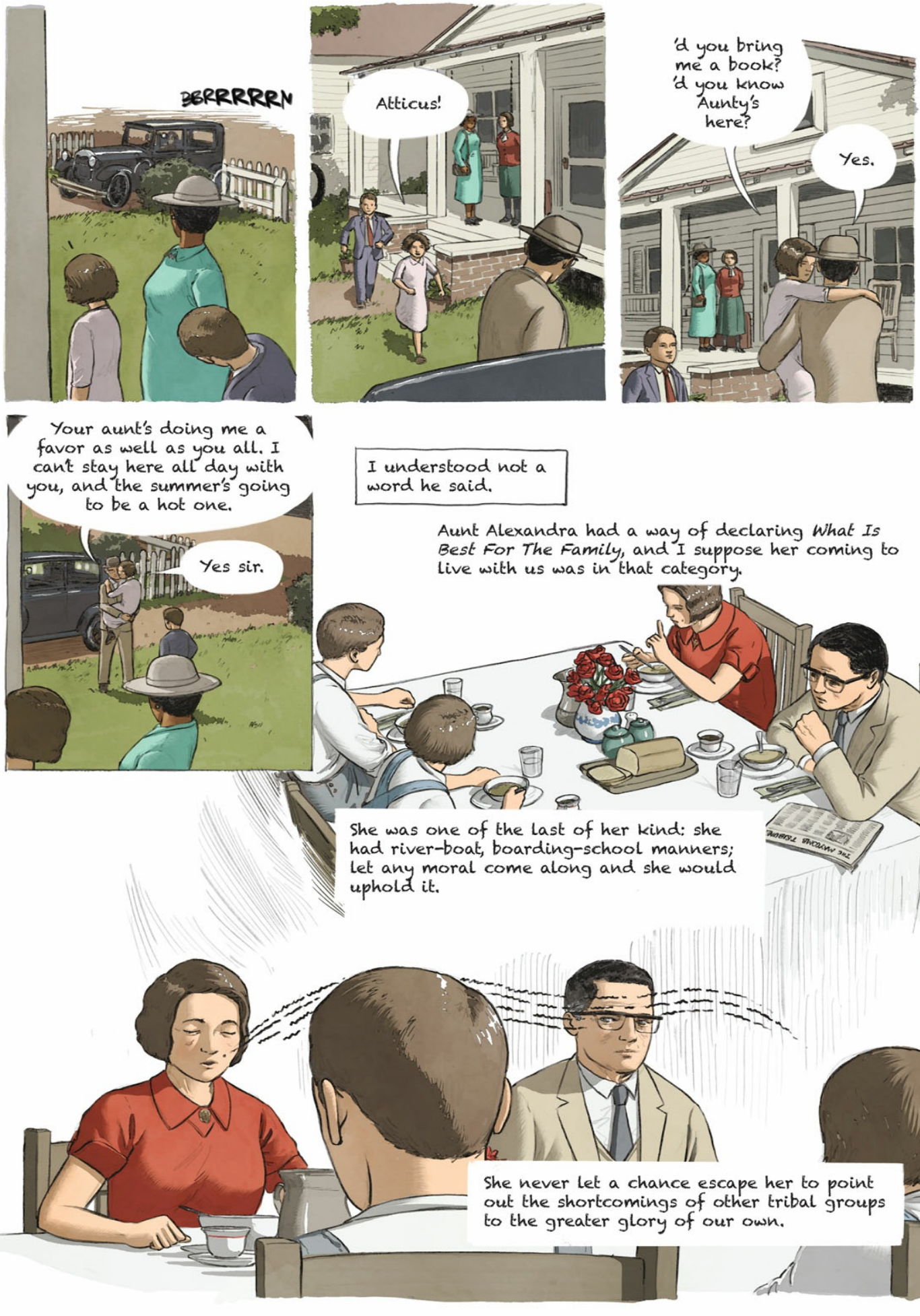

Cal, I know Tom Robinson's in jail an' he's done somethin' awful, but why won't folks hire Helen?
It's because of what folks say Tom's done.
Folks aren't anxious to—to have anything to do with any of his family.
Just what did he do, Cal?
Old Mr. Bob Ewell accused him of rapin' his girl an' had him arrested an' put in jail—
Mr. Ewell? Does he have anything to do with those Ewells that come every first day of school an' then go home?
Why, Atticus said they were absolute trash—
Yeah, those are the ones.
What's rape, Cal?
It's somethin' you'll have to ask Mr. Finch about.
You all hungry? The Reverend took a long time unwindin' this morning, he's not usually so tedious.
He's just like our preacher. But why do you all sing hymns that way?
Looks like they could save the collection money for a year and get some hymn-books.
Wouldn't do any good. They can't read.
Can't read? All those folks?
That's right. Can't but about four folks in First Purchase read... I'm one of 'em.

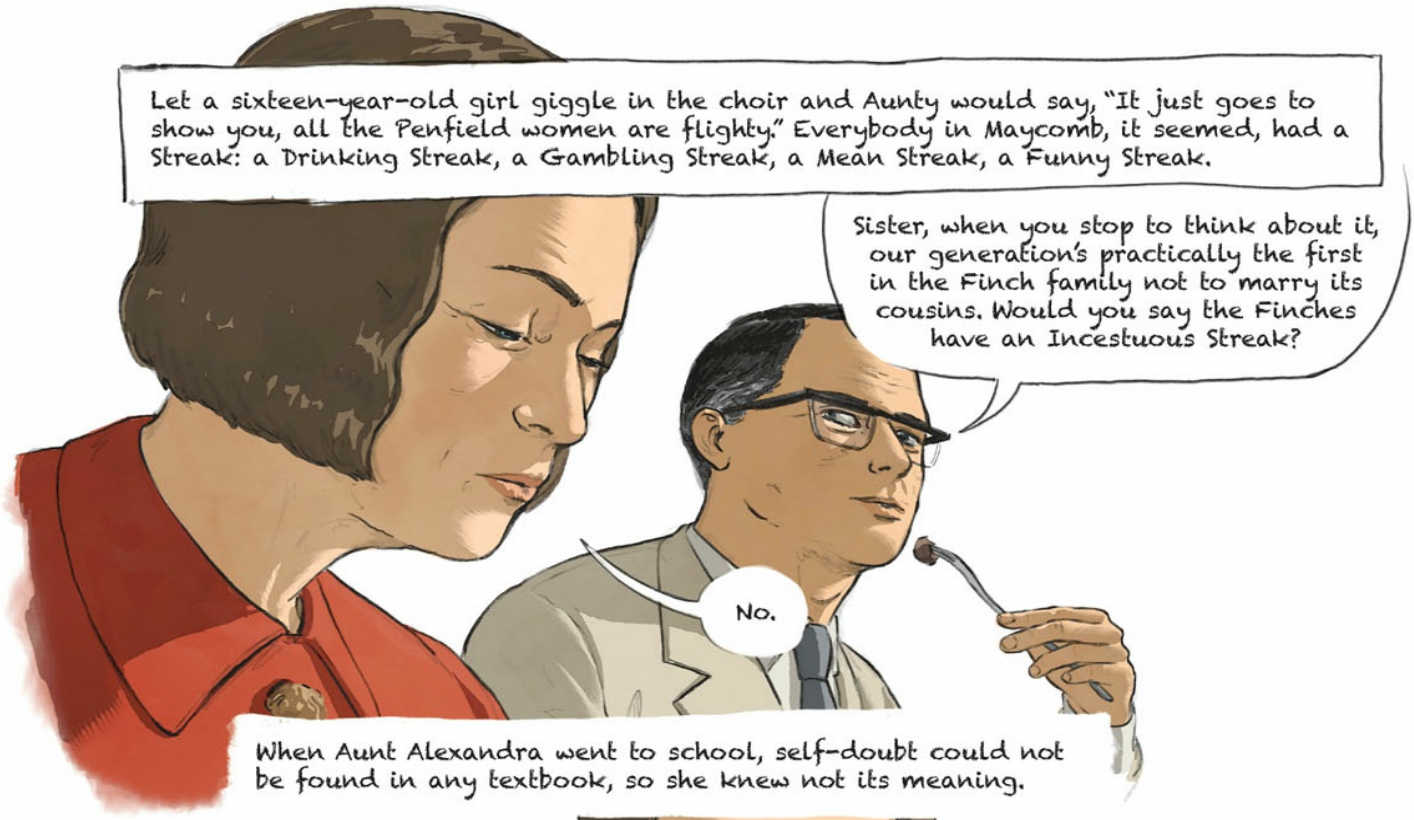

Where'd you go to school, Cal?
Nowhere. Let's see now, who taught me my letters?
It was Miss Maudie Atkinson's aunt, old Miss Buford—
Are you that old?
I'm older than Mr. Finch, even. Not sure how much, though.
We started rememberin' one time, trying to figure out how old I was — I can remember back just a few years more'n he can.
What's your birthday, Cal?
I just have it on Christmas.
But Cal, you don't look even near as old as Atticus.
Colored folks don't show their ages so fast.
Cal, did you teach Zeebo to read?
Yeah, Mister Jem.
I made him get a page of the Bible every day.
Cal, can I come to see you sometimes?
See me, honey? You see me every day.
Out to your house. Sometimes after work? Atticus can get me.
Any time you want to. We'd be glad to have you.



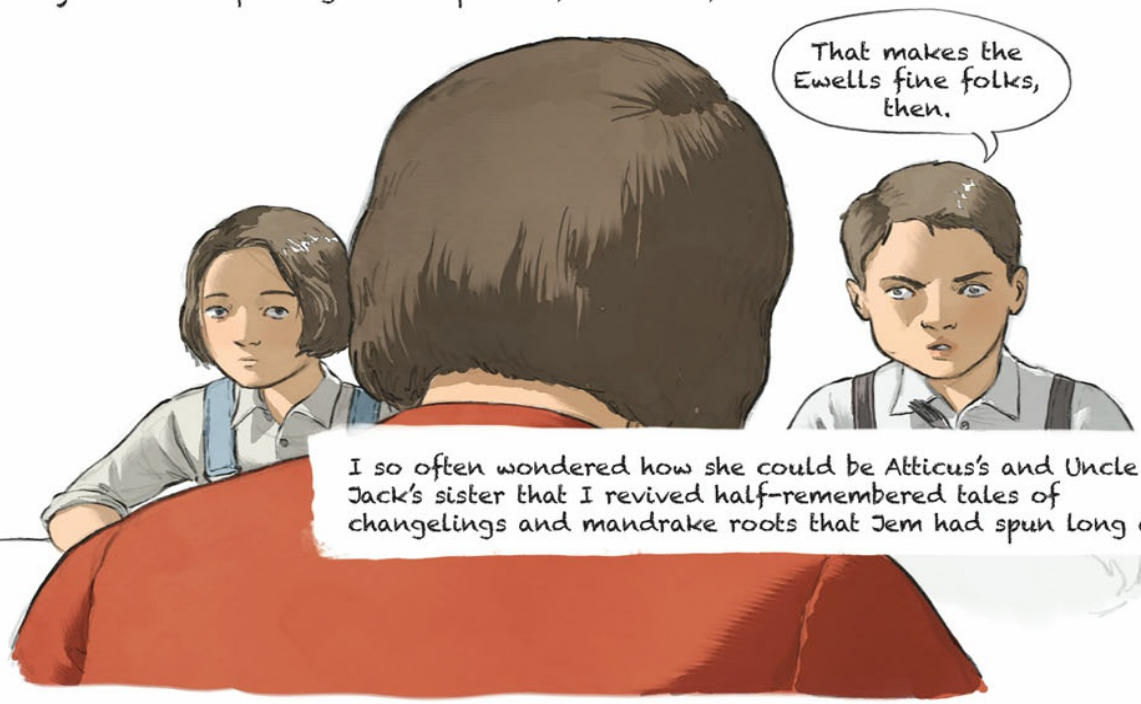

?
Look on the porch yonder.
Enamoured, upright, uncompromising, Aunt Alexandra was sitting exactly as if she had sat there every day of her life.

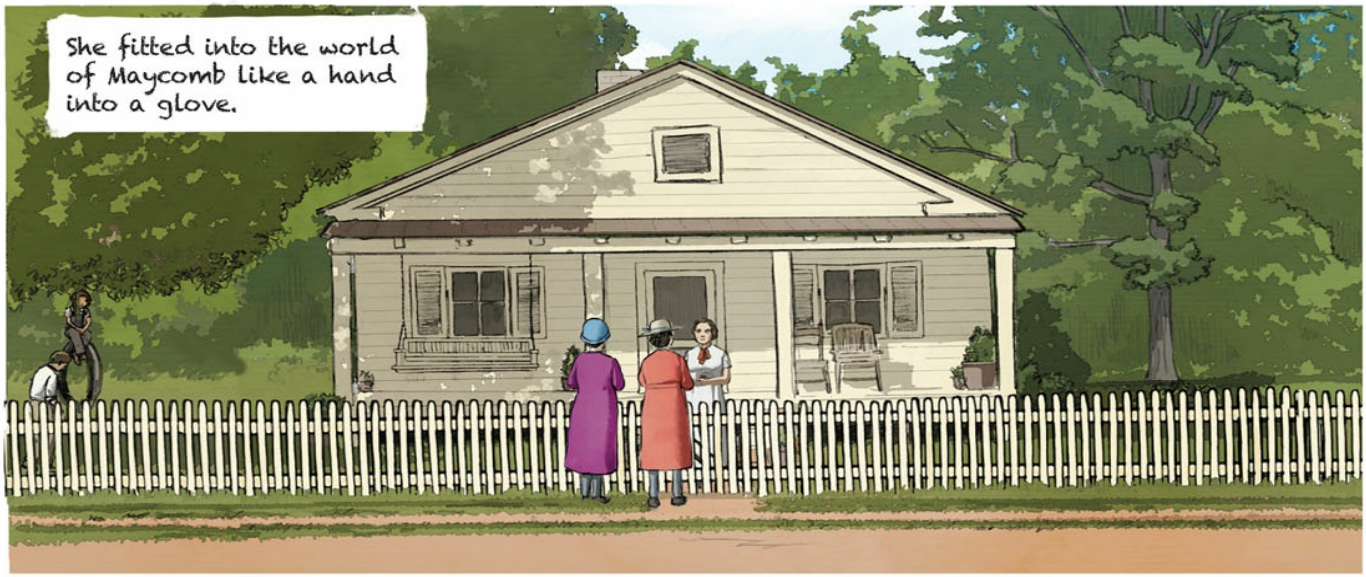

Put my bag in the front bedroom, Calpurnia.
Jean Louise, stop scratching your head.
I'll take your bag.
Have you come for a visit, Aunty?
Your father and I decided it was time I came to stay with you for a while.
"For a while" in Maycomb meant anything from three days to thirty years.
Jem's growing up now and you are too.
We decided that it would be best for you to have some feminine influence.
Won't you miss Uncle Jimmy?
The moment I said it I realized that this was not a tactful question. Aunt Alexandra ignored it.
I could think of nothing else to say to her. In fact I could never think of anything to say to her, and I stood thinking of past painful conversations between us...
How are you, Jean Louise?
Fine, thank you ma'am, how are you?
Very well, thank you; what have you been doing with yourself?
Nothin'.
Don't you do anything?
Nome.
Certainly you have friends?
Yessum.
Well what do you all do?
Nothin'.


BRRRRRN
Atticus!
'd you bring me a book? 'd you know Aunty's here?
Yes.
Your aunt's doing me a favor as well as you all. I can't stay here all day with you, and the summer's going to be a hot one.
Yes sir.
I understood not a word he said.
Aunt Alexandra had a way of declaring *What Is Best For The Family*, and I suppose her coming to live with us was in that category.
She was one of the last of her kind: she had river-boat, boarding-school manners; let any moral come along and she would uphold it.
She never let a chance escape her to point out the shortcomings of other tribal groups to the greater glory of our own.



I never understood her preoccupation with heredity. Somewhere, I had received the impression that Fine Folks were people who did the best they could with the sense they had, but Aunt Alexandra was of the opinion, obliquely expressed, that the longer a family had been squatting on one patch of land the finer it was.




She fitted into the world of Maycomb like a hand into a glove.

ROSE BOWL
SDNFORD-ALABAMA
Er-h'rm.

I don't exactly know how to say this.

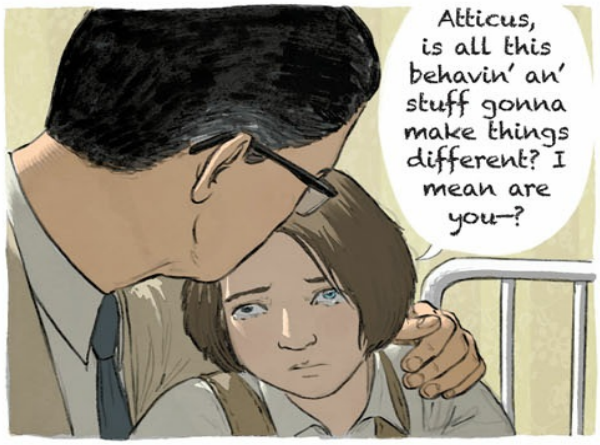
Well, just say it. Have we done something?
No, I just want to explain to you that— your Aunt Alexandra asked me...
SDNFORD-ALABAMA

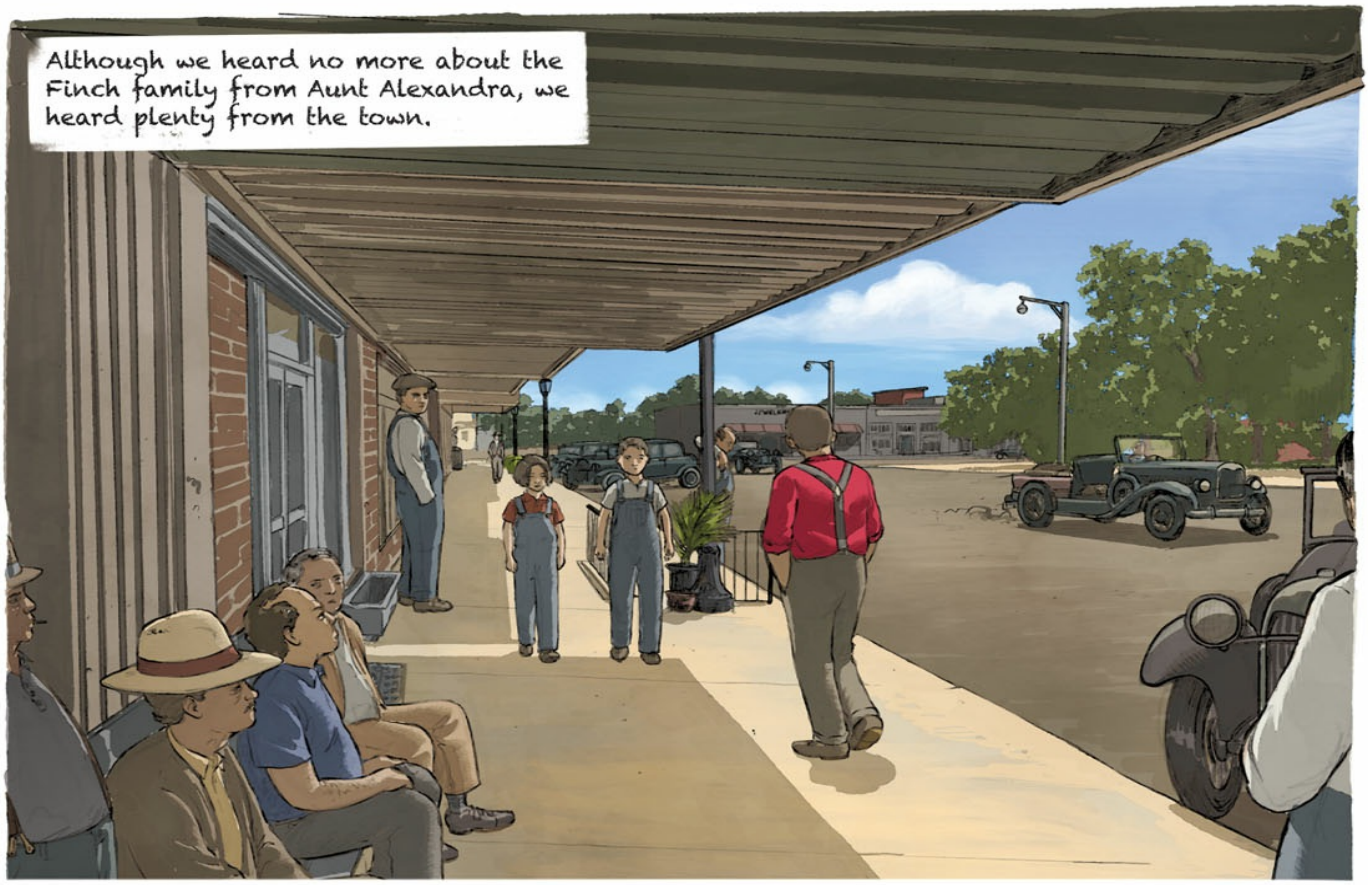
Son, you know you're a Finch, don't you?
That's what I've been told.
Atticus, what's the matter?

I'm trying to tell you the facts of life.
I know all that stuff.

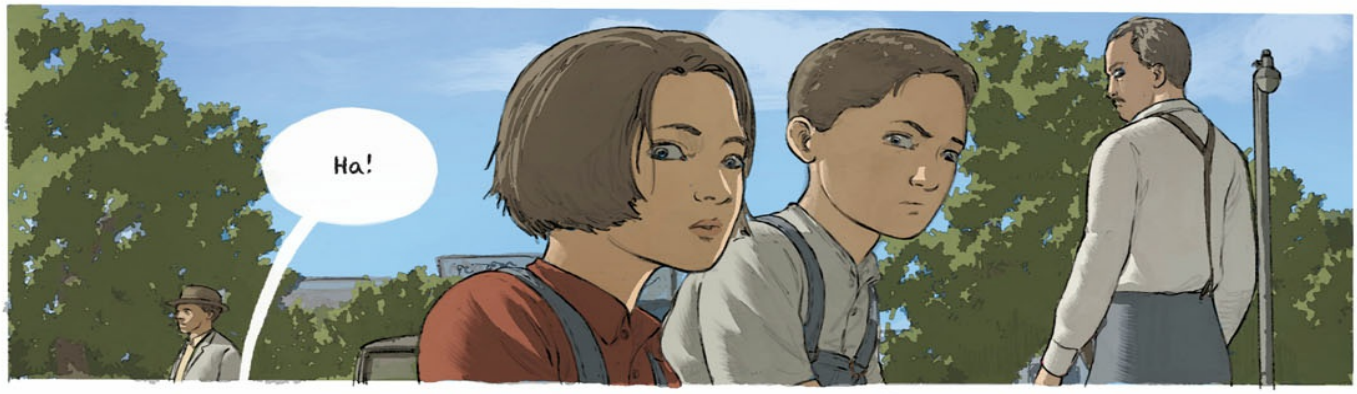
Your aunt has asked me to try and impress upon you and Jean Louise that you are the product of several generations' gentle breeding—

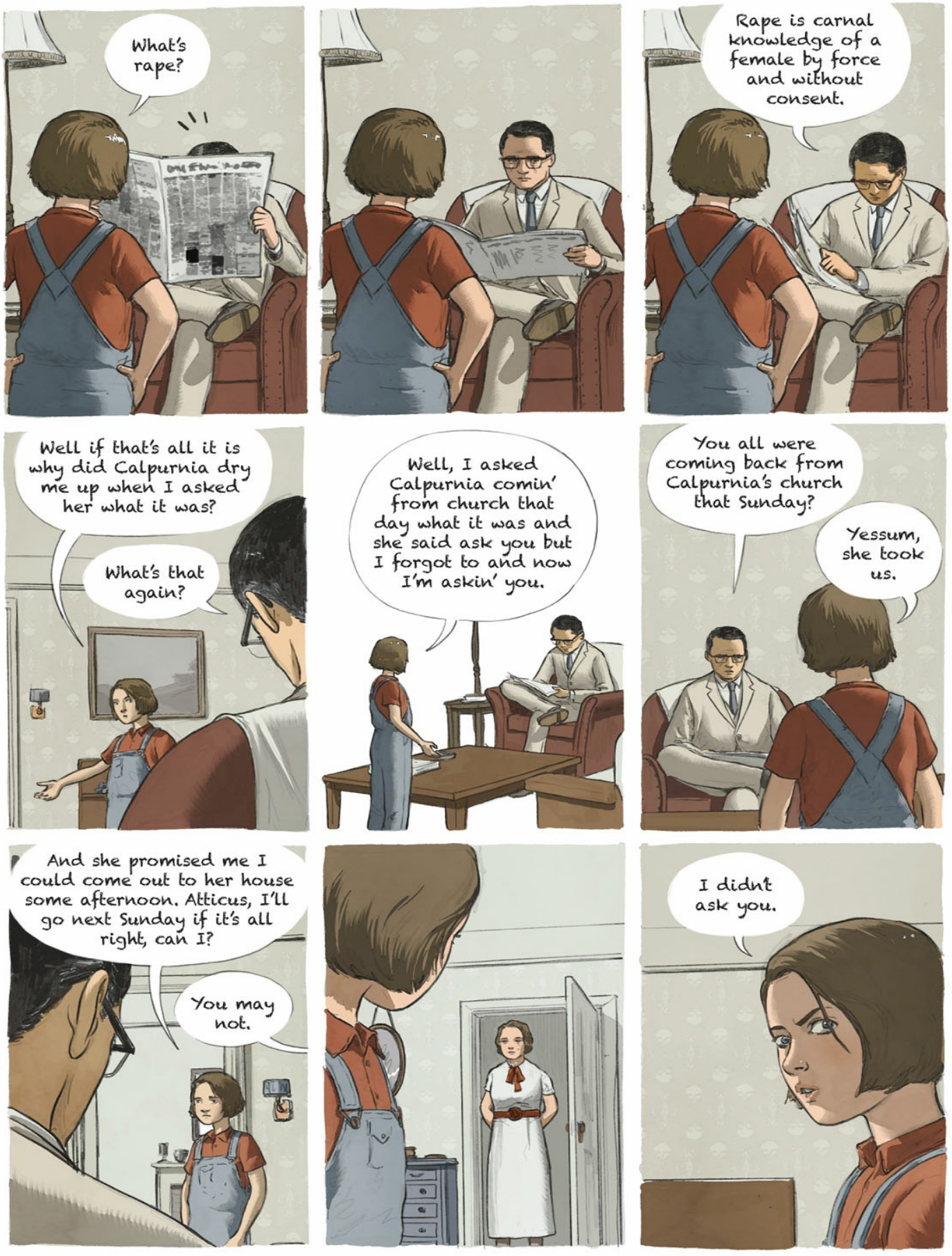
For no reason I felt myself beginning to cry, but I could not stop.



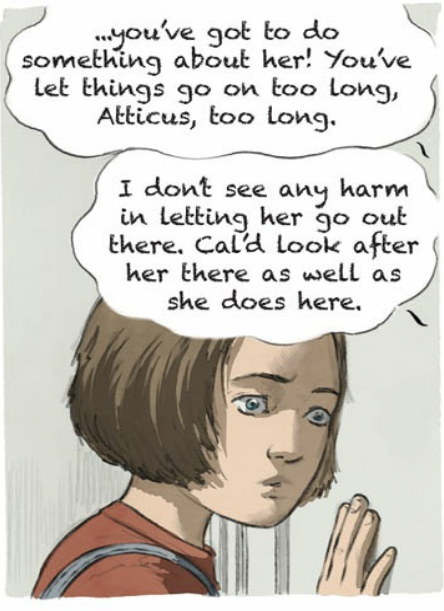


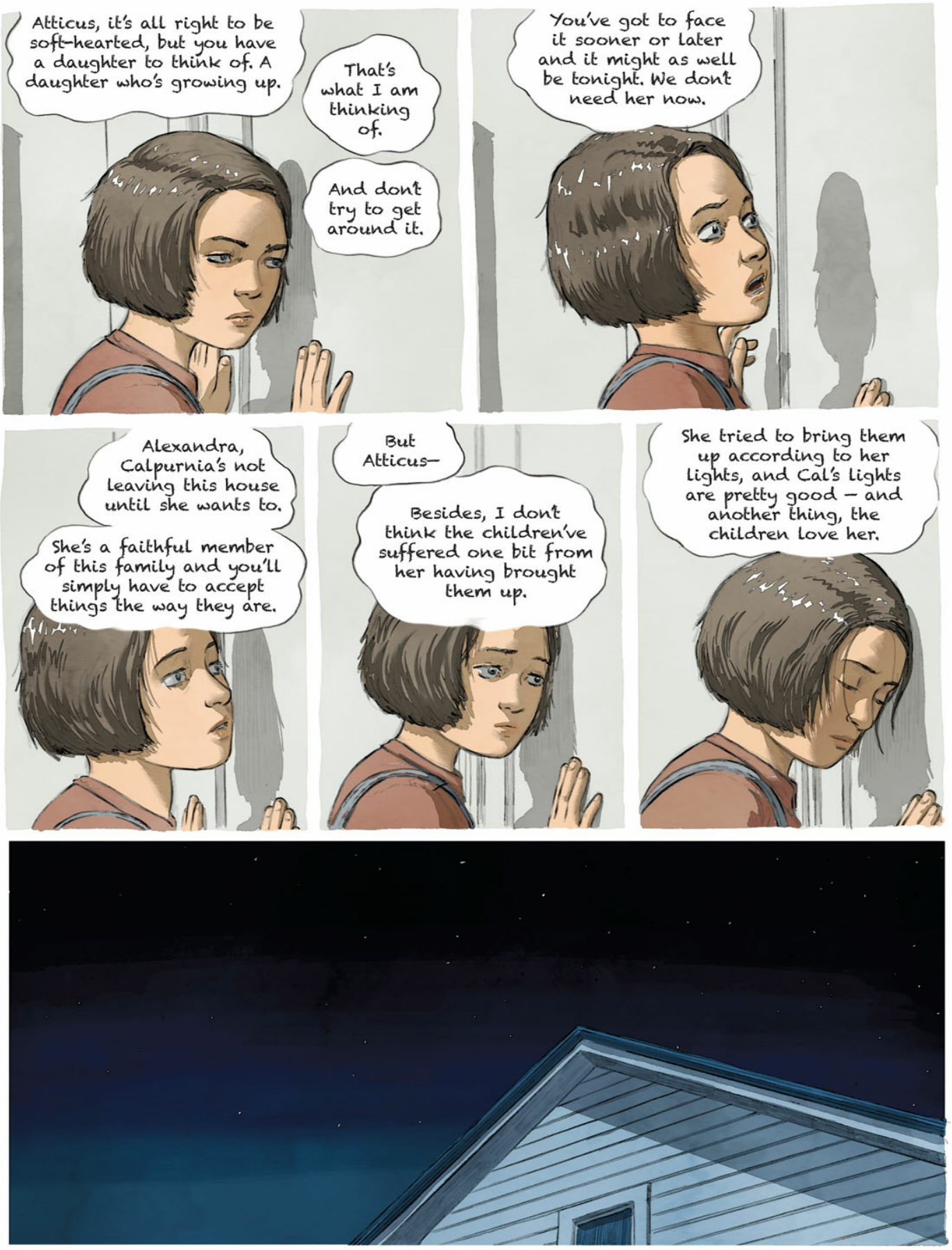
On Saturdays, armed with our nickels, when Jem permitted me to accompany him, we would squirm our way through sweating sidewalk crowds and sometimes hear, "There's his chillun," or, "Yonder's some Finches."

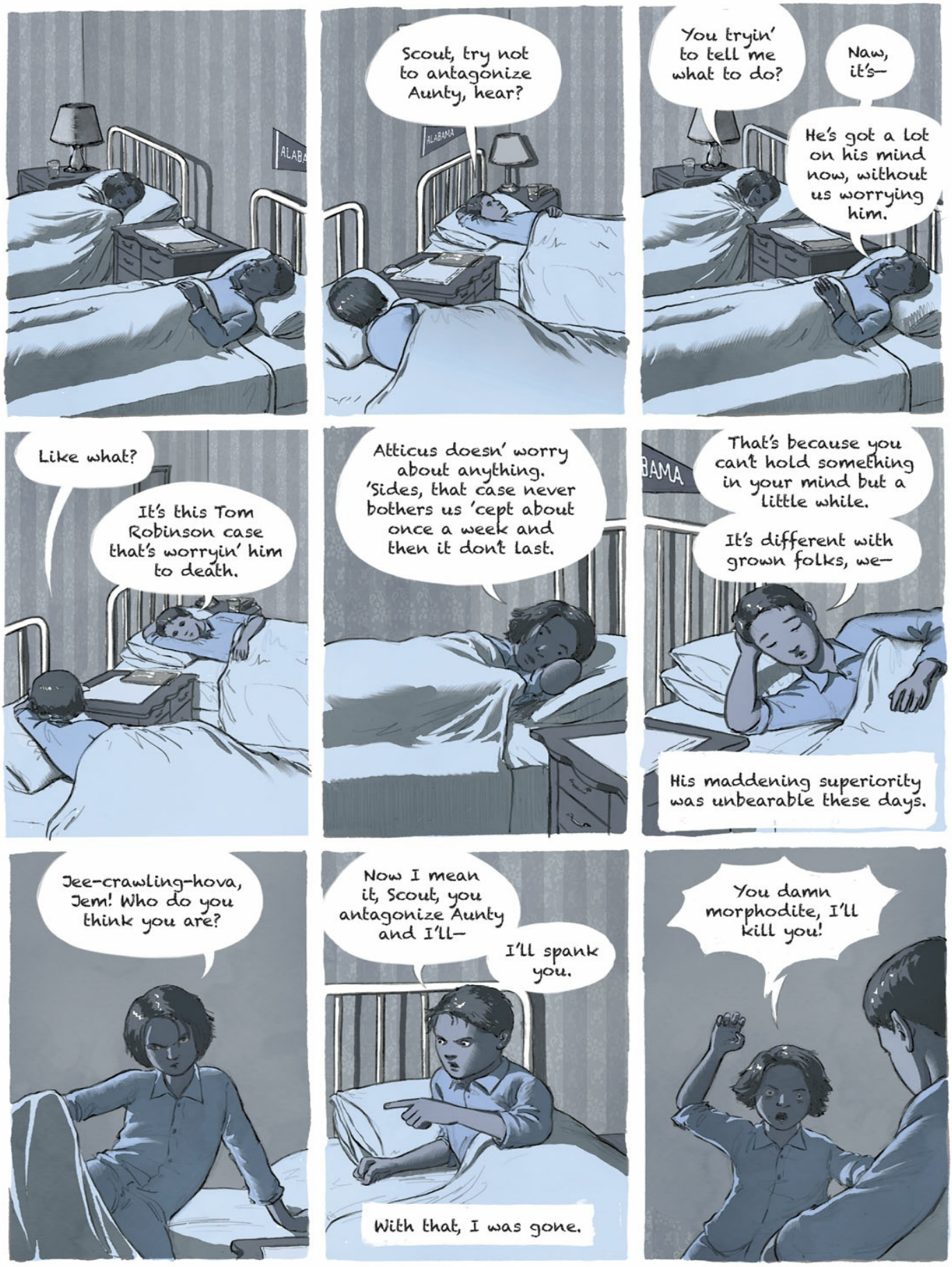



What's rape?
Rape is carnal knowledge of a female by force and without consent.
Well if that's all it is why did Calpurnia dry me up when I asked her what it was?
What's that again?
Well, I asked Calpurnia comin' from church that day what it was and she said ask you but I forgot to and now I'm askin' you.
You all were coming back from Calpurnia's church that Sunday?
Yessum, she took us.
And she promised me I could come out to her house some afternoon. Atticus, I'll go next Sunday if it's all right, can I?
You may not.
I didn't ask you.

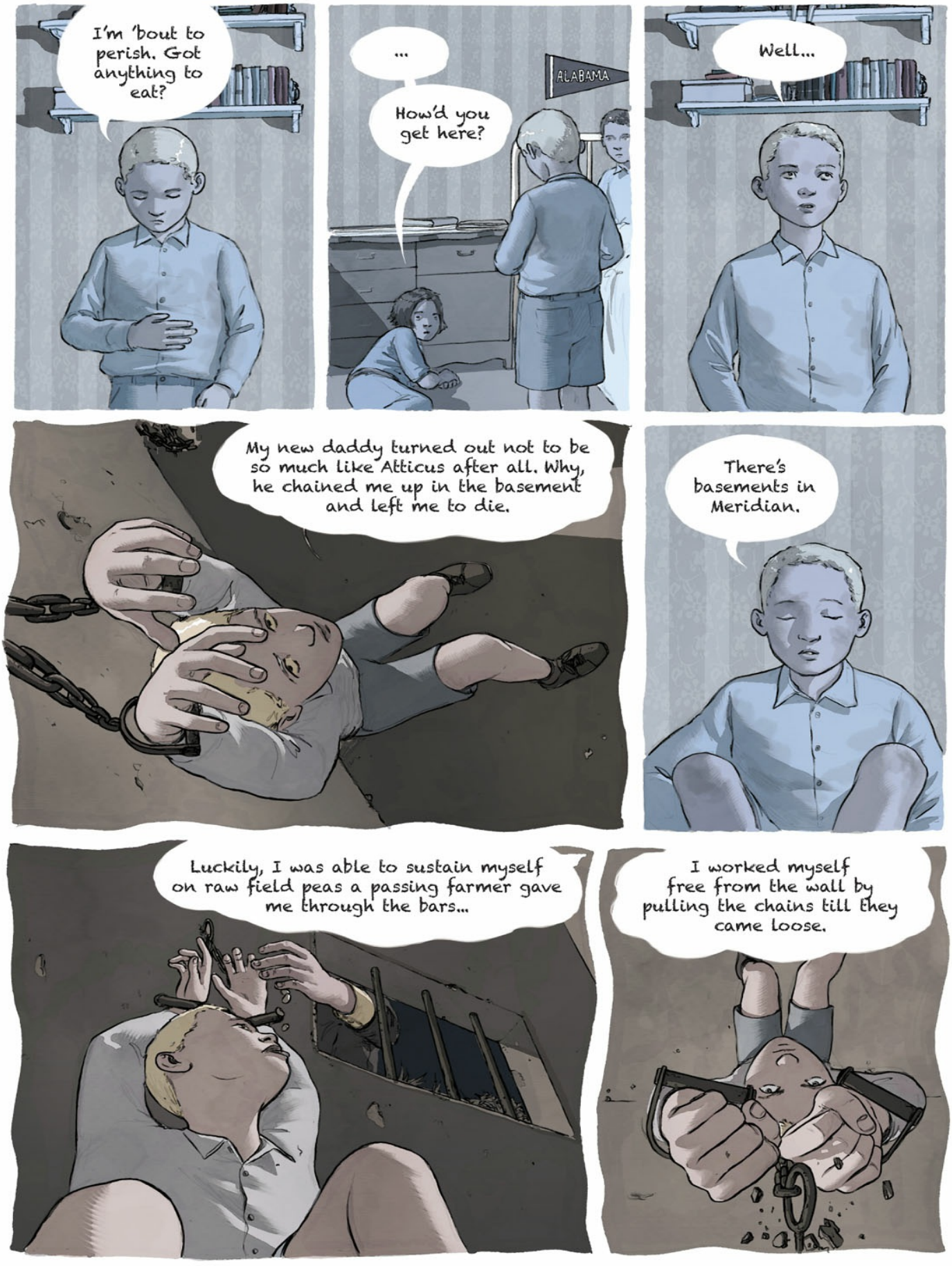
I pondered a while, and concluded that the only way I could retire with a shred of dignity was to go to the bathroom.




Atticus, it's all right to be soft-hearted, but you have a daughter to think of. A daughter who's growing up.
That's what I am thinking of.
And don't try to get around it.
You've got to face it sooner or later and it might as well be tonight. We don't need her now.
Alexandra, Calpurnia's not leaving this house until she wants to.
She's a faithful member of this family and you'll simply have to accept things the way they are.
But Atticus—
Besides, I don't think the children've suffered one bit from her having brought them up.
She tried to bring them up according to her lights, and Cal's lights are pretty good — and another thing, the children love her.


ALABA
Scout, try not to antagonize Aunty, hear?
ALABAMA
You tryin' to tell me what to do?
Naw, it's—
He's got a lot on his mind now, without us worrying him.
Like what?
It's this Tom Robinson case that's worryin' him to death.
Atticus doesn' worry about anything. 'Sides, that case never bothers us 'cept about once a week and then it don't last.
BAMA
That's because you can't hold something in your mind but a little while.
It's different with grown folks, we—
His maddening superiority was unbearable these days.
Jee-crawling-hova, Jem! Who do you think you are?
Now I mean it, Scout, you antagonize Aunty and I'll—
I'll spank you.
With that, I was gone.
You damn morphodite, I'll kill you!

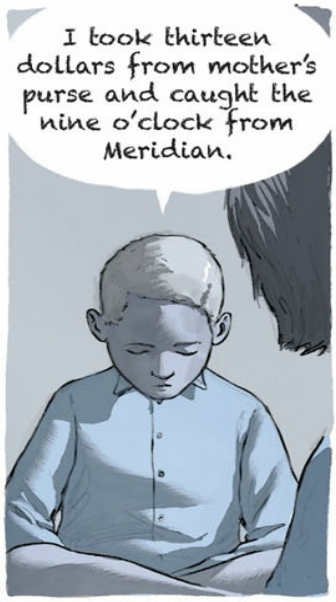
Ain't so high and mighty now, are you!
Hey.
God almighty!


I'm 'bout to perish. Got anything to eat?
...
How'd you get here?
ALABAMA
Well...
My new daddy turned out not to be so much like Atticus after all. Why, he chained me up in the basement and left me to die.
There's basements in Meridian.
Luckily, I was able to sustain myself on raw field peas a passing farmer gave me through the bars...
I worked myself free from the wall by pulling the chains till they came loose.

An' sneaked out when it was dark, then walked all night till I came upon a travellin' animal show.

They gave me a job washing the camel and I travelled all over Mississippi with 'em till I realised I was right close to Maycomb. So I parted comp'ny and here I am.

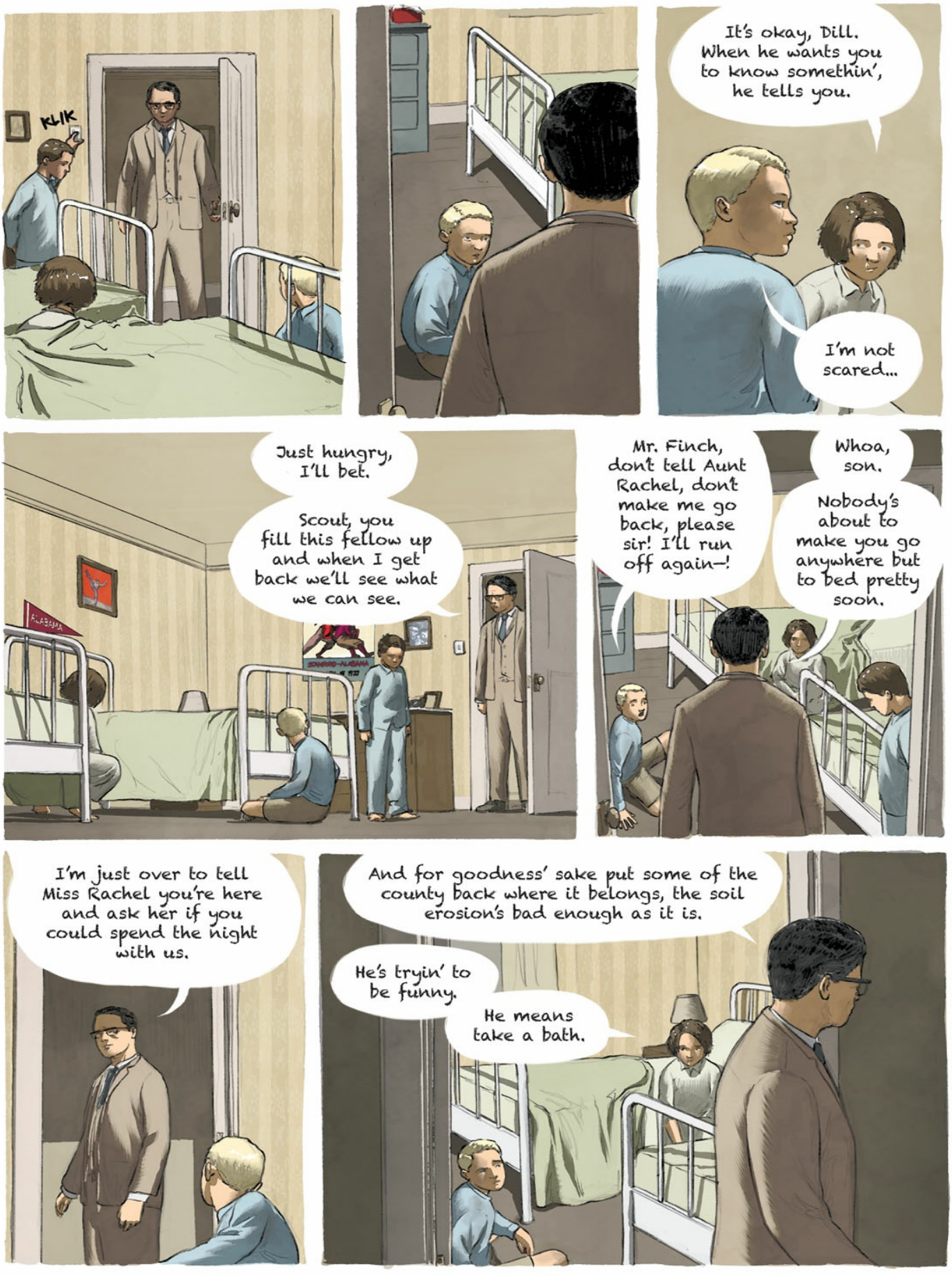
How'd you get here, Dill?

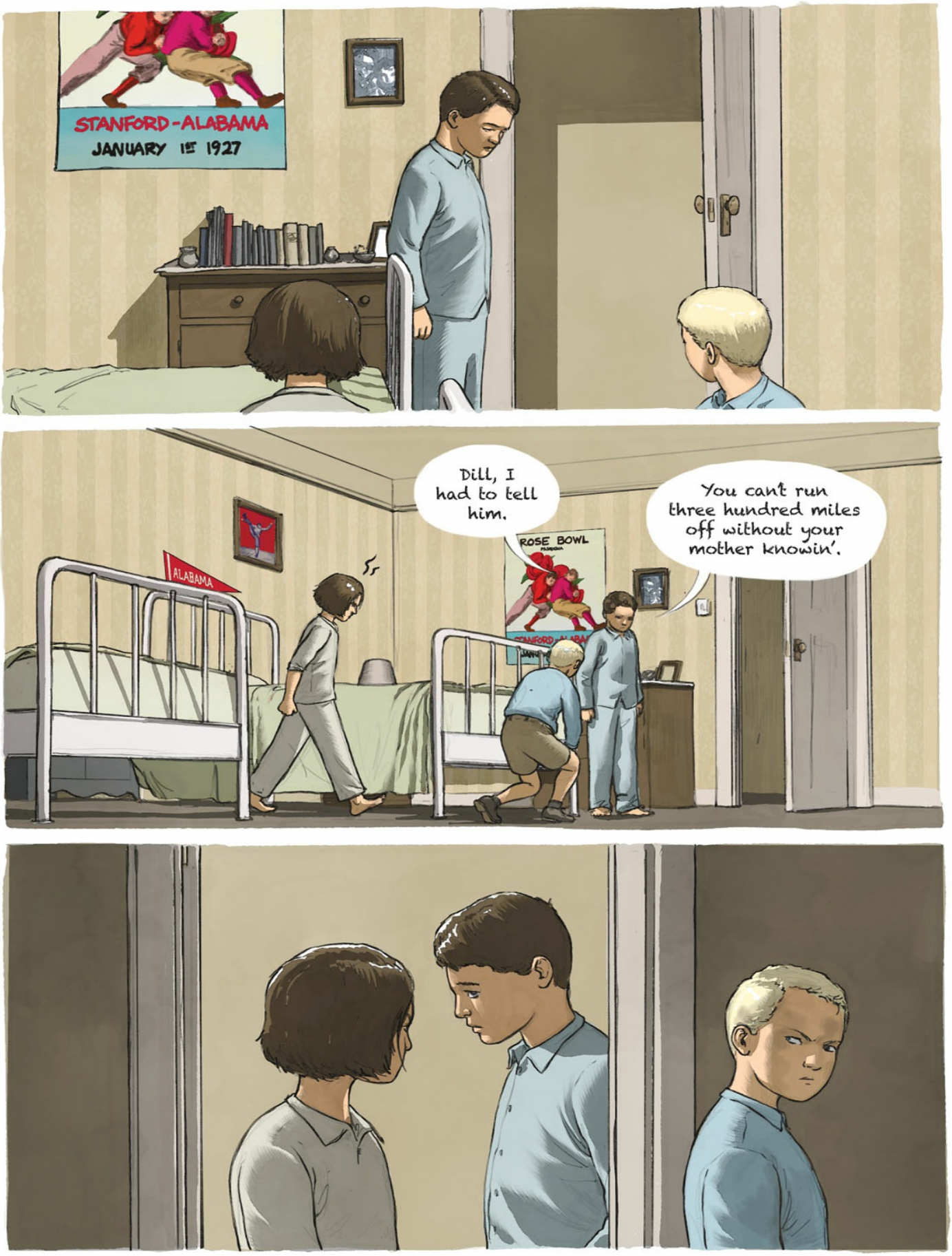

I took thirteen dollars from mother's purse and caught the nine o'clock from Meridian.

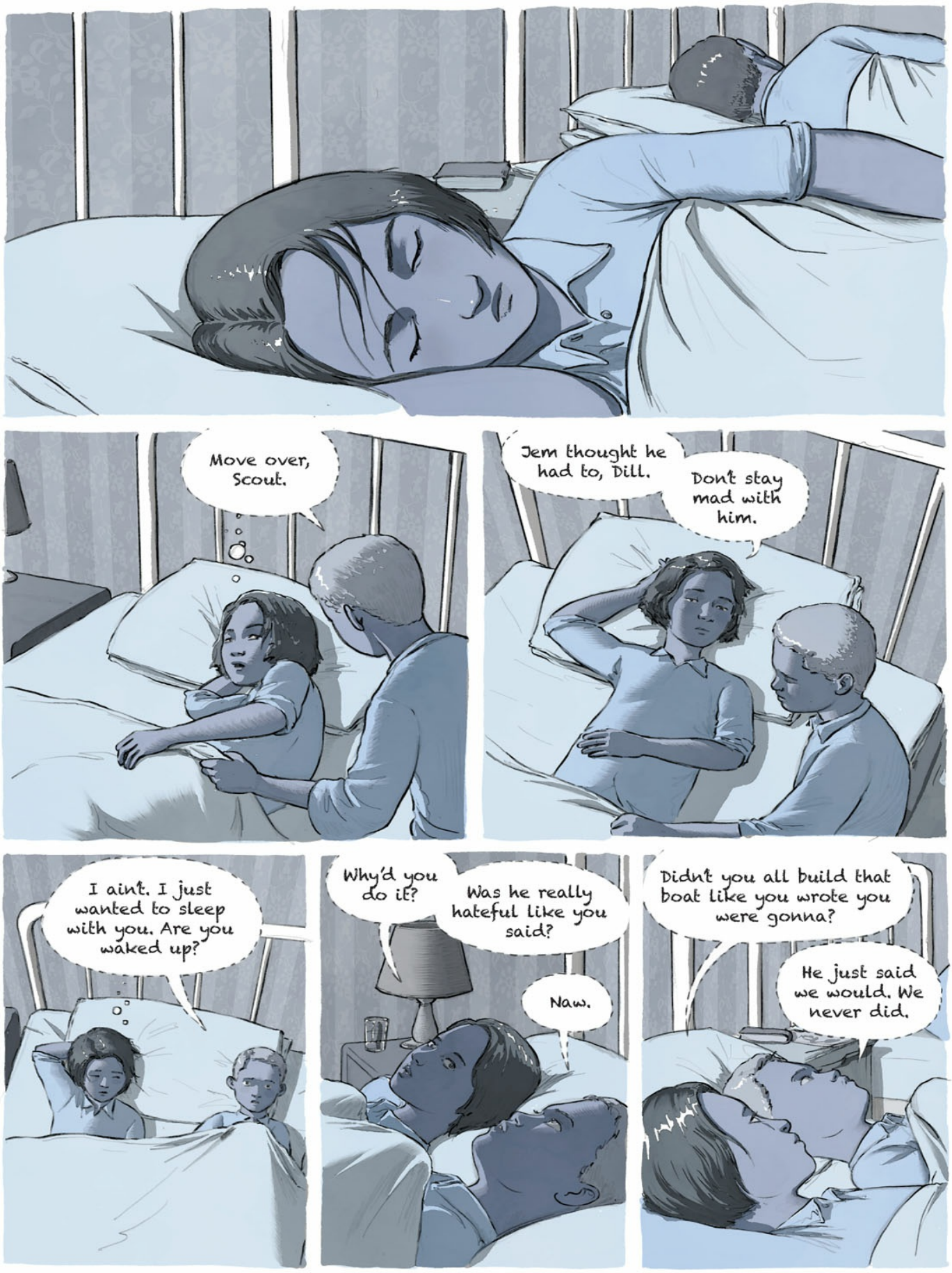
They must not know you're here.
Think they're still searchin' all the picture shows in Meridian.

You oughta let your mother know where you are.
And with that, Jem broke the remaining code of our childhood...

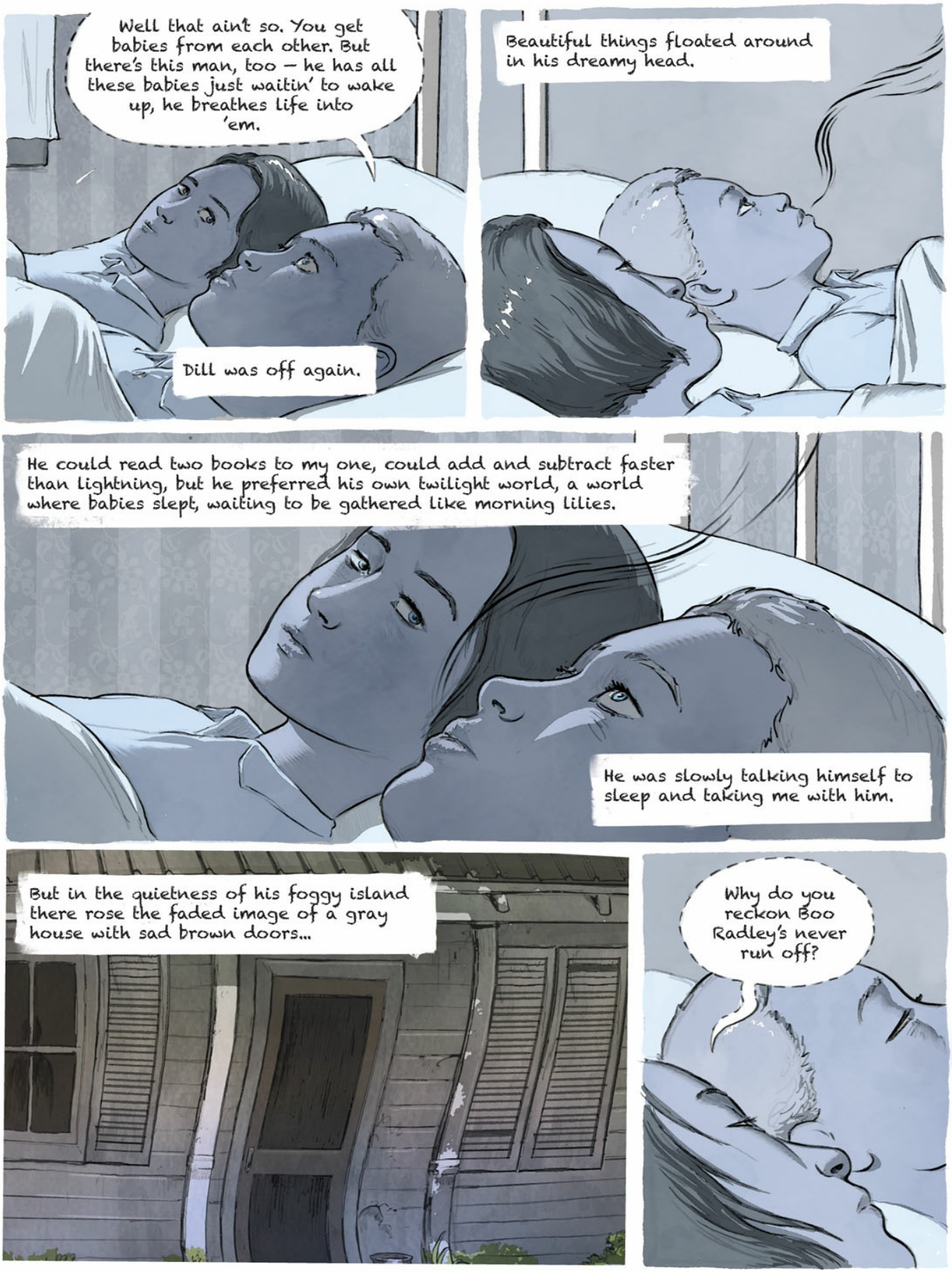
Atticus...
Atticus, can you come here a minute, sir?


KLIK
It's okay, Dill. When he wants you to know somethin', he tells you.
I'm not scared...
Just hungry, I'll bet.
Scout, you fill this fellow up and when I get back we'll see what we can see.
Mr. Finch, don't tell Aunt Rachel, don't make me go back, please sir! I'll run off again—!
Whoa, son.
Nobody's about to make you go anywhere but to bed pretty soon.
I'm just over to tell Miss Rachel you're here and ask her if you could spend the night with us.
And for goodness' sake put some of the county back where it belongs, the soil erosion's bad enough as it is.
He's tryin' to be funny.
He means take a bath.


STANFORD-ALABAMA
JANUARY 1ST 1927
Dill, I had to tell him.
You can't run three hundred miles off without your mother knowin'.
ALABAMA
ROSE BOWL


Move over, Scout.
Jem thought he had to, Dill.
Don't stay mad with him.
I ain't. I just wanted to sleep with you. Are you waked up?
Why'd you do it?
Was he really hateful like you said?
Naw.
Didn't you all build that boat like you wrote you were gonna?
He just said we would. We never did.

It's no reason to run off. They don't get around to doin' what they say they're gonna do half the time.
That wasn't it, he — they just wasn't interested in me.
How come?
Well, they stayed gone all the time, and when they were home, even, they'd get off in a room by themselves.
You know something? I was fixin' to run off tonight because there they all were. You don't want 'em around you all the time, Dill.
That's not it.
The thing is, what I'm tryin' to say is — they get on a lot better without me, I can't help them any.
They ain't mean. They buy me everything I want, but it's now-you've-got-it-go-play-with-it. I-got-you-that-book-so-go-read-it.
Oh, they ain't mean.
Scout, let's get us a baby.
Where?
There's an old man you can order 'em from. Gets 'em from a foggy island someplace.


Well that ain't so. You get babies from each other. But there's this man, too — he has all these babies just waitin' to wake up, he breathes life into 'em.
Dill was off again.
Beautiful things floated around in his dreamy head.
He could read two books to my one, could add and subtract faster than lightning, but he preferred his own twilight world, a world where babies slept, waiting to be gathered like morning lilies.
He was slowly talking himself to sleep and taking me with him.
But in the quietness of his foggy island there rose the faded image of a gray house with sad brown doors...
Why do you reckon Boo Radley's never run off?

Maybe he doesn't have anywhere to run off to...
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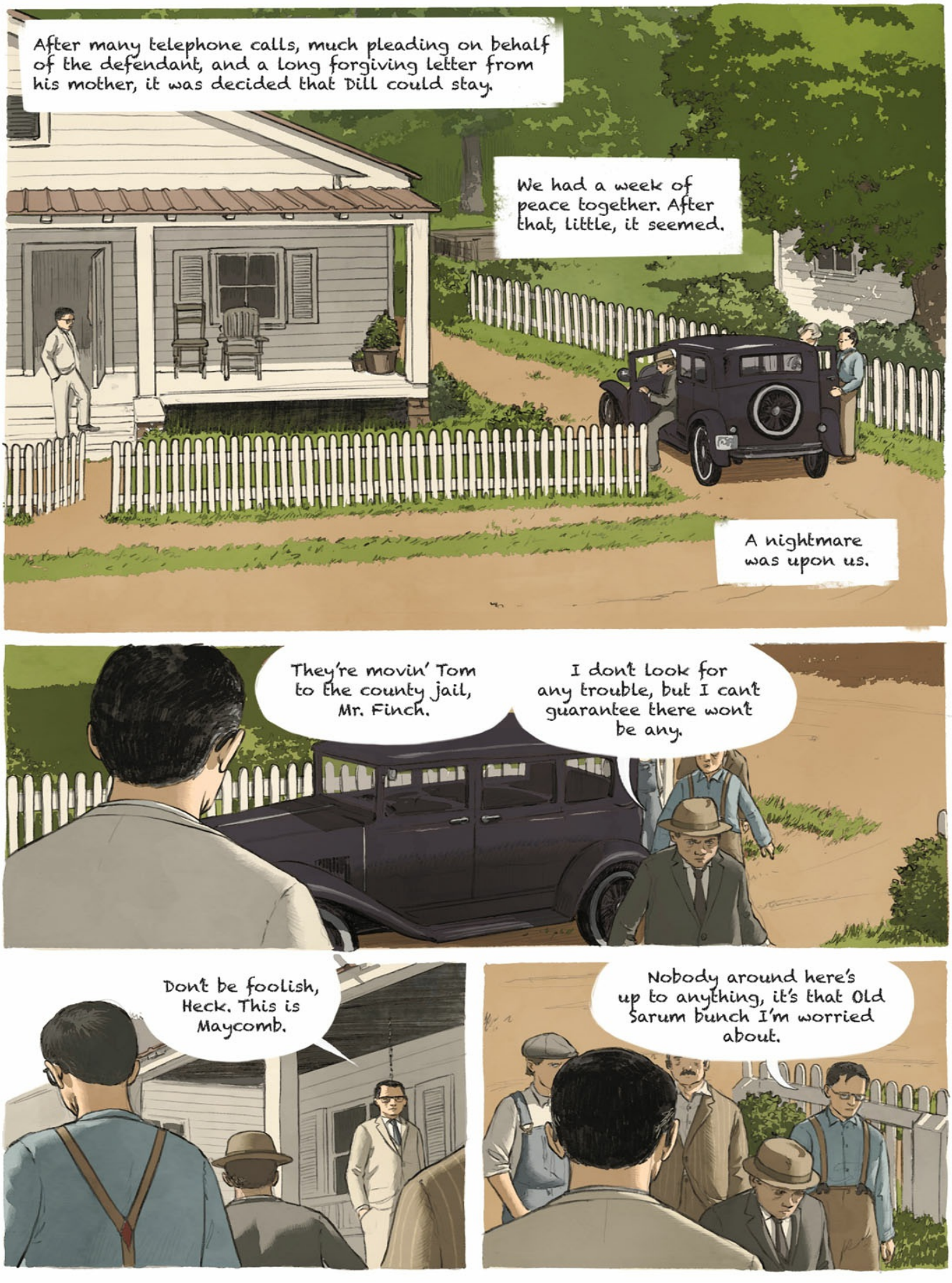
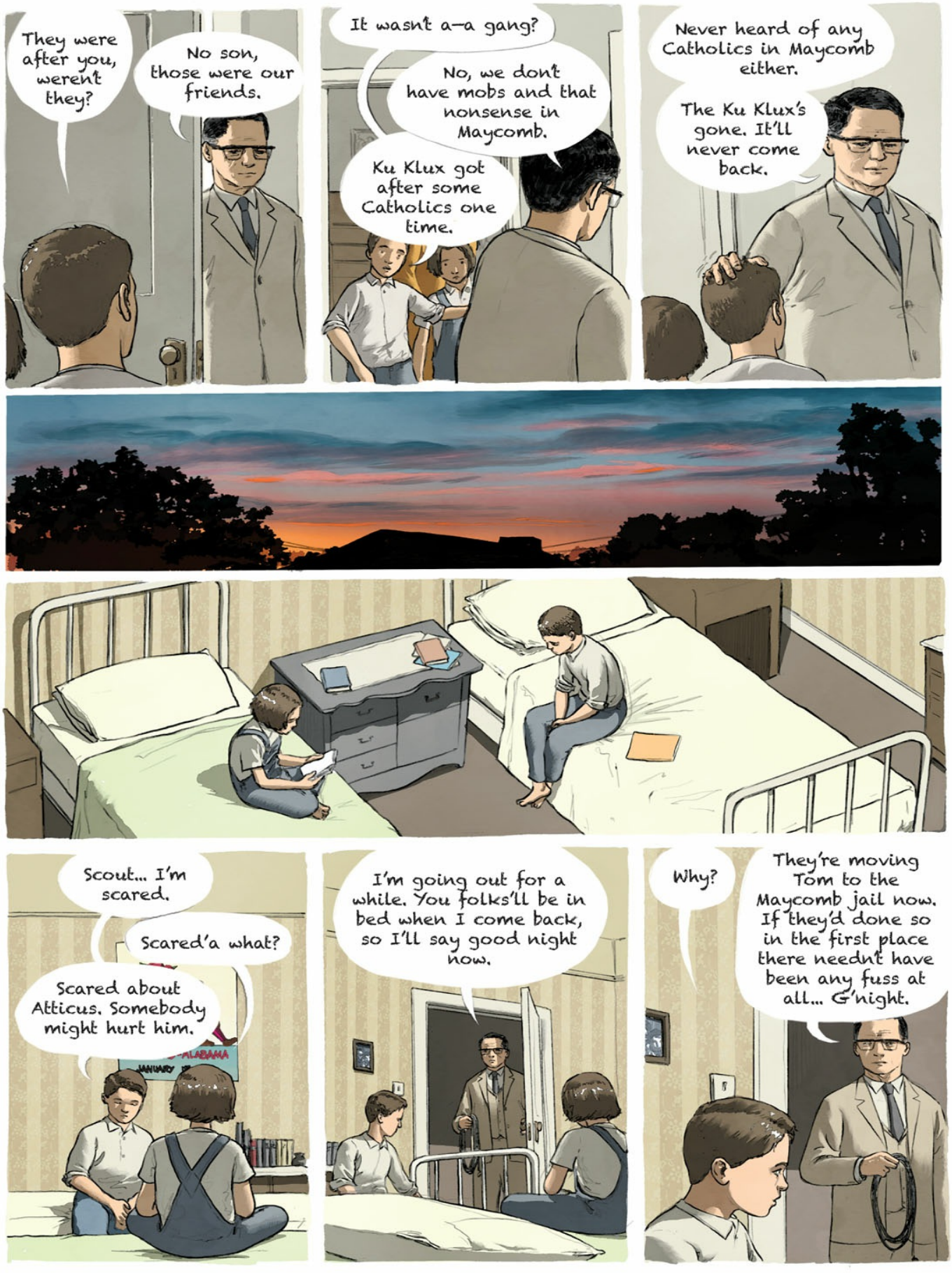
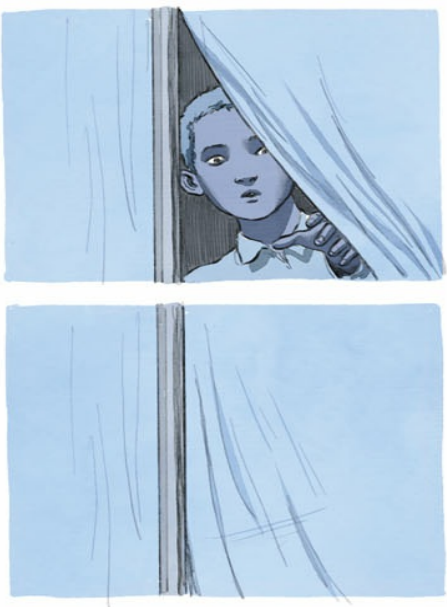

After many telephone calls, much pleading on behalf of the defendant, and a long forgiving letter from his mother, it was decided that Dill could stay.
We had a week of peace together. After that, little, it seemed.
A nightmare was upon us.
They're movin' Tom to the county jail, Mr. Finch.
I don't look for any trouble, but I can't guarantee there won't be any.
Don't be foolish, Heck. This is Maycomb.
Nobody around here's up to anything, it's that Old Sarum bunch I'm worried about.

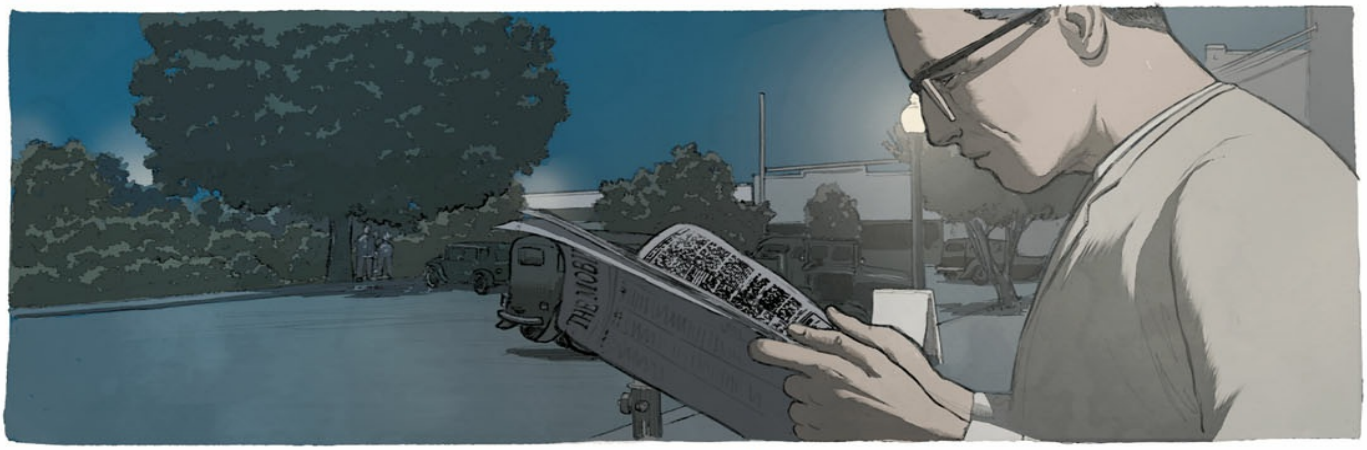
You're not scared of that crowd, are you, Link?
Know how they do when they get shinnied up.
They don't usually drink on Sunday, they go to church most of the day.
This is a special occasion, though.
Don't see why you touched this case in the first place.
You've got everything to lose from this, Atticus. I mean everything.
Link, that boy might go to the chair, but he's not going till the truth's told.
And you know what the truth is.


They were after you, weren't they?
No son, those were our friends.
It wasn't a—a gang?
No, we don't have mobs and that nonsense in Maycomb.
Ku Klux got after some Catholics one time.
Never heard of any Catholics in Maycomb either.
The Ku Klux's gone. It'll never come back.
Scout... I'm scared.
Scared'a what?
Scared about Atticus. Somebody might hurt him.
I'm going out for a while. You folks'll be in bed when I come back, so I'll say good night now.
Why?
They're moving Tom to the Maycomb jail now. If they'd done so in the first place there needn't have been any fuss at all... G'night.

Our father had a few peculiarities: one was, he never ate desserts; another was that he liked to walk.



What's up?
Jem's got the look-arounds.
This was an affliction Calpurnia said all boys caught at his age.
I've just got this feeling.
Just this feeling.
THE O
V. J. ELMORE
TYNDAL'S
HARDWARE STORE



Don't go to him.
He might not like it. He's all right, let's go home. I just wanted to see where he was.

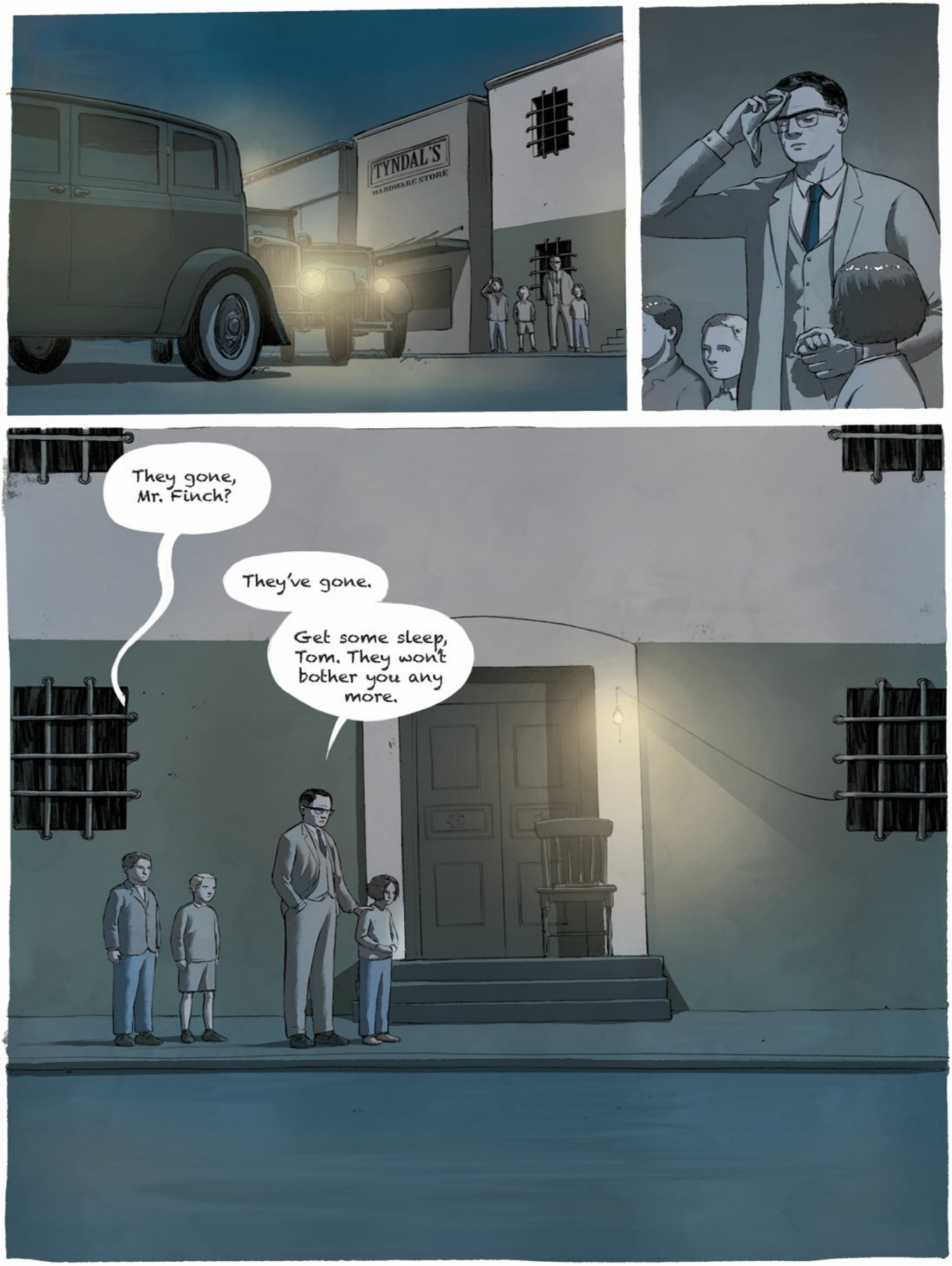
VVRRRRRMMM

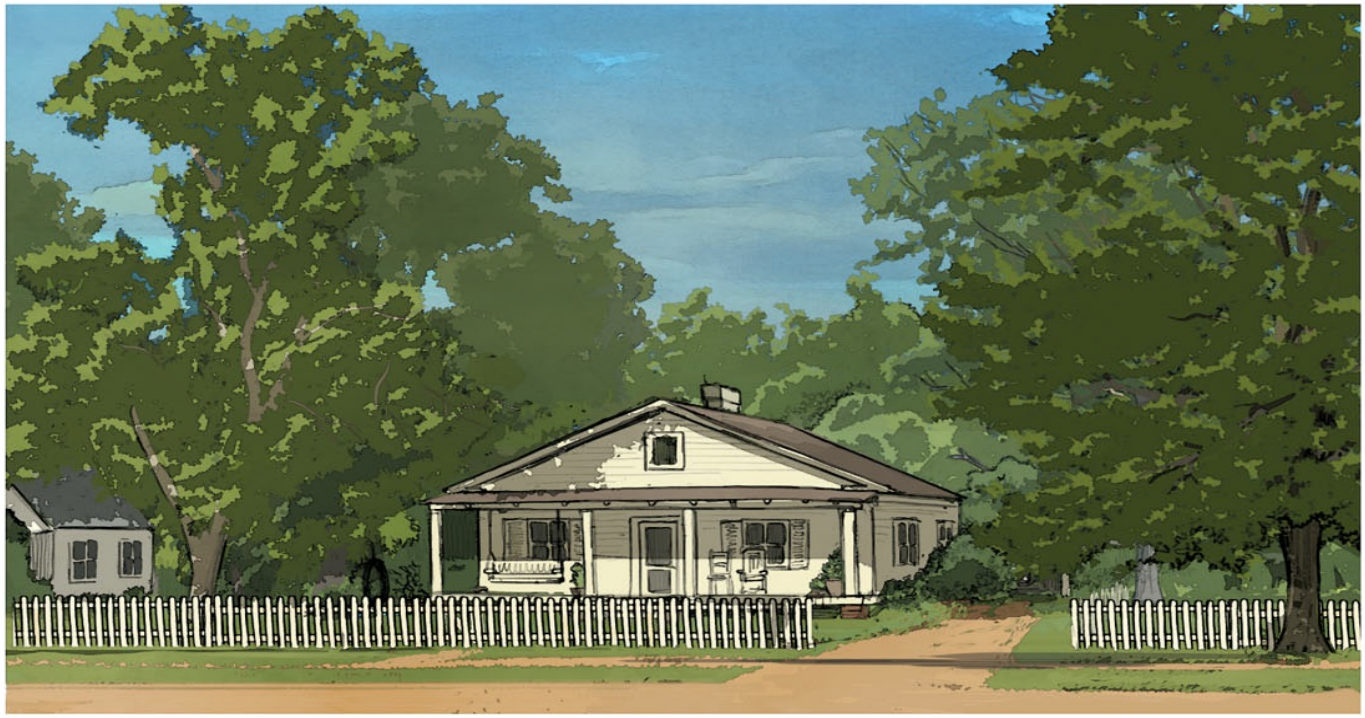
He in there, Mr. Finch?
He is.
And he's asleep. Don't wake him up.
You know what we want.
Get aside from the door, Mr. Finch.
You can turn around and go home again, Walter.
Heck Tate's around somewhere.
The hell he is.
Heck's bunch's so deep in the woods they won't get out till mornin'.
Indeed? Why so?
Called 'em off on a snipe hunt. Didn't you think a'that, Mr. Finch?
Thought about it, but didn't believe it.

Well then, that changes things, doesn't it?
It do.
Atticus!
H-ey, Atticus!
?!
Go home, Jem. Take Scout and Dill home.

Go home, I said.
I'll send him home.
Don't you touch him!
That'll do, Scout!
Ain't nobody gonna do Jem that way.
All right, Mr. Finch, get 'em outa here. You got fifteen seconds to get 'em outa—
Hey, Mr. Cunningham.
Hey, Mr. Cunningham. How's your entailment gettin' along?
Don't you remember me, Mr. Cunningham? I'm Jean Louise Finch.
You brought us some hickory nuts one time, remember? To pay Atticus.
I go to school with Walter.
He's your boy, ain't he? Ain't he, sir?
M'hm.

He's a good boy.
A real nice boy. We brought him home for dinner one time.
I beat him up one time for startin' me off on the wrong foot but he was real nice about it. Tell him hey for me, won't you?
...
What's the matter?
I'll tell him you said hey, little lady.
Let's clear out.
Let's get going, boys.

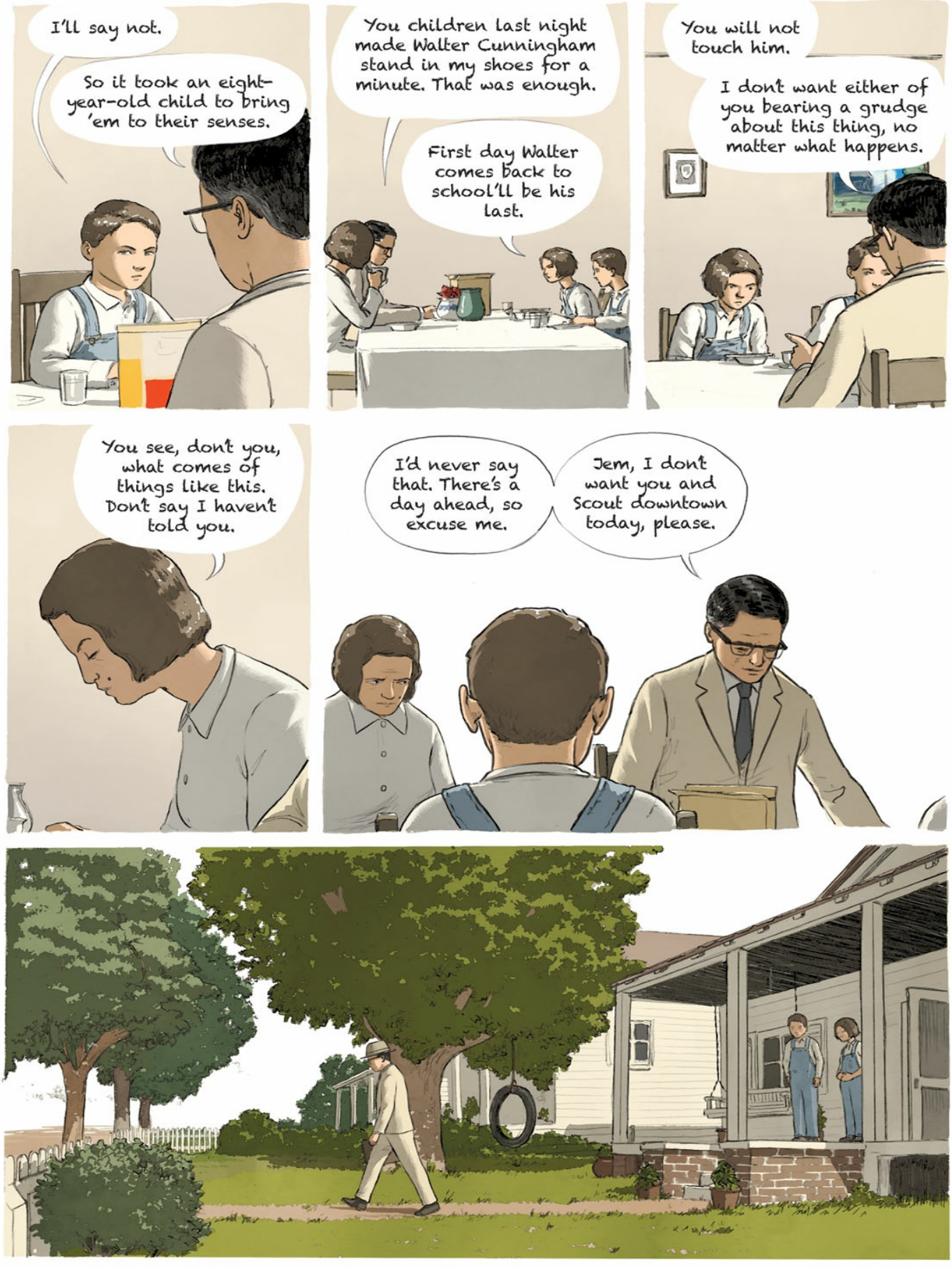

TYNDAL'S
HARDWARE STORE
They gone, Mr. Finch?
They've gone.
Get some sleep, Tom. They won't bother you any more.

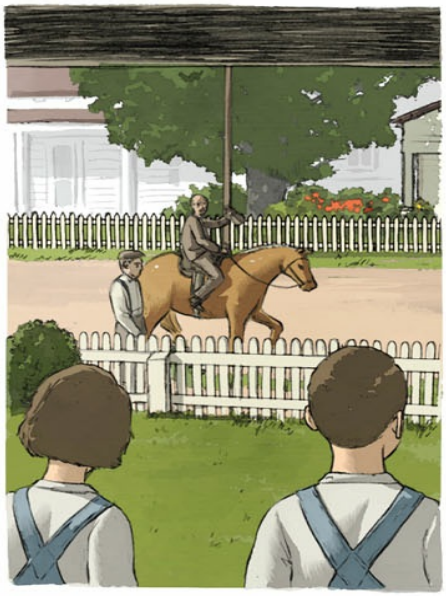


Why don't you drink your coffee, Scout?

I thought Mr. Cunningham was a friend of ours. You told me a long time ago he was.
He still is.
But last night he wanted to hurt you.

Mr. Cunningham's basically a good man. He was part of a mob last night, but he was still a man.
Every mob in every little Southern town is always made up of people you know — doesn't say much for them, does it?


I'll say not.
So it took an eight-year-old child to bring 'em to their senses.
You children last night made Walter Cunningham stand in my shoes for a minute. That was enough.
First day Walter comes back to school'll be his last.
You will not touch him.
I don't want either of you bearing a grudge about this thing, no matter what happens.
You see, don't you, what comes of things like this. Don't say I haven't told you.
I'd never say that. There's a day ahead, so excuse me.
Jem, I don't want you and Scout downtown today, please.



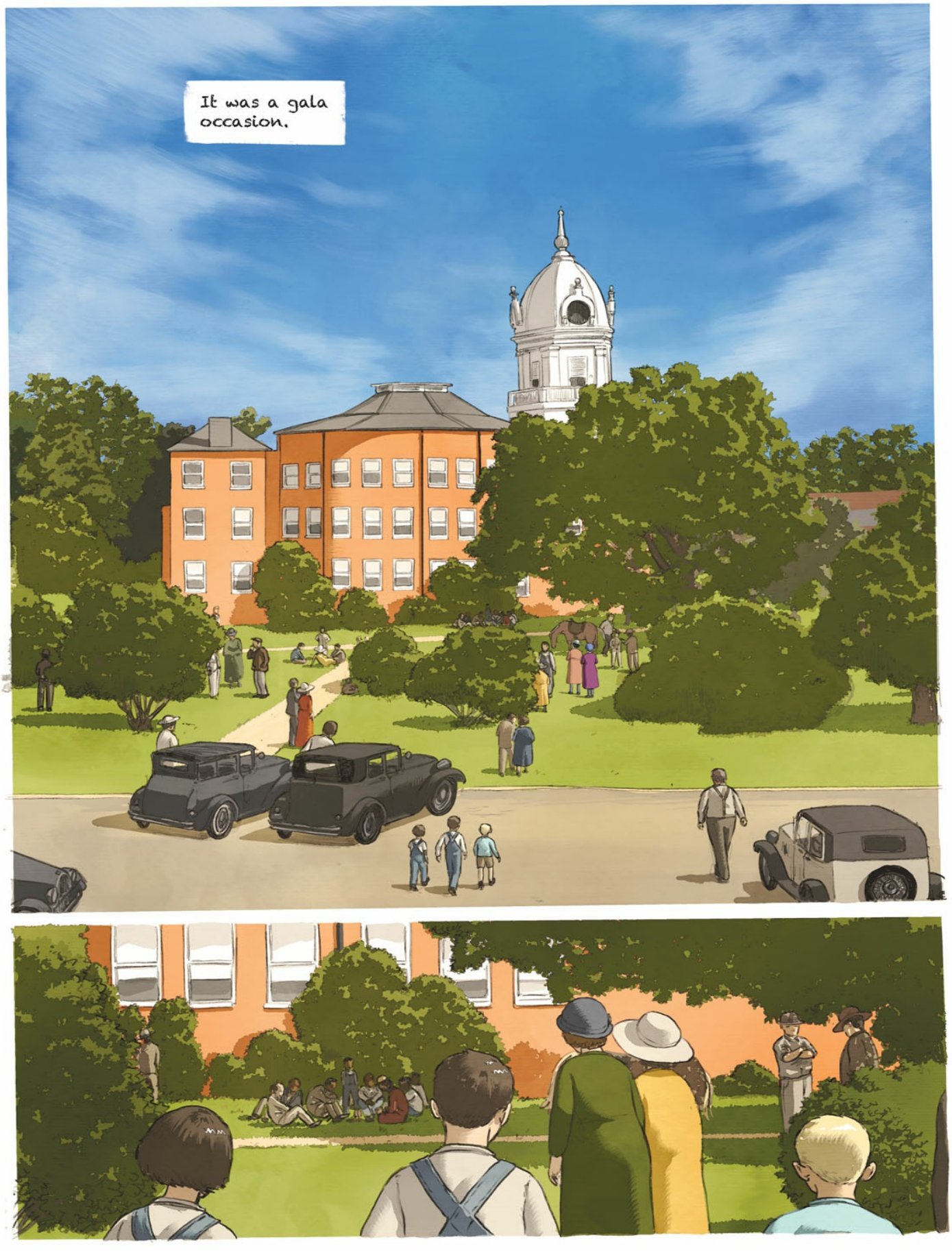
Don't see how Mr. Raymond stays in the saddle.
How c'n you stand to get drunk 'fore eight in the morning?

You goin' to court this morning, Miss Maudie?
I am not.

I have no business with the court this morning.

Aren't you goin' down to watch?

I am not. It's morbid, watching a poor devil on trial for his life. Look at all those folks, it's like a Roman carnival.
Um, um, um. Look at all those folks.
You'd think William Jennings Bryan was speakin'.
And where are you going, Stephanie?
To the Jitney Jungle.
I've never seen you wear a hat to the Jitney Jungle before, Stephanie.
Well, I thought I might just look in at the courthouse, to see what Atticus's up to.
Better be careful he doesn't hand you a subpoena.
We held off until noon, when Atticus came home to dinner and said they'd spent the morning picking the jury.
After dinner, we stopped by for Dill and went to town.


It was a gala occasion.

Jem, he's drinkin' out of a sack.
How does he keep what's in it in it?

Mr Raymond? He's got a Coca-Cola bottle full of whiskey in there. That's so's not to upset the ladies.
Why's he sittin' with the colored folks?

Always does. He likes 'em better'n he likes us, I reckon.
He's got a colored woman and all sorts of mixed chillun.
He doesn't look like trash.

He's not, he owns all one side of the riverbank down there, and he's from a real old family to boot.
Then why does he do like that?
That's just his way.

Jem, what's a mixed child?
Half white, half colored.
Colored folks won't have 'em because they're half white; white folks won't have 'em 'cause they're colored. Yonder's one of 'em.

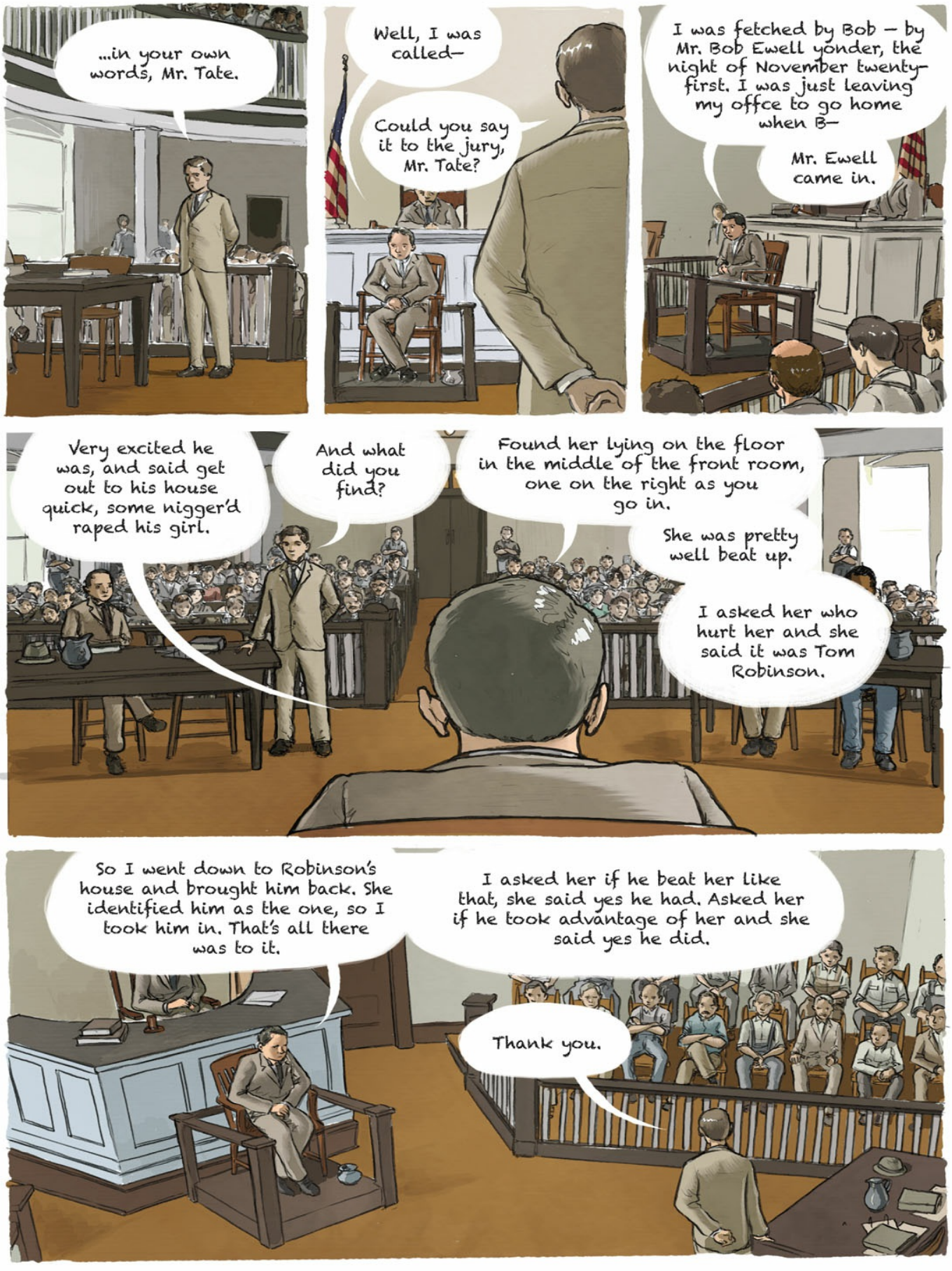
How can you tell? He looks black to me.
You can't sometimes, not unless you know who they are.
Well how do you know we ain't Negroes?

Uncle Jack Finch says we really don't know.
He says as far as he can trace back the Finches we ain't, but for all he knows we mighta come straight out of Ethiopia durin' the Old Testament.
Well if we came out durin' the Old Testament it's too long ago to matter.

That's what I thought.
But around here once you have a drop of Negro blood, that makes you all black.

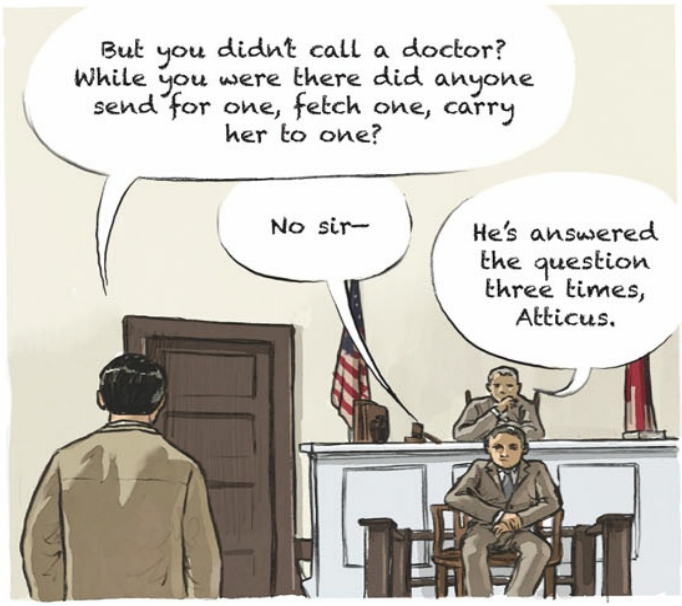
The Colored balcony ran along three walls of the courtroom like a second-story veranda, and from it we could see everything.

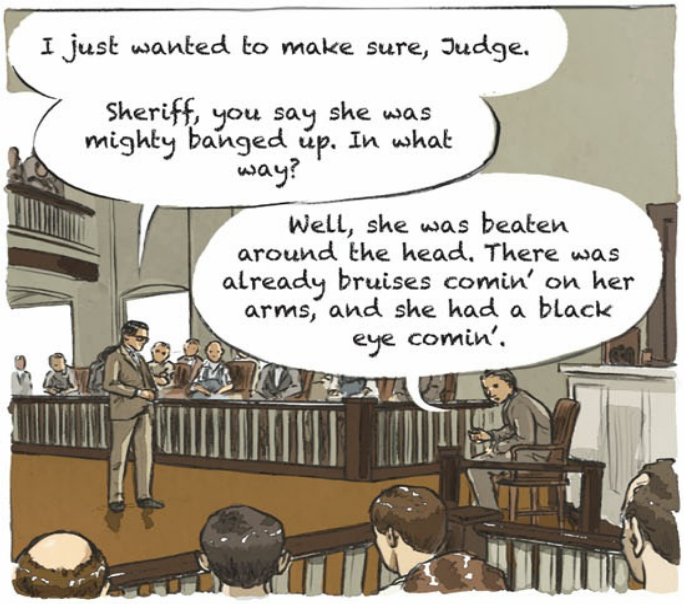
Jem, are those the Ewells sittin' down yonder?
Hush. Mr. Heck Tate's testifyin'.

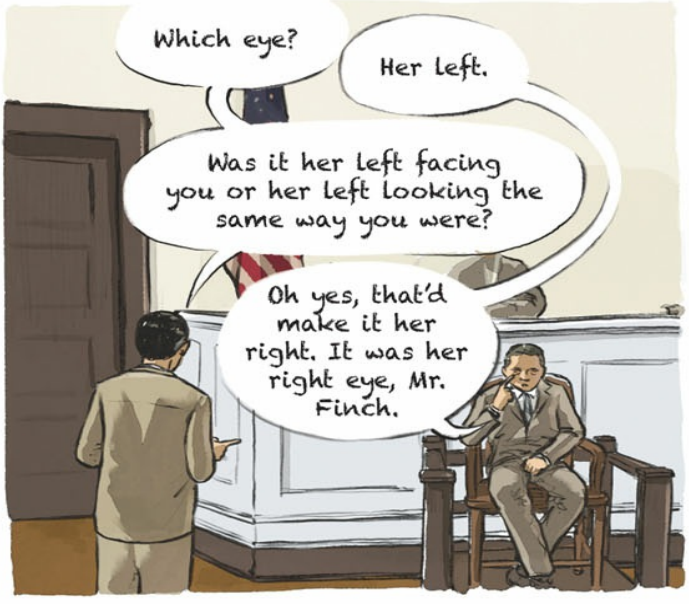

...in your own words, Mr. Tate.
Well, I was called—
Could you say it to the jury, Mr. Tate?
I was fetched by Bob — by Mr. Bob Ewell yonder, the night of November twenty-first. I was just leaving my offce to go home when B—
Mr. Ewell came in.
Very excited he was, and said get out to his house quick, some nigger'd raped his girl.
And what did you find?
Found her lying on the floor in the middle of the front room, one on the right as you go in.
She was pretty well beat up.
I asked her who hurt her and she said it was Tom Robinson.
So I went down to Robinson's house and brought him back. She identified him as the one, so I took him in. That's all there was to it.
I asked her if he beat her like that, she said yes he had. Asked her if he took advantage of her and she said yes he did.
Thank you.

Any questions, Atticus?
Yes.
Did you call a doctor, Sheriff? Did anybody call a doctor?

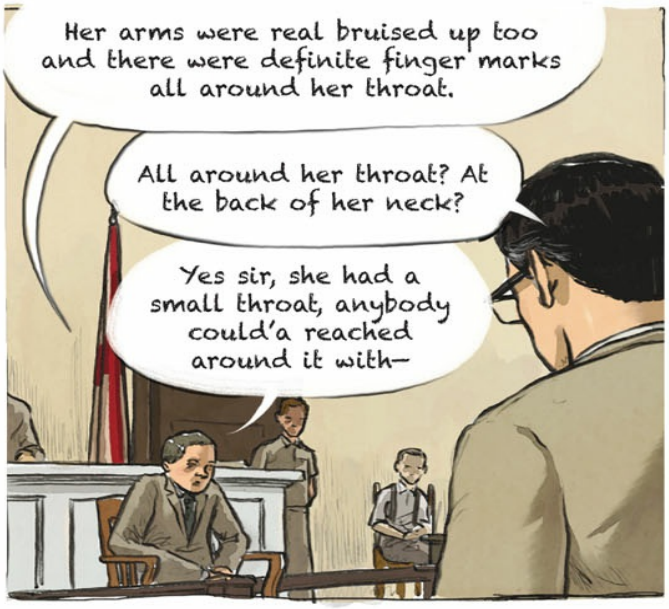
No sir.
Didn't call a doctor?
No sir.
Why not?
It wasn't necessary, Mr. Finch. She was mighty banged up. Something sho' happened, it was obvious.


But you didn't call a doctor? While you were there did anyone send for one, fetch one, carry her to one?
No sir—
He's answered the question three times, Atticus.

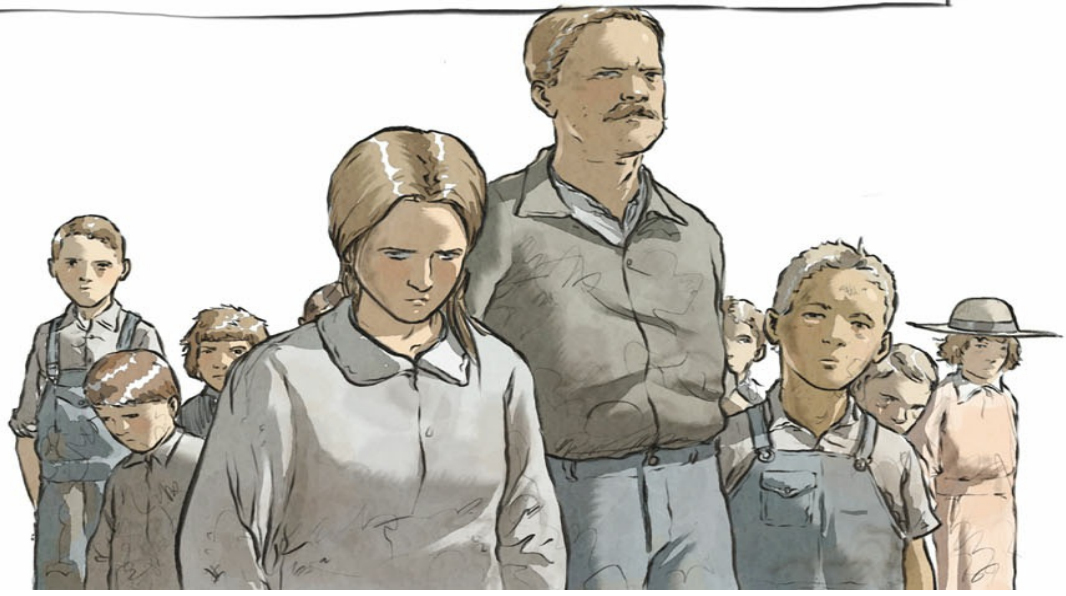

I just wanted to make sure, Judge.
Sheriff, you say she was mighty banged up. In what way?
Well, she was beaten around the head. There was already bruises comin' on her arms, and she had a black eye comin'.

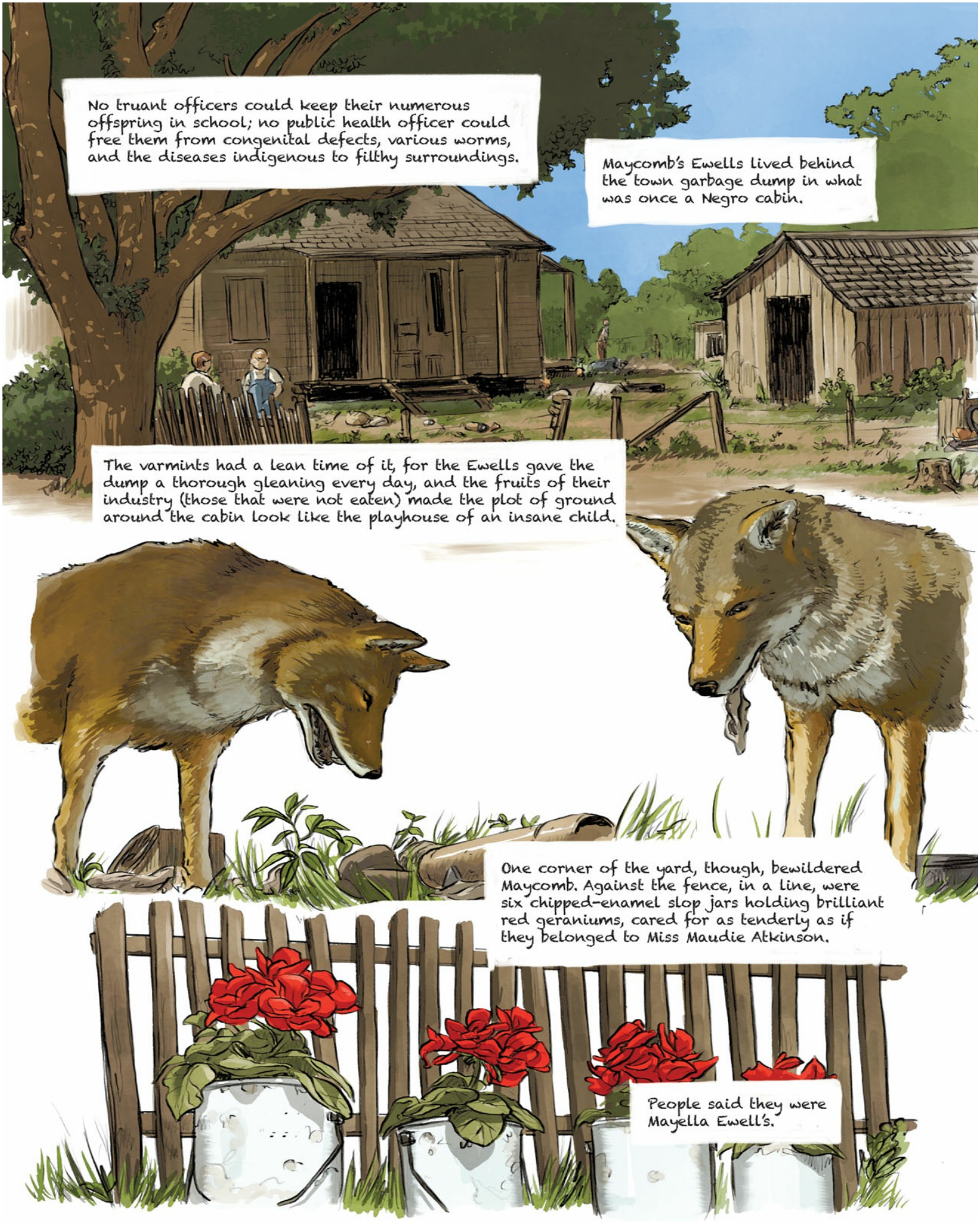

Which eye?
Her left.
Was it her left facing you or her left looking the same way you were?
Oh yes, that'd make it her right. It was her right eye, Mr. Finch.

Sheriff, please repeat what you said.
It was her right eye, I said.



Every town the size of Maycomb had families like the Ewells. No economic fluctuations changed their status — people like the Ewells lived as guests of the county in prosperity as well as in the depths of a depression.




No truant officers could keep their numerous offspring in school; no public health officer could free them from congenital defects, various worms, and the diseases indigenous to filthy surroundings.
Maycomb's Ewells lived behind the town garbage dump in what was once a Negro cabin.
The varmints had a lean time of it, for the Ewells gave the dump a thorough gleaning every day, and the fruits of their industry (those that were not eaten) made the plot of ground around the cabin look like the playhouse of an insane child.
One corner of the yard, though, bewildered Maycomb. Against the fence, in a line, were six chipped-enamel slop jars holding brilliant red geraniums, cared for as tenderly as if they belonged to Miss Maudie Atkinson.
People said they were Mayella Ewell's.

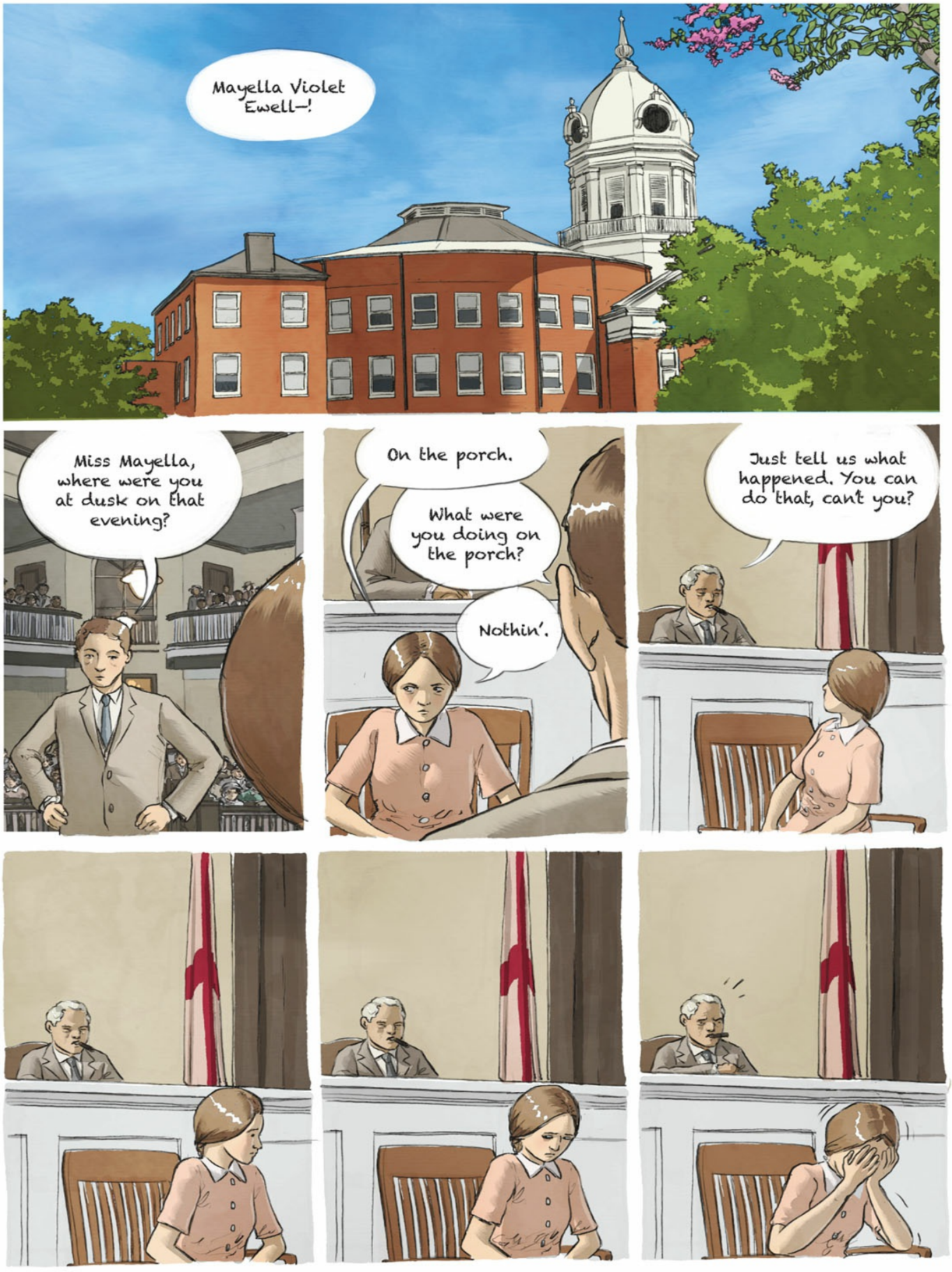
Mr. Robert Ewell?
That's m'name, cap'n.
Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?
Well, if I ain't I can't do nothing about it now, her ma's dead.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?
Yes sir.
Mr. Ewell, would you tell us in your own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first, please?
Well, the night of November twenty-one I was comin' in from the woods with a load o'kindlin' and just as I got to the fence I heard Mayella screamin' like a stuck hog inside the house—
What time was it, Mr. Ewell?

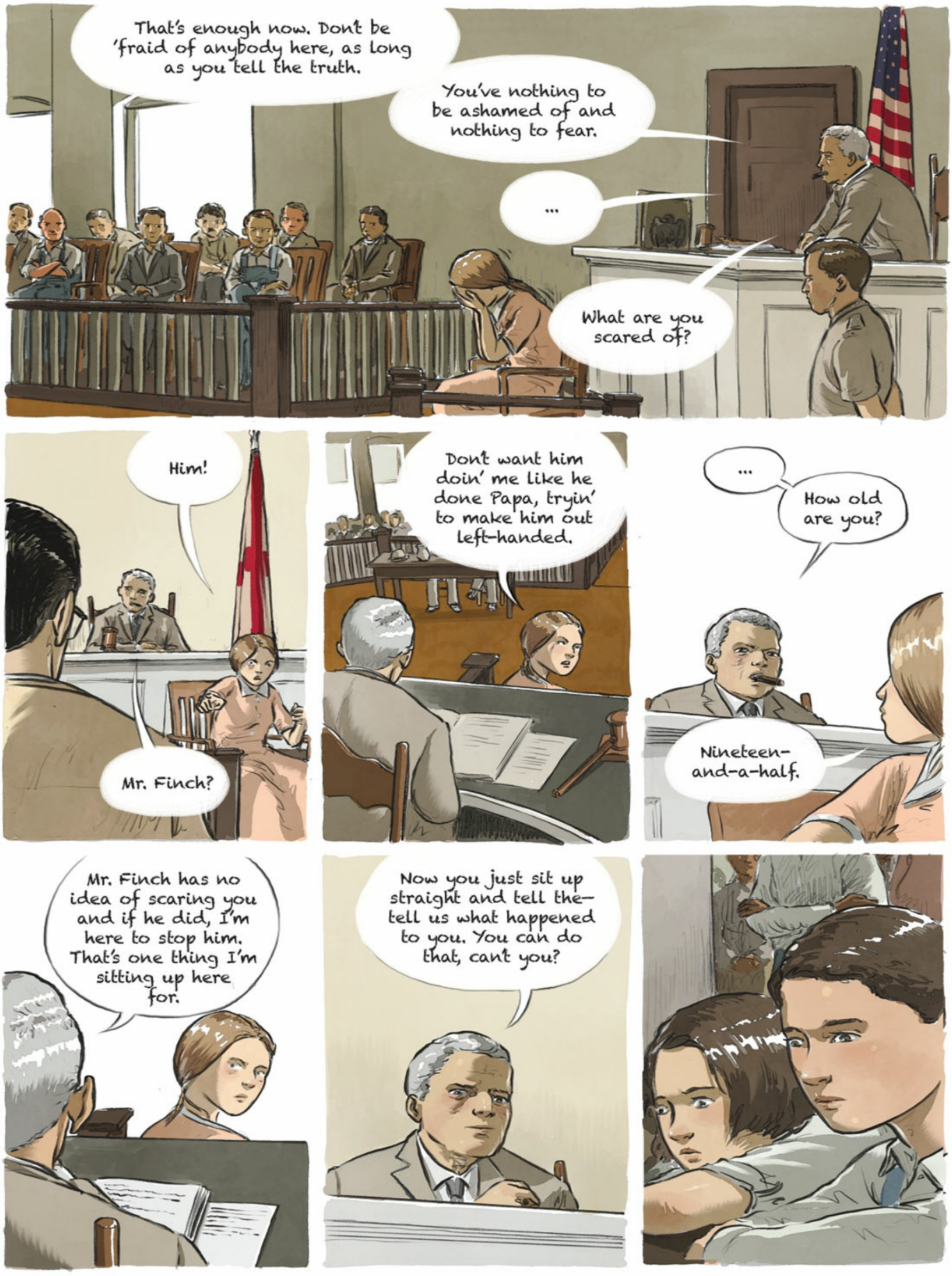
Just 'fore sundown. Well, I was sayin' Mayella was screamin' fit to beat Jesus.
So I dropped m'load and run as fast as I could. I run up to th' window and I seen—
—I seen that black nigger yonder ruttin' on my Mayella!
Mr. Jem, you better take Miss Jean Louise home.
Mr. Jem, you hear me?
Scout, go home. Dill, you'n Scout go home.
You gotta make me first.
I think it's okay, Reverend, she doesn't understand it.
I most certainly do, I c'n understand anything you can.
Aw hush.
She doesn't understand it, Reverend, she ain't nine yet.

Mr. Ewell, you will keep your testimony within the confines of Christian English usage, if that is possible.
Proceed, Mr. Gilmer.
Mr. Ewell, you say you were at the window. How did the room look?
Well, it was all slung about, like there was a fight.
What did you do when you saw the defendant?
Well, I run around the house to get in, but he run out the front door just ahead of me. I sawed who he was, all right.
I was too distracted about Mayella to run after 'im.
Then what did you do?
Why, I run for Tate quick as I could. I knowed who it was, all right, passed the house every day.
Thank you, Mr. Ewell.
Just a minute, sir.
Could I ask you a question or two?
Mr. Ewell, folks were doing a lot of running that night. Let's see, you say you ran into the house, you ran to the window, you ran inside, you ran to Mayella, you ran for Mr. Tate.
Did you, during all this running, run for a doctor?
Wadn't no need to. I seen what happened.
Weren't you concerned with Mayella's condition?

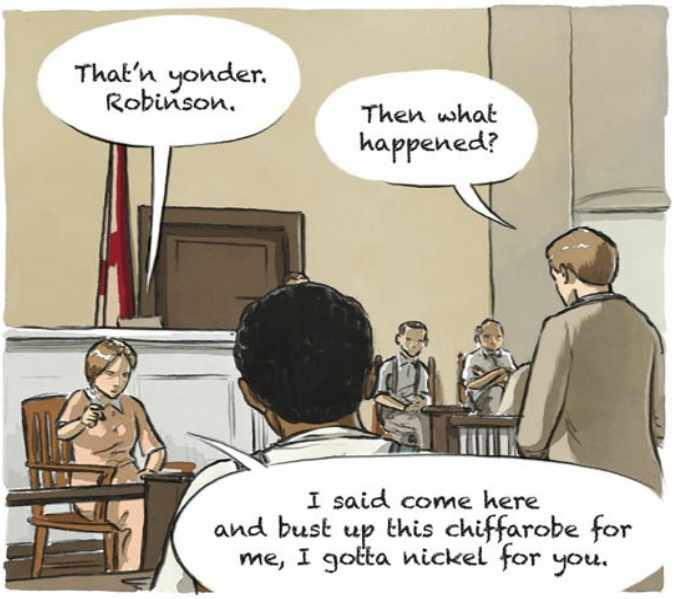
I most positively was. I seen who done it.
Did you not think the nature of her injuries warranted immediate medical attention?
What?
Didn't you think she should have had a doctor, immediately?
Never thought of it.
Never called a doctor in my life. Woulda cost me five dollars.
Do you agree with Sheriff Tate's description of Mayella's injuries?
Mr. Tate testified that her right eye was blackened, that she was beaten around the—
Oh yeah, I hold with everything Tate said.
You do?
That her *right* eye was blackened and she was—
I holds with Tate. Her eye was blacked and she was mighty beat up.
Mr. Ewell, can you read and write?
Objection.
Can't see what witness's literacy has to do with the case, irrelevant'n immaterial.
Judge, if you'll allow the question plus another one you'll soon see.
All right, let's see.
But make sure we see, Atticus. Overruled.

I'll repeat the question. Can you read and write?
I most positively can.
Will you write your name and show us?
I most positively will. How do you think I sign my relief checks.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
I was becoming nervous. Mr. Ewell was endearing himself to his fellow citizens.
You're left-handed, Mr. Ewell.
An' what's so interestin'?
Judge, I'm a Christ-fearing man bein' taken advantage of by this trickin' lawyer. Trickin' men like him always been takin' advantage of me all the time with their trickin' ways.
That's all, Mr. Ewell. Thank you.
We've got him.

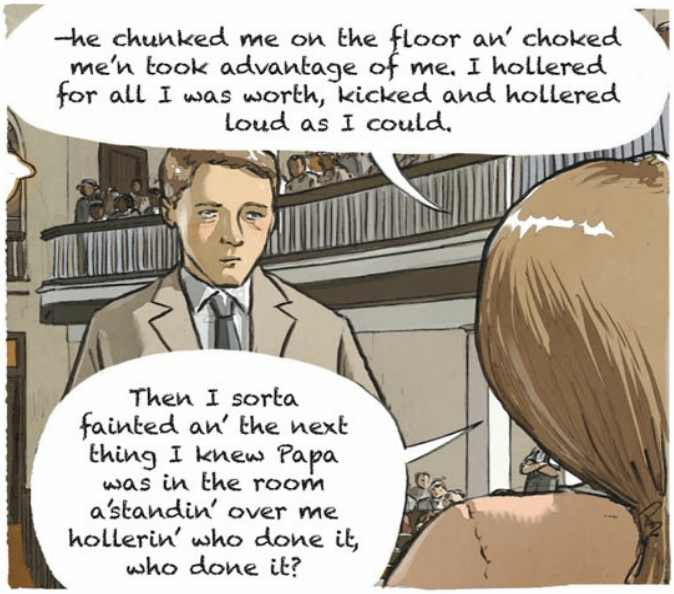

Mayella Violet Ewell—!
Miss Mayella, where were you at dusk on that evening?
On the porch.
What were you doing on the porch?
Nothin'.
Just tell us what happened. You can do that, can't you?

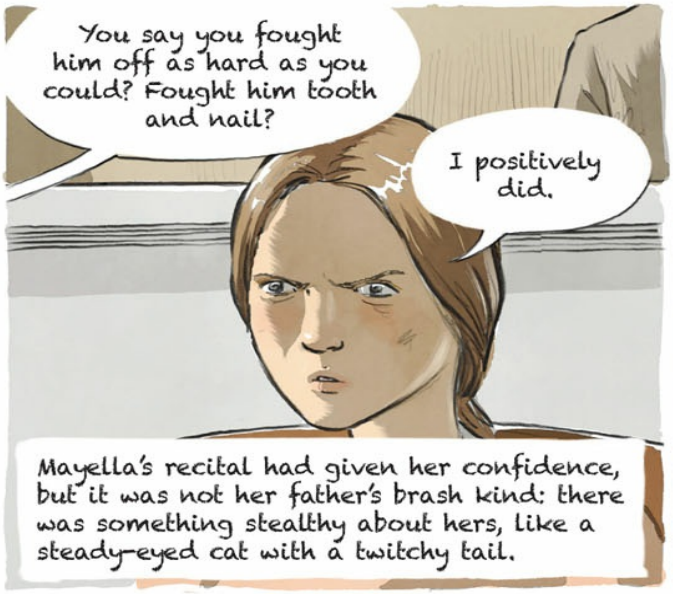

That's enough now. Don't be 'fraid of anybody here, as long as you tell the truth.
You've nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear.
...
What are you scared of?
Him!
Mr. Finch?
Don't want him doin' me like he done Papa, tryin' to make him out left-handed.
...
How old are you?
Nineteen-and-a-half.
Mr. Finch has no idea of scaring you and if he did, I'm here to stop him. That's one thing I'm sitting up here for.
Now you just sit up straight and tell the— tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?

Well sir, I was on the porch and—and he came along and, you see, there was this old chiffarobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin'.
I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by—
Who is "he"?


That'n yonder. Robinson.
Then what happened?
I said come here and bust up this chiffarobe for me, I gotta nickel for you.

So he come in the yard an' I went in the house to get him the nickel and I turned around an 'fore I knew it he was on me.
He got me round the neck, cussin' me an' sayin' dirt — I fought 'n'hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin an' agin—


—he chunked me on the floor an' choked me'n took advantage of me. I hollered for all I was worth, kicked and hollered loud as I could.
Then I sorta fainted an' the next thing I knew Papa was in the room a'standin' over me hollerin' who done it, who done it?


You say you fought him off as hard as you could? Fought him tooth and nail?
I positively did.
Mayella's recital had given her confidence, but it was not her father's brash kind: there was something stealthy about hers, like a steady-eyed cat with a twitchy tail.

You are positive that he took full advantage of you?
He done what he was after.
That's all for the time being, but you stay there. I expect big bad Mr. Finch has some questions to ask you.

Miss Mayella.
I won't try to scare you for a while, not yet. Let's just get acquainted.
How old are you?
Said I was nineteen, said it to the judge yonder.

So you did, so you did, ma'am. You'll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella, I'm getting along and can't remember as well as I used to.

I might ask you things you've already said before, but you'll give me an answer, won't you?
Won't answer a word you say long as you keep on mockin' me.

Mr. Finch is not mocking you. What's the matter with you?
Long's he keeps on callin' me ma'am an' sayin' Miss Mayella. I don't hafta take his sass, I ain't called upon to take it.

We've done business in this court for years and years, and Mr. Finch is always courteous to everybody. He's not trying to mock you, he's trying to be polite. That's just his way.

Atticus, let's get on with these proceedings, and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed, her views to the contrary.
Miss Mayella, you say you're nineteen.
How many sisters and brothers have you?
Seb'm.

You the eldest? The oldest?
Yes.
How long has your mother been dead?
Don't know — long time.
Did you ever go to school?
Read'n'write good as Papa yonder.
How long did you go to school?
Two year — three year — dunno.
Slowly but surely I began to see the pattern of Atticus's questions.
Atticus was quietly building up before the jury a picture of the Ewells' home life.
The jury learned the following things: their relief check was far from enough to feed the family, and there was strong suspicion that Papa drank it up anyway.
The weather was seldom cold enough to require shoes, but when it was, you could make dandy ones from strips of old tires.
If you wanted to wash you hauled your own water.
The younger children had perpetual colds and suffered from chronic ground-itch.
There was a lady who came around sometimes to ask Mayella why she didn't stay in school — she wrote down the answer:
Papa needed them at home.

Miss Mayella, a nineteen-year-old girl like you must have friends.
Don't you know anyone near your age, or older, or younger? Boys and girls? Just ordinary friends?
You makin' fun o'me agin, Mr. Finch?
Do you love your father, Miss Mayella?
Love him, whatcha mean?
I mean, is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?
He does tollable, 'cept when—
Except when?
When he's drinking?
Does he ever go after you?
How you mean?
When he's riled, has he ever beaten you?

...
My paw's never touched a hair o' my head in my life.
We've had a good visit, Miss Mayella, and now I guess we'd better get to the case.
You say you asked Tom Robinson to come chop up a — what was it?
A chiffarobe, a old dresser full of drawers on one side.
Was Tom Robinson known to you?
I knowed who he was, he passed the house every day.
Didn't ever ask him to come inside the fence before?
I did not, I certainly did not.
One did not's enough.
You never asked him to do odd jobs for you before?
I mighta.
Can you remember any other occasions?
No.
All right, now to what happened.
You said Tom Robinson "got you around the neck cussing and saying dirt" — is that right?
t's right.

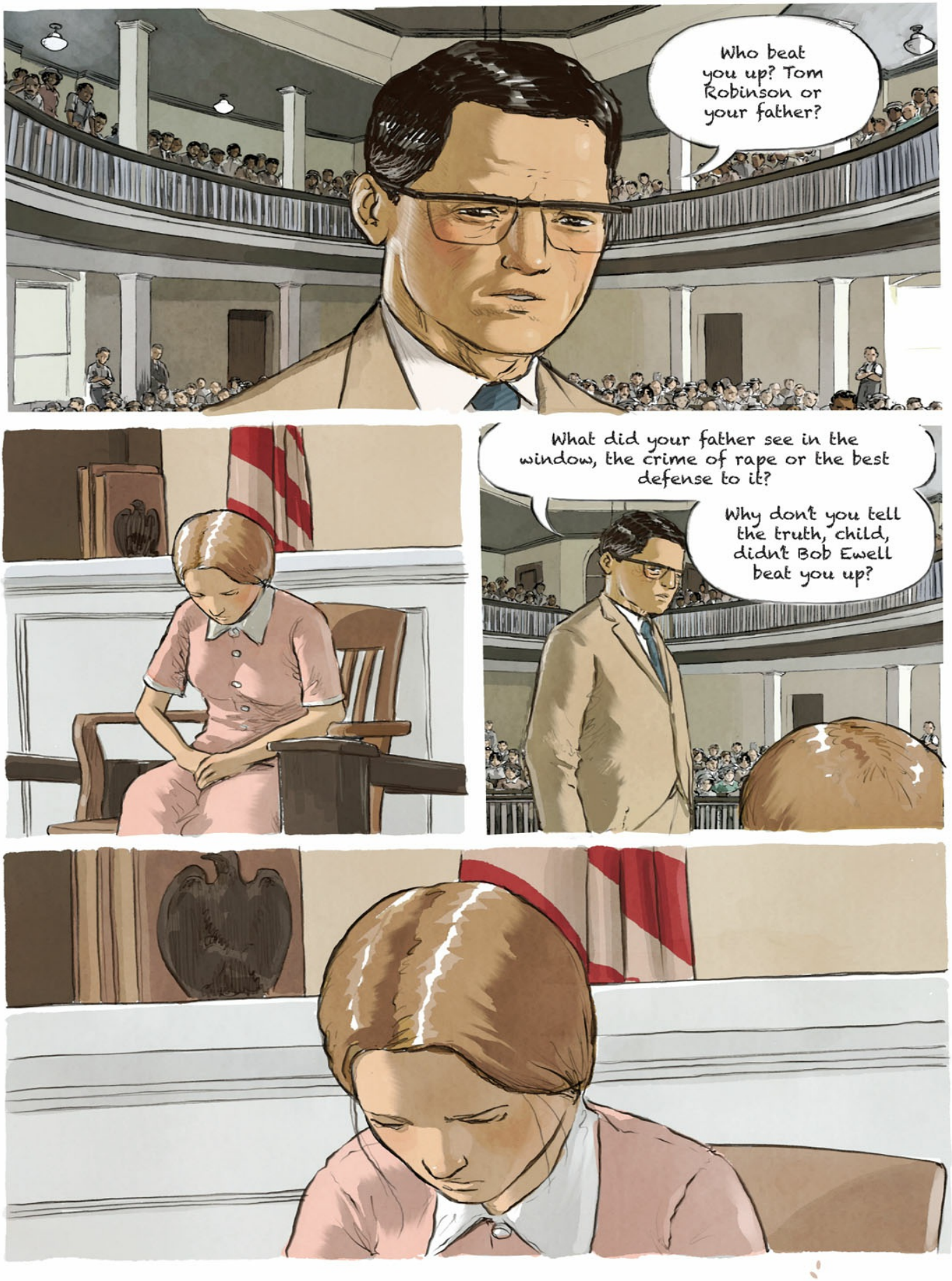
You say "he caught me and choked me and took advantage of me" – is that right?
That's what I said.
Do you remember him beating you about the face?
...
You seem sure enough that he choked you. Do you remember him beating you about the face?
I...
It's an easy question, Miss Mayella, so I'll try again. Do you remember him beating you about the face?
No, I don't recollect if he hit me.
I mean yes I do, he hit me.
Was your last sentence your answer?
Huh? Yes, he hit – I just don't remember, I just don't remember... it all happened so quick.
Don't you cry, young woman–
Let her cry if she wants to, Judge. We've got all the time in the world.
I'll answer any question you got – get me up here an' mock me, will you? I'll answer any question you got–
That's fine. There're only a few more.
I want you to be sure you have the right man. Will you identify the man who raped you?
I will, that's him right yonder.

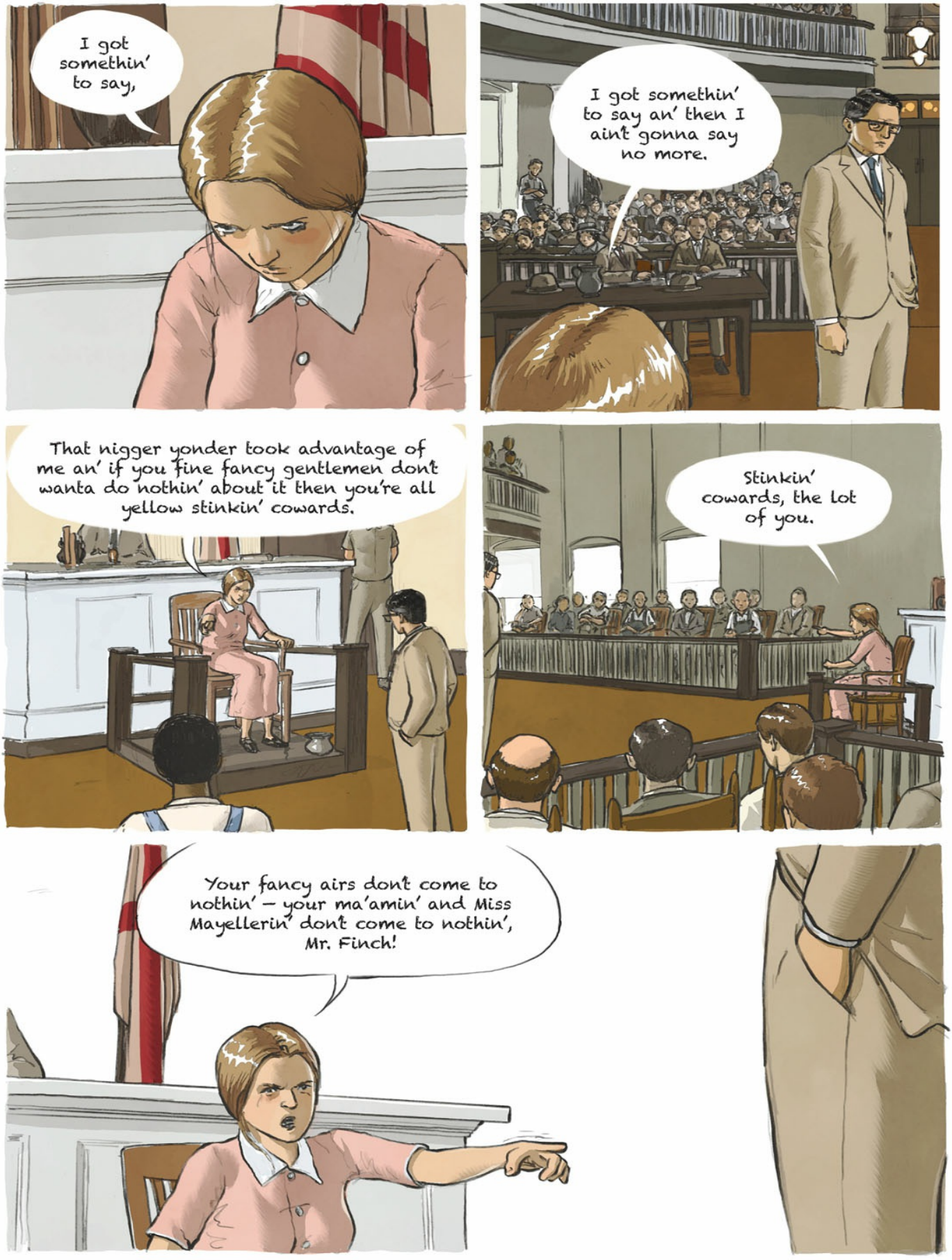
Tom, stand up. Let Miss Mayella have a good long look at you.
Scout!
Scout, look! Reverend, he's crippled.
He caught it in Mr. Dolphus Raymond's cotton gin when he was a boy... like to've bled to death... tore all the muscles loose from his bones—

Is this the man who raped you?
It most certainly is.
How?
I don't know how he done it, but he done it – I said it all happened so fast I–

Now let's consider this calmly—
Objection! Judge, he's browbeating the witness.
Oh sit down, Horace, he's doing nothing of the sort. If anything, the witness's browbeating Atticus.
Miss Mayella, do you wish to reconsider any of your testimony?
You want me to say something that didn't happen?
No ma'am, I want you to say something that *did* happen.
I told'ja what happened.
You testified that he choked you.
Yes.
Then he released your throat and hit you?
I said he did.
He blacked your left eye with his right fist?
I ducked and it— it glanced, that's what it did. I ducked and it glanced off.

You're becoming suddenly clear on this point, Miss Mayella. A while ago you couldn't remember too well, could you?
I said he hit me.
Why didn't you run?
I tried to.
What kept you from it?
I—he slung me down. That's what he did, he slung me down'n got on top of me.
You were screaming all this time?
I certainly was.
Then why didn't the other children hear you? Where were they?
...
Were they at the dump?
...
Why didn't your screams make them come running? The dump's closer than the woods, isn't it?
...
Or didn't you scream until you saw your father in the window? You didn't think to scream until then, did you?

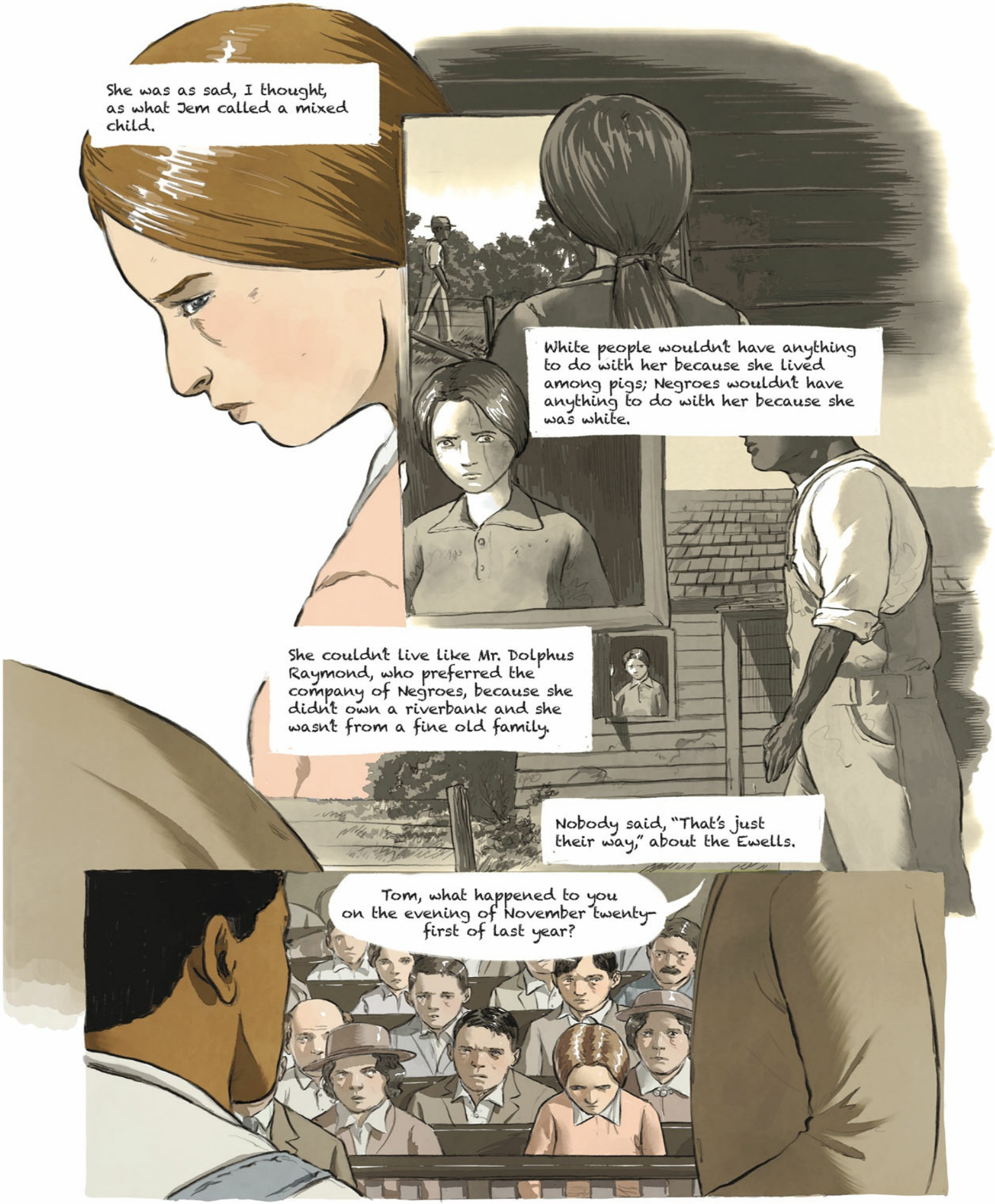

Who beat you up? Tom Robinson or your father?
What did your father see in the window, the crime of rape or the best defense to it?
Why don't you tell the truth, child, didn't Bob Ewell beat you up?


I got somethin' to say,
I got somethin' to say an' then I ain't gonna say no more.
That nigger yonder took advantage of me an' if you fine fancy gentlemen don't wanta do nothin' about it then you're all yellow stinkin' cowards.
Stinkin' cowards, the lot of you.
Your fancy airs don't come to nothin' — your ma'amin' and Miss Mayellerin' don't come to nothin', Mr. Finch!

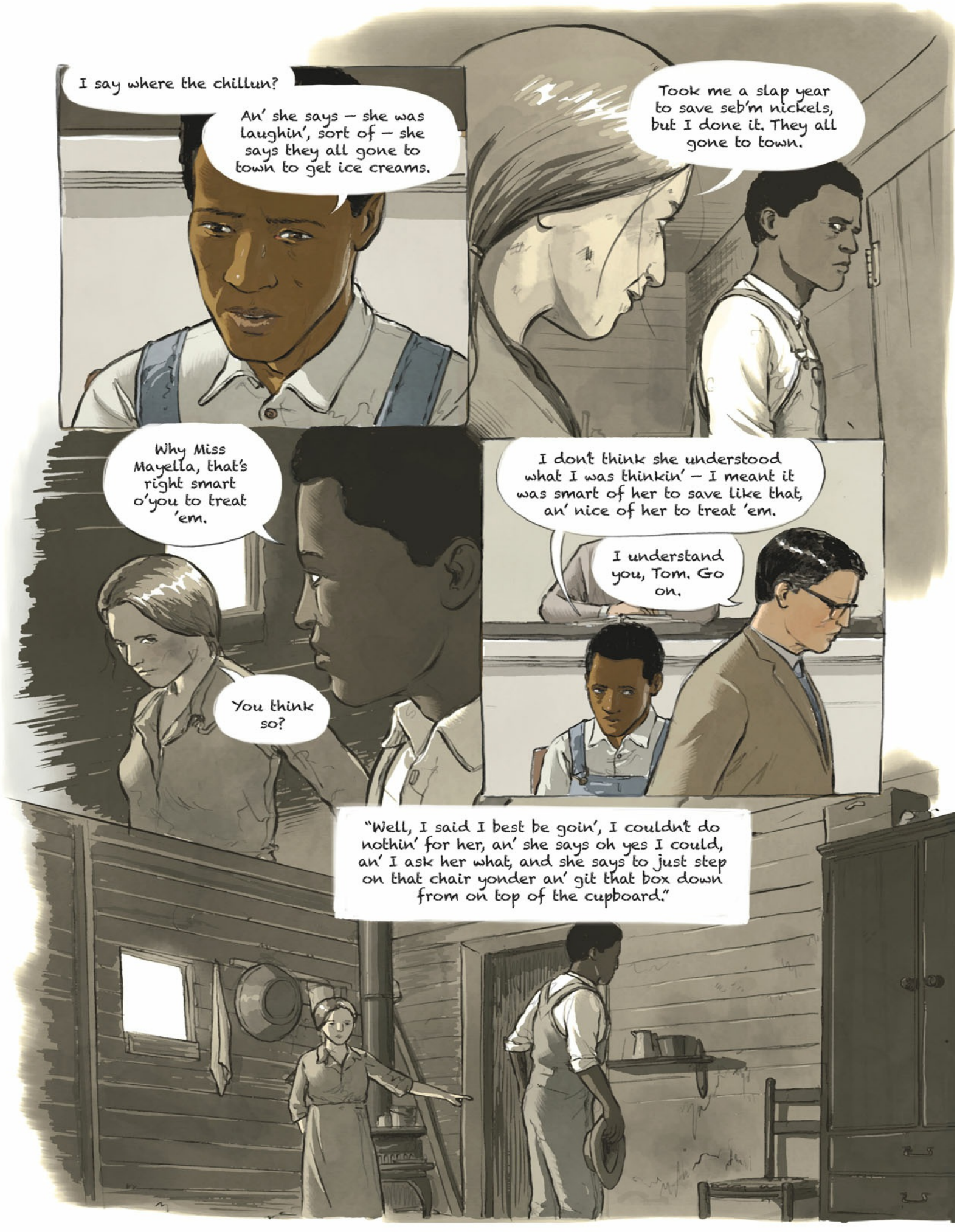
Shall we try to wind up this afternoon?
How 'bout it, Atticus?
I think we can.
How many witnesses you got?
One.
Well, call him.

Tom took the oath and stepped into the witness chair. Atticus very quickly induced him to tell us: Tom was twenty-five years of age; he was married with three children; he had been in trouble with the law before: he once received thirty days for disorderly conduct.
It must have been disorderly.
What did it con-
Got in a fight with another man, he tried to cut me.
You were both convicted?
Yes suh, I had to serve 'cause I couldn't pay the fine. Other fellow paid his'n.
Why's'e askin' him that?
Showin' us all Tom's got nothin' to hide.
Were you acquainted with Mayella Violet Ewell?
Yes suh, I had to pass her place goin' to and from the field every day.
Did she ever speak to you?
Why, yes suh, I'd tip m'hat when I'd go by, and one day she asked me to come inside the fence and bust up a chiffarobe for her.

When did she ask you to chop up the—the chiffarobe?
Mr. Finch, it was way last spring.
She said, "I reckon I'll hafta give you a nickel, won't I?" I said, "No ma'am, there ain't no charge." Then I went home. Mr. Finch, that was way last spring, way over a year ago.
Did you ever go on the place again?
Yes suh, I went lots of times.
Seemed like every time I passed by yonder she'd have some little somethin' for me to do — choppin' kindlin', totin' water for her.
She watered them red flowers every day—
Were you paid for your services?
No suh. I was glad to do it and I knowed she didn't have no nickels to spare.
Where were the other children?
They was always around, all over the place. They'd watch me work, some of 'em, some of 'em'd set in the window.
As Tom Robinson gave his testimony, it came to me that Mayella Ewell must have been the loneliest person in the world.
She was even lonelier than Boo Radley.


She was as sad, I thought, as what Jem called a mixed child.
White people wouldn't have anything to do with her because she lived among pigs; Negroes wouldn't have anything to do with her because she was white.
She couldn't live like Mr. Dolphus Raymond, who preferred the company of Negroes, because she didn't own a riverbank and she wasn't from a fine old family.
Nobody said, "That's just their way," about the Ewells.
Tom, what happened to you on the evening of November twenty-first of last year?

Mr. Finch, I was goin' home as usual that evenin', an' when I passed the Ewell place...
"...Miss Mayella were on the porch, like she said she were.
"It seemed real quiet like, an' I didn't quite know why. I was studyin' why, just passin' by, when she says for me to come there and help her a minute.
"Well, I went inside the fence an' looked around for some kindlin' to work on, but I didn't see none, and she says, 'Naw, I got somethin' for you to do in the house. Th' old door's off its hinges an' fall's comin' on pretty fast.'
"Well, I went up the steps an' she motioned me to come inside, and I went in the front room an' looked at the door.
"I said Miss Mayella, this door look all right. I pulled it back'n forth and those hinges was all right.
"Mr. Finch, I was wonderin' why it was so quiet like, an' it come to me that there weren't a child on the place, not a one of 'em, and I said Miss Mayella, where the chillun?"


I say where the chillun?
An' she says – she was laughin', sort of – she says they all gone to town to get ice creams.
Took me a slap year to save seb'm nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town.
Why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o'you to treat 'em.
You think so?
I don't think she understood what I was thinkin' – I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat 'em.
I understand you, Tom. Go on.
"Well, I said I best be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the cupboard."

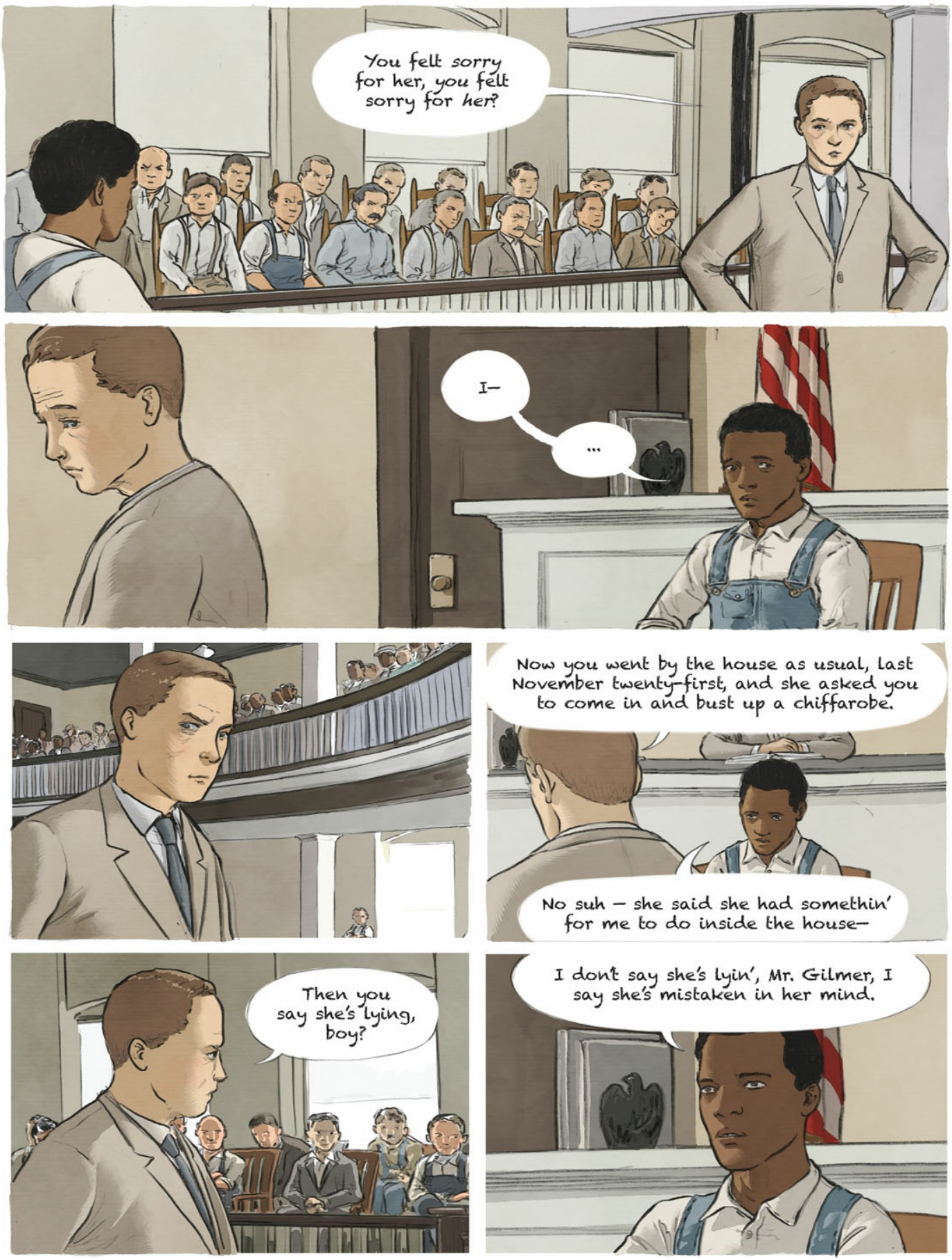
"So I done what she told me, an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she— she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round th' legs, Mr. Finch."
She scared me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over.
What happened after you turned the chair over?
Tom, you're sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you tell it?

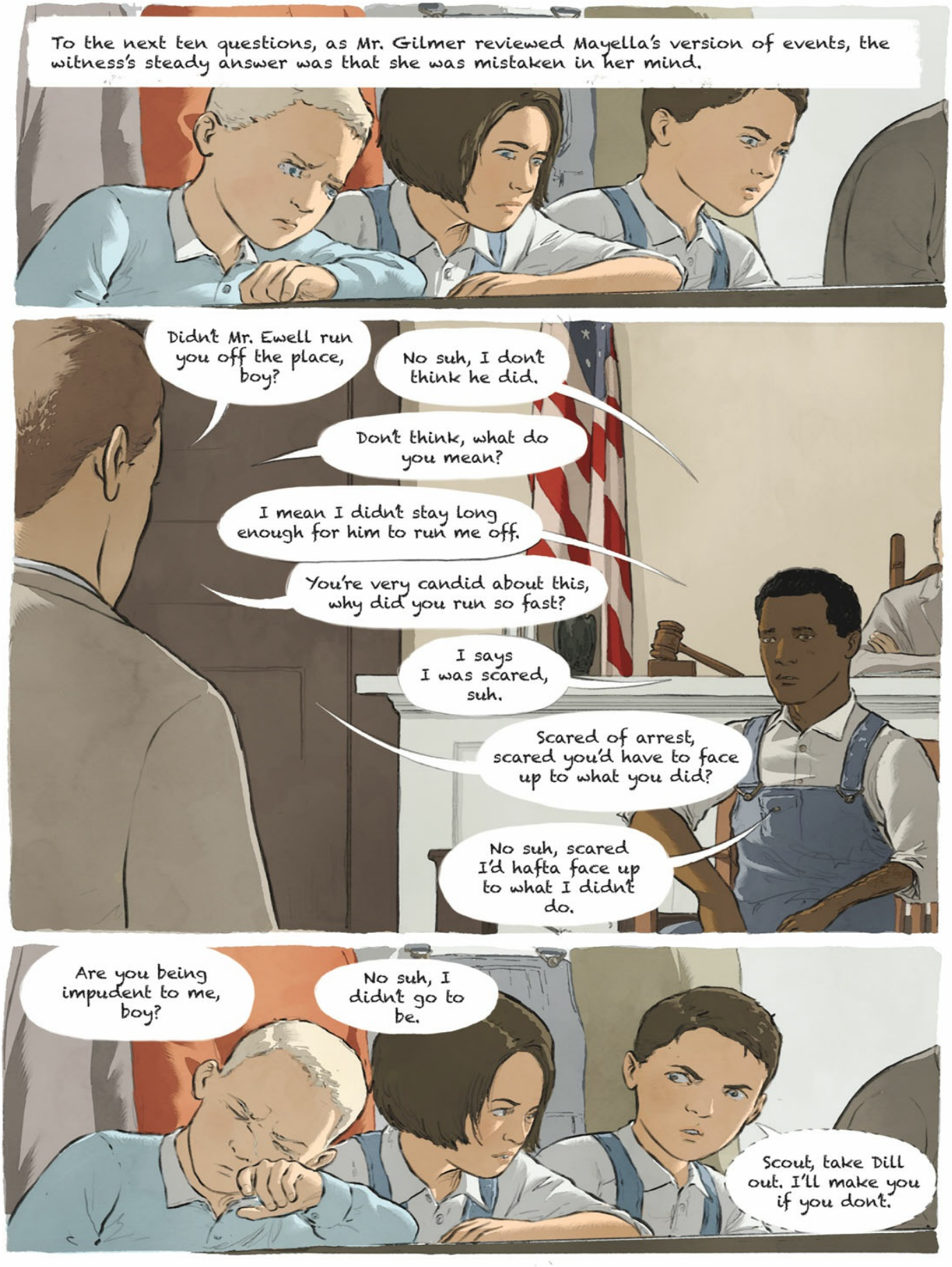
She sorta jumped on me.
She—she hugged me.
An' kissed me 'side of th' face.
Order!
KLAK KLAK
Then what did she do?
She says she never kissed a grown man before an' she might as well kiss a nigger.
She says what her papa do to her don't count.
Kiss me back, nigger.

"I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an' tried to run but just when I say it Mr. Ewell yonder hollered through th' window."
What did he say?
Somethin' not fittin' to say – not fittin' for these folks'n chillun to hear–
What did he say, Tom? You must tell the jury what he said.
He says you goddamn whore, I'll kill ya.
Then what happened?
Mr. Finch, I was runnin' so fast I didn't know what happened.
Tom, did you rape Mayella Ewell?
I did not, suh.
Did you harm her in any way?
I did not, suh.

Did you resist her advances?
Mr. Finch, I tried. I tried to thout bein' ugly to her. I didn't wanta be ugly, I didn't wanta push her or nothin'.
Tom, go back once more to Mr. Ewell. Did he say anything to you?
He mighta said somethin', but I weren't there—
That'll do. You didn't hear because you ran?
I sho' did, suh.
Why did you run?
I was scared, suh.
Why were you scared?
Mr. Finch, if you was a nigger like me, you'd be scared, too.

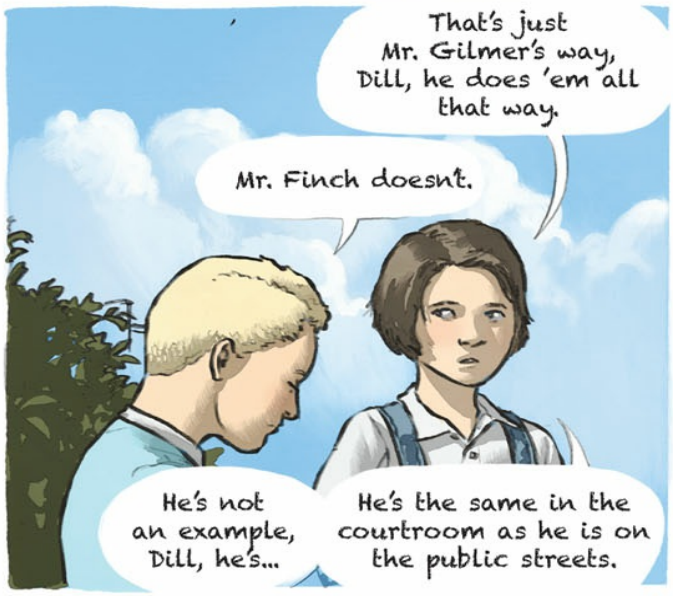
Robinson, you're pretty good at busting up chiffarobes and kindling with one hand, aren't you?
Yes suh, I reckon so.
Strong enough to choke the breath out of a woman and sling her to the floor?
I never done that, suh.
But you are strong enough to?
I reckon so, suh.
Had your eye on her a long time, hadn't you, boy?
No suh, I never looked at her.
Then you were mighty polite to do all that chopping and hauling for her, weren't you, boy?
I was just tryin' to help her out, suh.
You did all this chopping and work from sheer goodness, boy? With Mr. Ewell and seven children on the place?
Well, I says it looked like they never help her none—
You're a mighty good fellow, it seems — did all this for not one penny?
I felt right sorry for her, she seemed to try more'n the rest of 'em...


You felt sorry for her, you felt sorry for her?
I—
...
Now you went by the house as usual, last November twenty-first, and she asked you to come in and bust up a chiffarobe.
No suh — she said she had somethin' for me to do inside the house—
Then you say she's lying, boy?
I don't say she's lyin', Mr. Gilmer, I say she's mistaken in her mind.


To the next ten questions, as Mr. Gilmer reviewed Mayella's version of events, the witness's steady answer was that she was mistaken in her mind.
Didn't Mr. Ewell run you off the place, boy?
No suh, I don't think he did.
Don't think, what do you mean?
I mean I didn't stay long enough for him to run me off.
You're very candid about this, why did you run so fast?
I says I was scared, suh.
Scared of arrest, scared you'd have to face up to what you did?
No suh, scared I'd hafta face up to what I didn't do.
Are you being impudent to me, boy?
No suh, I didn't go to be.
Scout, take Dill out. I'll make you if you don't.

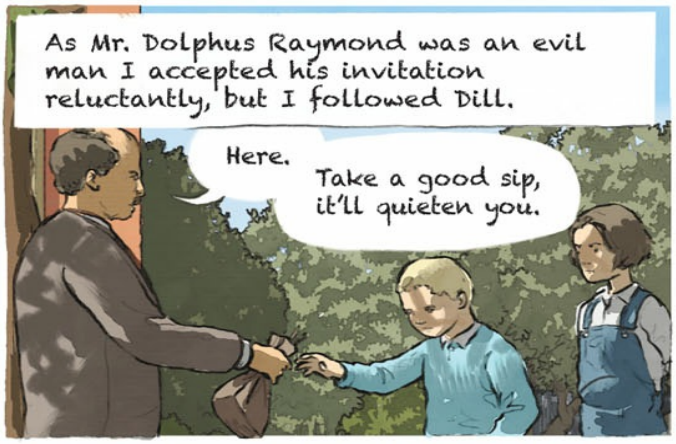
Ain't you feeling good?
It was just him I couldn't stand. That old Mr. Gilmer doin' him thataway, talking so hateful to him.

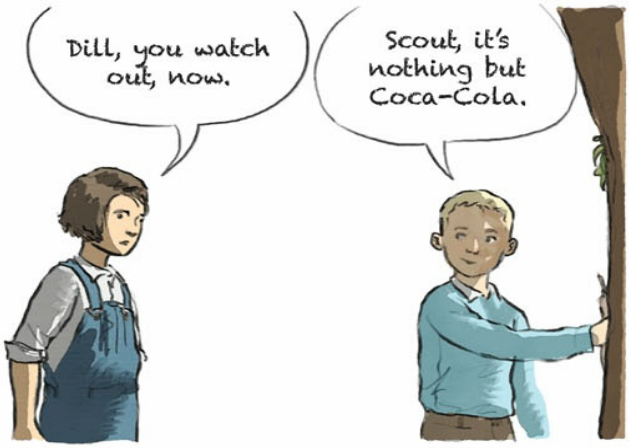
He's supposed to act that way, Dill, he was cross—
He didn't act that way when—
Dill, those were his own witnesses.
Well, Mr. Finch didn't act that way to Mayella and old man Ewell. The way that man called him "boy" all the time and sneered at him.


That's just Mr. Gilmer's way, Dill, he does 'em all that way.
Mr. Finch doesn't.
He's not an example, Dill, he's...
He's the same in the courtroom as he is on the public streets.

That's not what I mean.
I know what you mean, boy.

You aren't thin-hided, it just makes you sick, doesn't it?
Come on round here, son, I got something that'll settle your stomach.

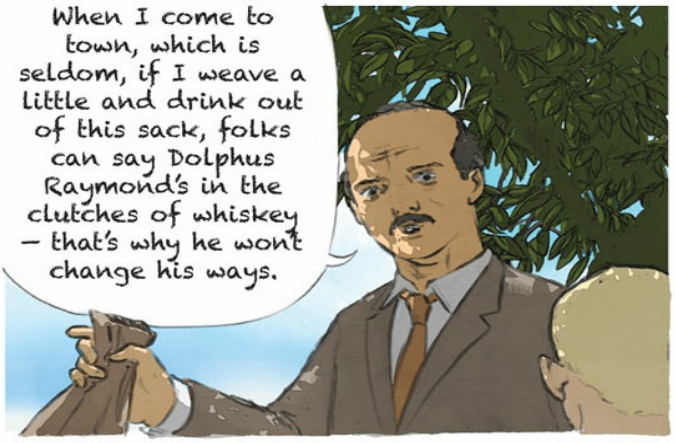

As Mr. Dolphus Raymond was an evil man I accepted his invitation reluctantly, but I followed Dill.
Here.
Take a good sip, it'll quieten you.


Dill, you watch out, now.
Scout, it's nothing but Coca-Cola.

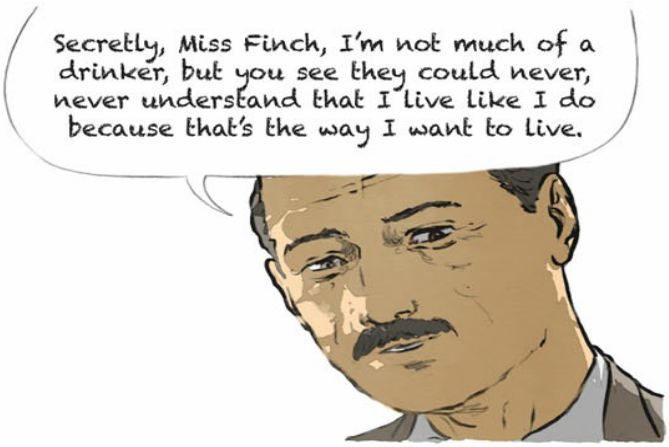
You little folks won't tell on me now, will you? It'd ruin my reputation if you did.
You mean all you drink in that sack's Coca-Cola? Just plain Coca-Cola?

Yes ma'am. That's all I drink, most of the time.
Then you just pretend you're half—? I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean to be—
Why do you do like you do?

Well, it's very simple: some folks don't — like the way I live.
I try to give 'em a reason, you see. It helps folks if they can latch onto a reason, see?
No sir.


When I come to town, which is seldom, if I weave a little and drink out of this sack, folks can say Dolphus Raymond's in the clutches of whiskey — that's why he won't change his ways.

That ain't honest, Mr. Raymond, making yourself out badder'n you are already—
It ain't honest but it's mighty helpful to folks.


Secretly, Miss Finch, I'm not much of a drinker, but you see they could never, never understand that I live like I do because that's the way I want to live.

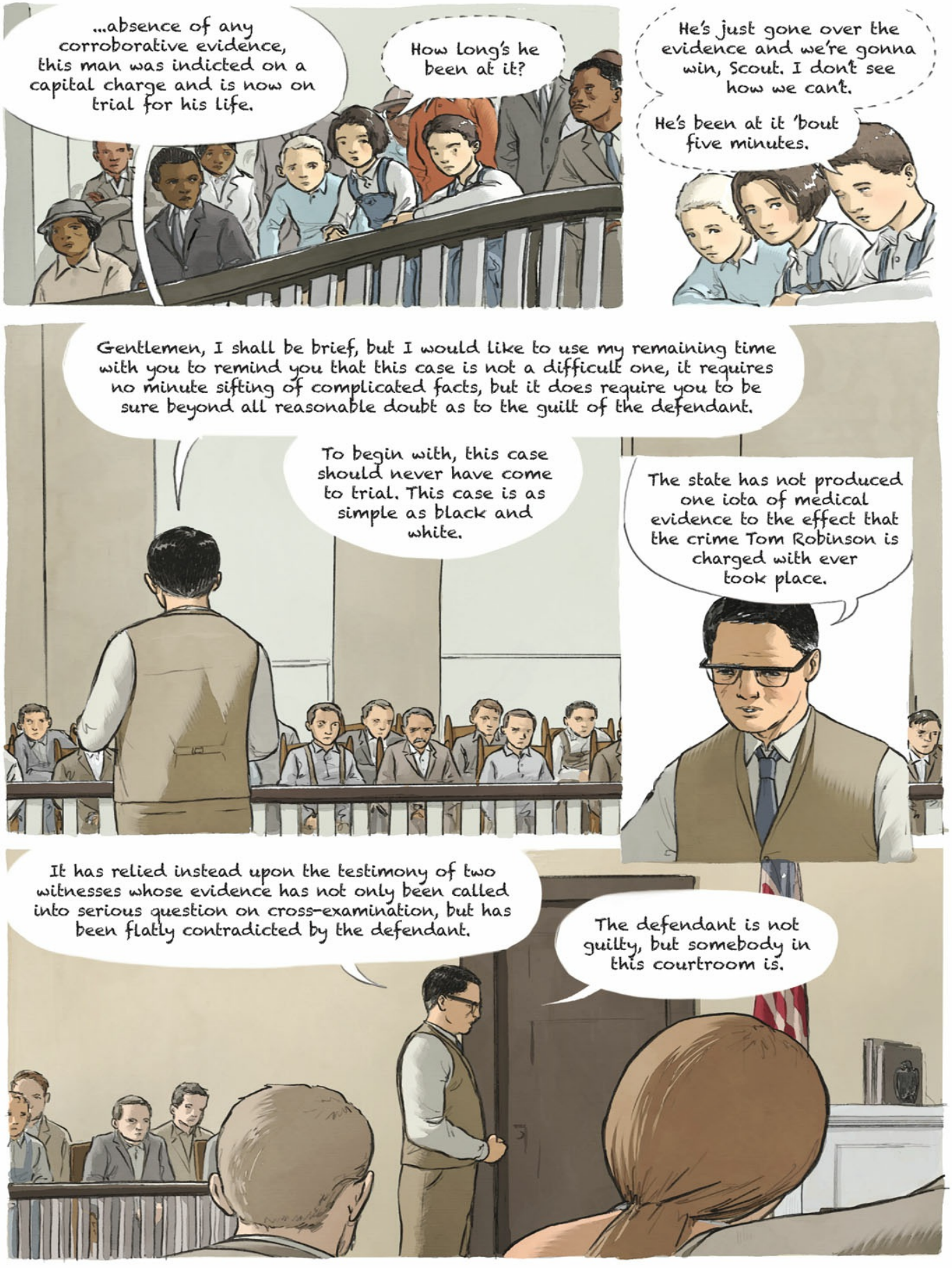
I had a feeling that I shouldn't be here listening to this sinful man who had mixed children and didn't care who knew it, but he was fascinating.
I had never encountered a being who deliberately perpetrated fraud against himself.

Why you tellin' us your secret then Mr. Raymond?
Because you're children and you can understand it.

Things haven't caught up with your instincts yet. You haven't seen enough of the world yet.
You haven't even seen this town, but all you gotta do is step back inside the courthouse.

C'mon, Dill. You all right, now?
Yeah.
Glad to've metcha, Mr. Raymond, and thanks for the drink.

It was mighty settlin'.

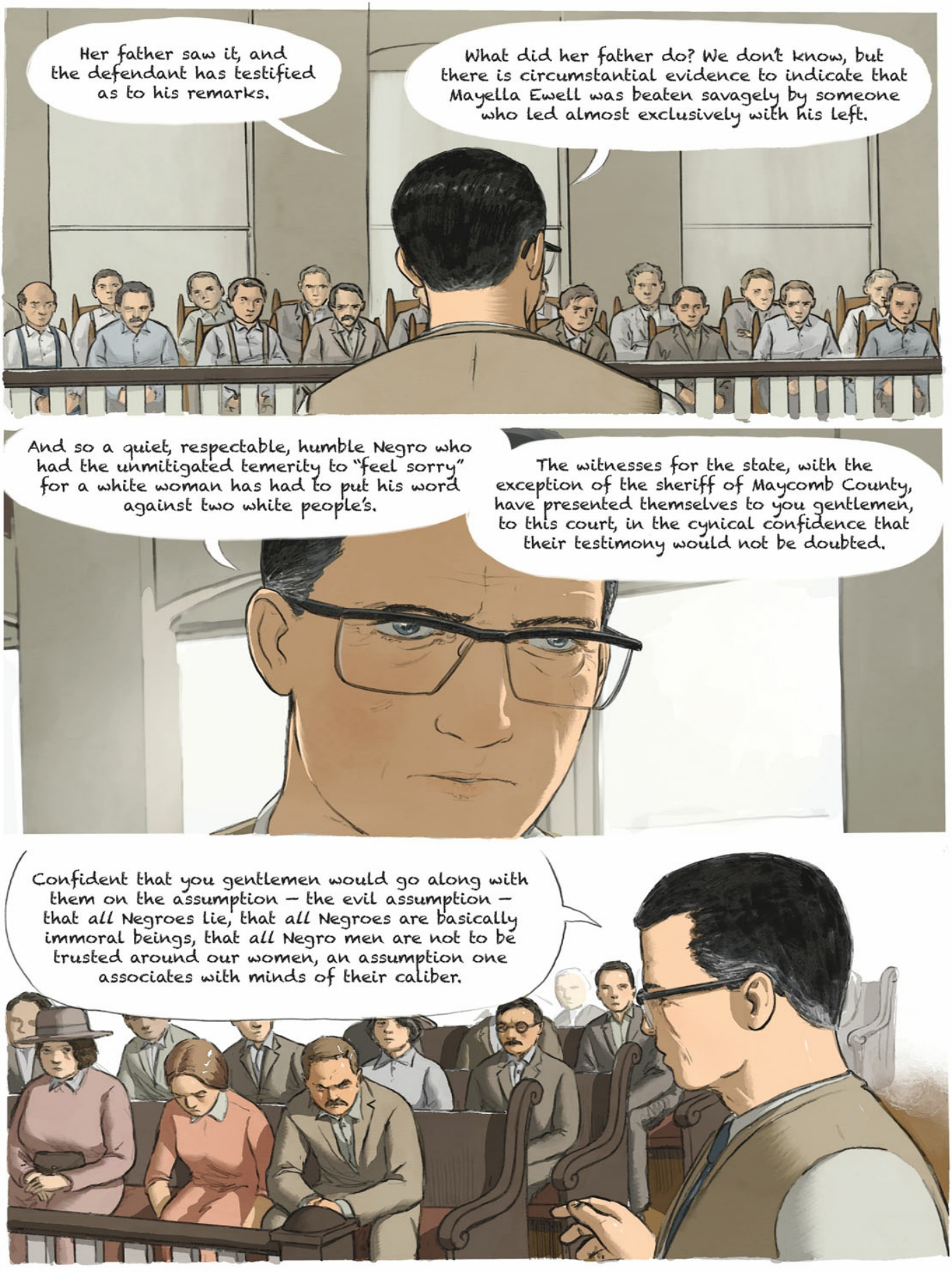

...absence of any corroborative evidence, this man was indicted on a capital charge and is now on trial for his life.
How long's he been at it?
He's just gone over the evidence and we're gonna win, Scout. I don't see how we can't.
He's been at it 'bout five minutes.
Gentlemen, I shall be brief, but I would like to use my remaining time with you to remind you that this case is not a difficult one, it requires no minute sifting of complicated facts, but it does require you to be sure beyond all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant.
To begin with, this case should never have come to trial. This case is as simple as black and white.
The state has not produced one iota of medical evidence to the effect that the crime Tom Robinson is charged with ever took place.
It has relied instead upon the testimony of two witnesses whose evidence has not only been called into serious question on cross-examination, but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant.
The defendant is not guilty, but somebody in this courtroom is.

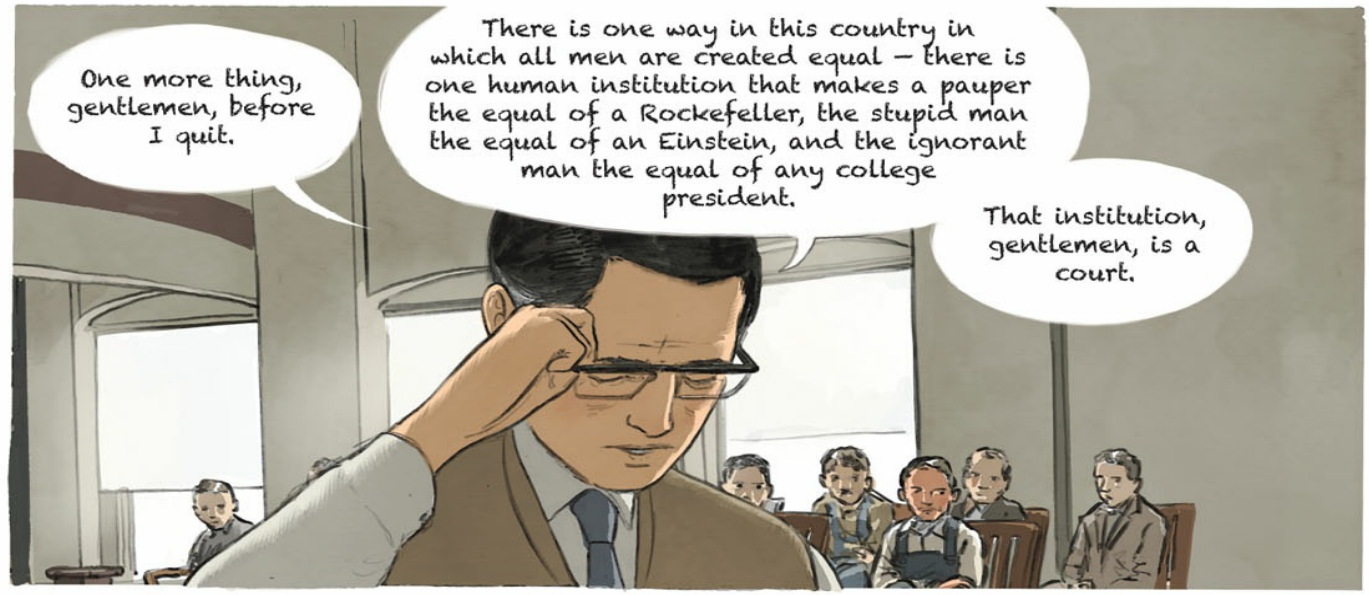
I have nothing but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state.
But my pity does not extend so far as to her putting a man's life at stake, which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt.
I say guilt, gentlemen, because it was guilt that motivated her. She has committed no crime, she has merely broken a rigid and time-honored code of our society.

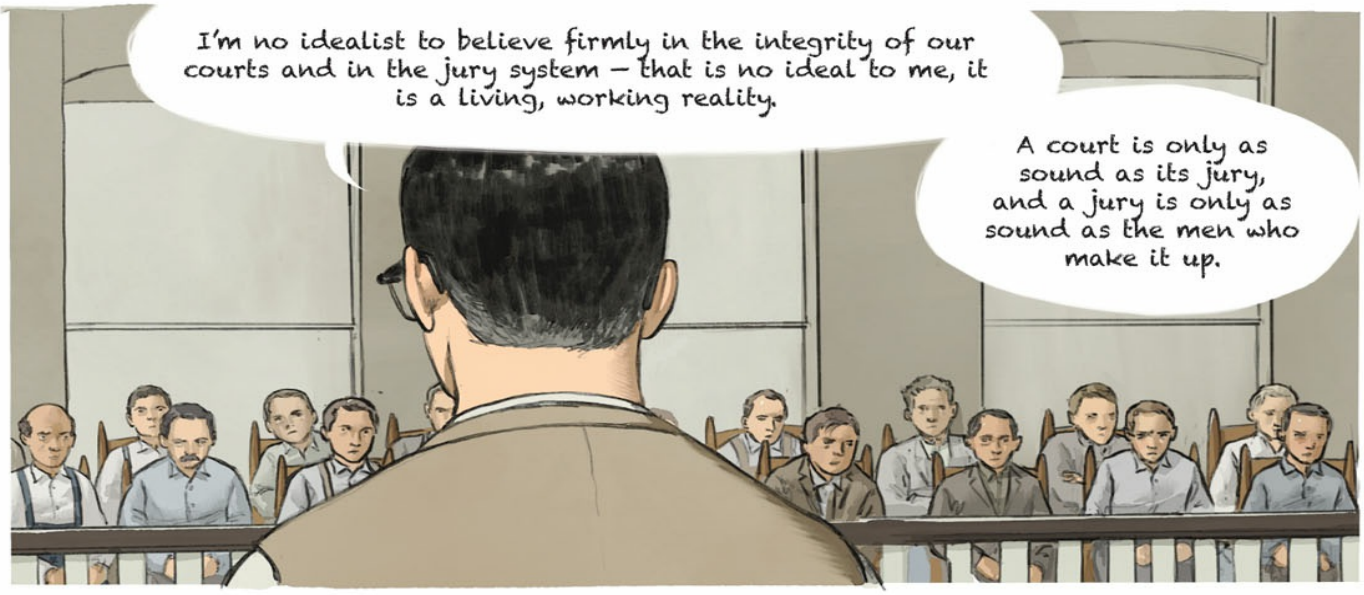
She knew full well the enormity of her offense, but because her desires were stronger than the code she was breaking, she persisted in breaking it.
She then did something every child has done — she tried to put the evidence of her offense away from her.

What was the evidence of her offense?
Tom Robinson.
A human being.

Tom Robinson was her daily reminder that she did something that in our society is unspeakable: she kissed a black man.
Not an old Uncle, but a strong young Negro man.
No code mattered to her before she broke it, but it came crashing down on her afterwards.


Her father saw it, and the defendant has testified as to his remarks.
What did her father do? We don't know, but there is circumstantial evidence to indicate that Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely by someone who led almost exclusively with his left.
And so a quiet, respectable, humble Negro who had the unmitigated temerity to "feel sorry" for a white woman has had to put his word against two white people's.
The witnesses for the state, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County, have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court, in the cynical confidence that their testimony would not be doubted.
Confident that you gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption — the evil assumption — that *all* Negroes lie, that *all* Negroes are basically immoral beings, that *all* Negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption one associates with minds of their caliber.

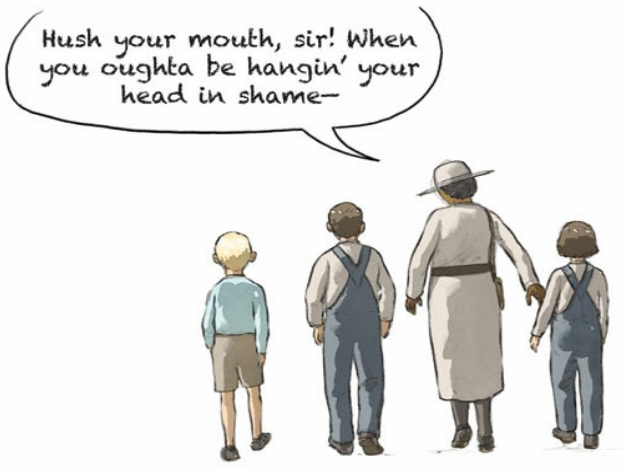

One more thing, gentlemen, before I quit.
There is one way in this country in which all men are created equal – there is one human institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of an Einstein, and the ignorant man the equal of any college president.
That institution, gentlemen, is a court.


I'm no idealist to believe firmly in the integrity of our courts and in the jury system – that is no ideal to me, it is a living, working reality.
A court is only as sound as its jury, and a jury is only as sound as the men who make it up.

I am confident that you gentlemen will review without passion the evidence you have heard, come to a decision, and restore this man to his family.

In the name of God, do your duty.

We've won, haven't we?
I've no idea.
You've been here all afternoon? Go home with Calpurnia and get your supper — and stay home.
Aw, Atticus, let us come back. Please let us hear the verdict, please sir.
The jury might be out and back in a minute, we don't know—
Well, you've heard it all, so you might as well hear the rest. Tell you what, you all can come back when you've eaten your supper — eat slowly, now, you won't miss anything important.

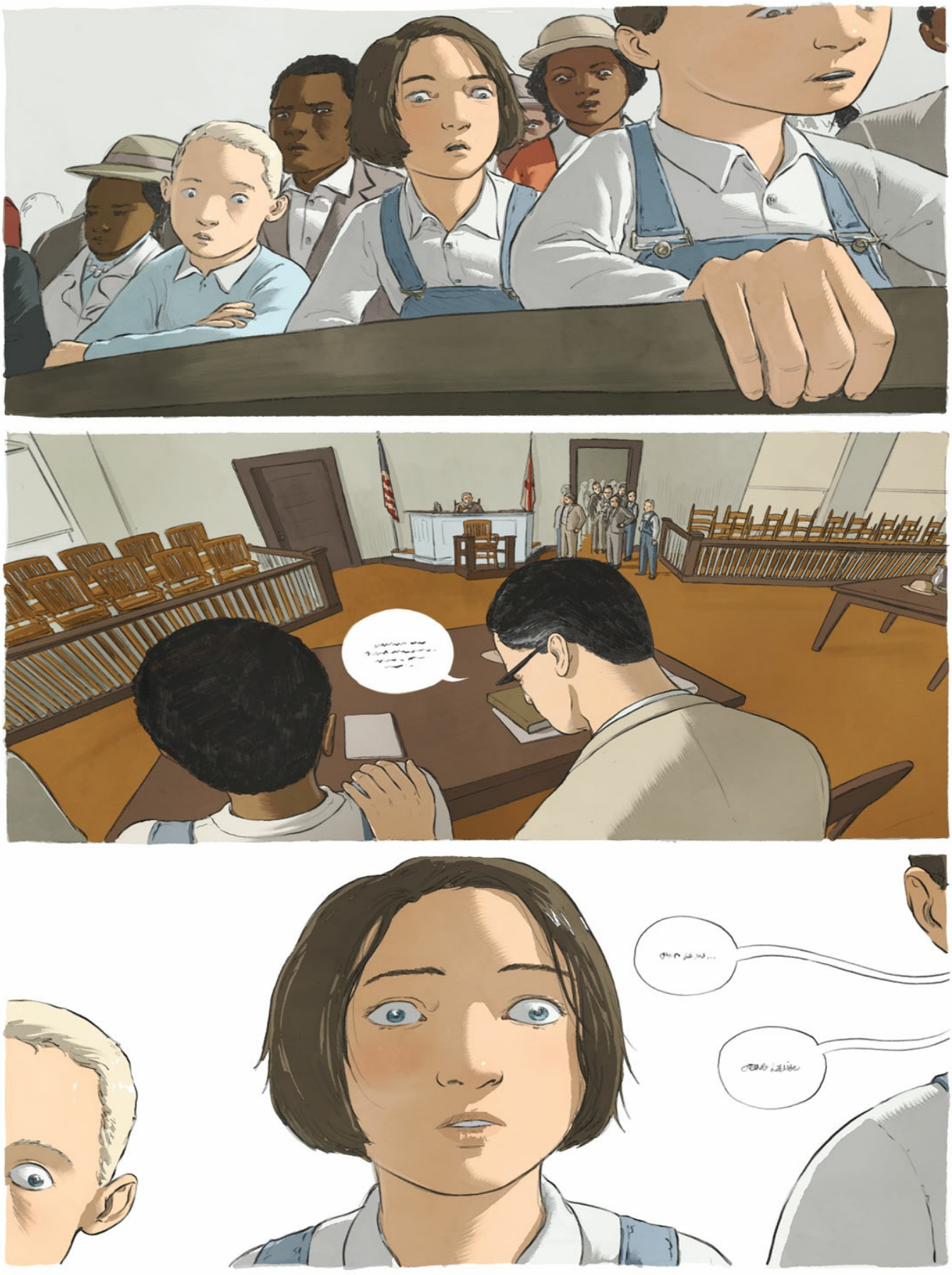


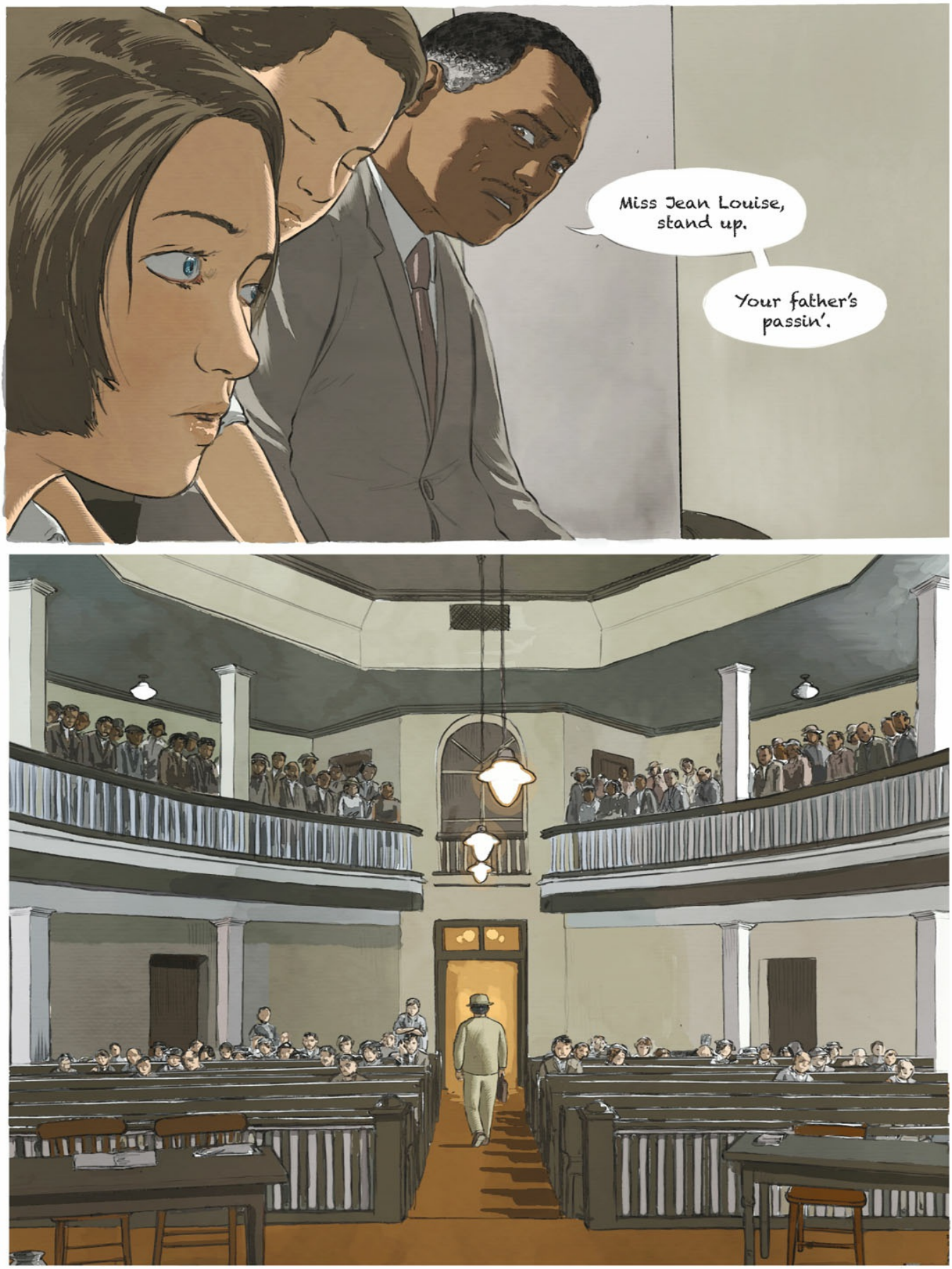
Calpurnia revived a series of rusty threats that moved Jem to little remorse. She poured milk, dished out potato salad and ham, muttering, "shamed of yourselves," in varying degrees of intensity, "Now you all eat slow," was her final command.

Reverend Sykes had saved our places. We were surprised to find that we had been gone nearly an hour, and were equally surprised to find the courtroom exactly as we had left it.
Ain't it a long time?
Sure is, Scout.
This court will come to order.

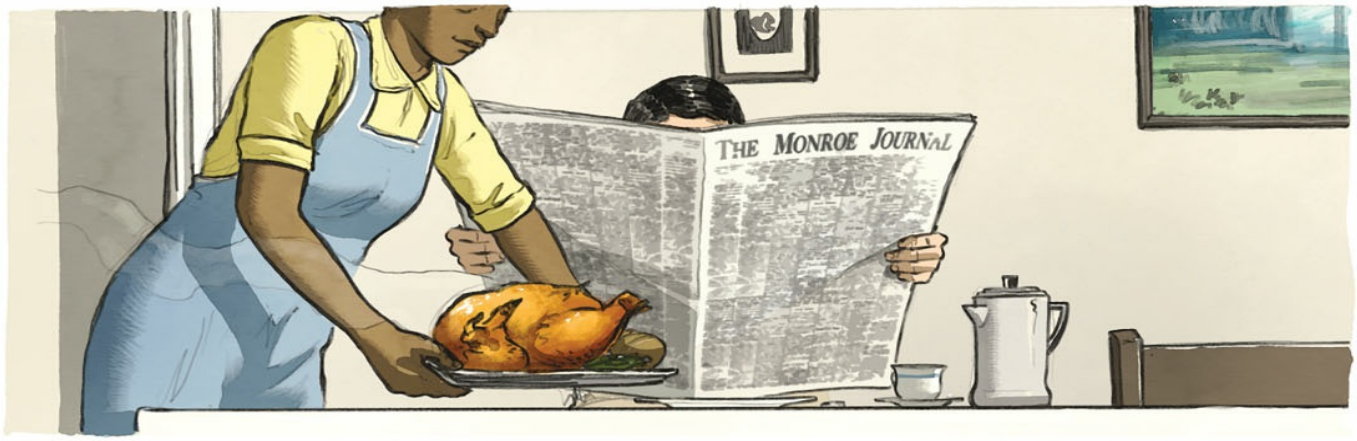
Guilty...

Guilty...
Guilty...
Guilty...
Guilty...
Guilty...



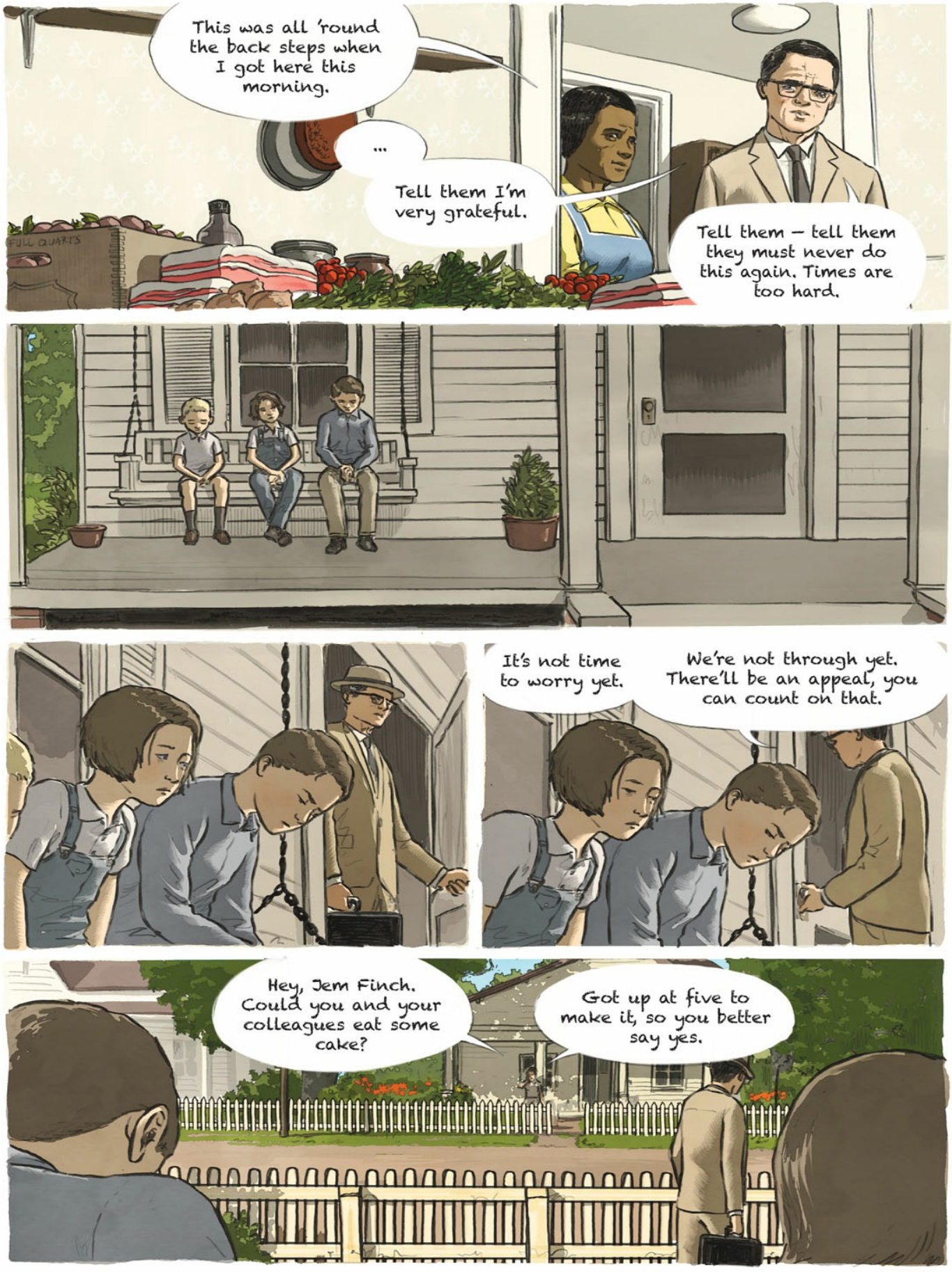

Miss Jean Louise, stand up.
Your father's passin'.

How could they do it, how could they?
I don't know, but they did it.
They've done it before and they'll do it again and when they do it — seems that only children weep.
I'm sorry, brother.
Is he all right?
He'll be so presently.
It was a little too strong for him.
I didn't think it wise in the first place to let them—
This is their home, sister. We've made it this way for them, they might as well learn to cope with it.
But they don't have to go to the courthouse and wallow in it—
It's just as much Maycomb County as missionary teas.
Atticus—
You are the last person I thought would turn bitter over this.
I'm not bitter, just tired.
Good night.


THE MONROE JOURNAL

Gracious alive, Cal, what's all this?

Tom Robinson's daddy sent you along this chicken this morning. I fixed it.
You tell him I'm proud to get it — bet they don't have chicken for breakfast at the White House. What are these?
Rolls. Estelle down at the hotel sent 'em.
You better step out here and see what's in the kitchen, Mr. Finch.


This was all 'round the back steps when I got here this morning.
...
Tell them I'm very grateful.
Tell them — tell them they must never do this again. Times are too hard.
FULL QUARTS
It's not time to worry yet.
We're not through yet. There'll be an appeal, you can count on that.
Hey, Jem Finch. Could you and your colleagues eat some cake?
Got up at five to make it, so you better say yes.

I simply want to tell you that there are some men in this world who were born to do our unpleasant jobs for us. Your father's one of them.

Oh.

Well.

Don't you oh, well me, sir. You are not old enough to appreciate what I said.

It's like bein' a caterpillar in a cocoon, that's what it is. Like somethin' asleep wrapped up in a warm place. I always thought Maycomb folks were the best folks in the world, least that's what they seemed like.

We're the safest folks in the world.

We're so rarely called on to be Christians, but when we are, we've got men like Atticus to go for us.

Wish the rest of the county thought that.

You'd be surprised how many of us do.

Who? Who in this town did one thing to help Tom Robinson, just who?

His colored friends for one thing, and people like us. People like Judge Taylor. People like Mr. Heck Tate.

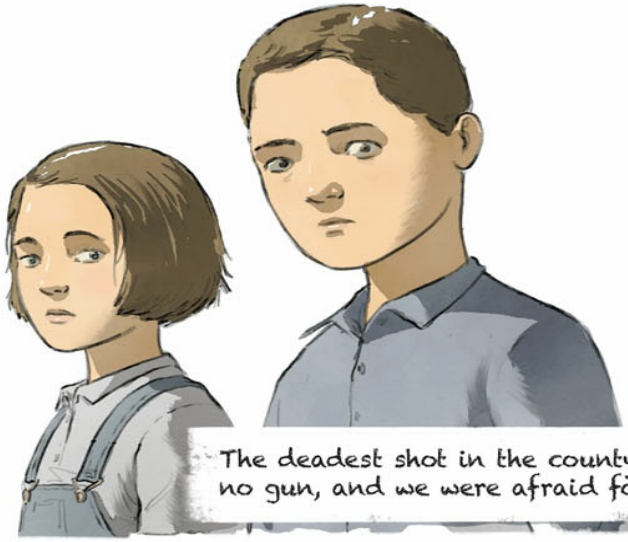
Did it ever strike you that Judge Taylor naming Atticus to defend that boy was no accident?

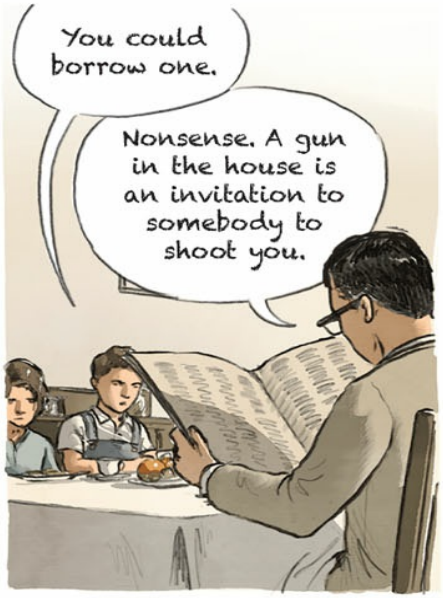
As I waited for you all I thought, Atticus Finch won't win, he can't win, but he's the only man in these parts who can keep a jury out so long in a case like that. And I thought to myself, well, we're making a step — it's just a baby-step, but it's a step.

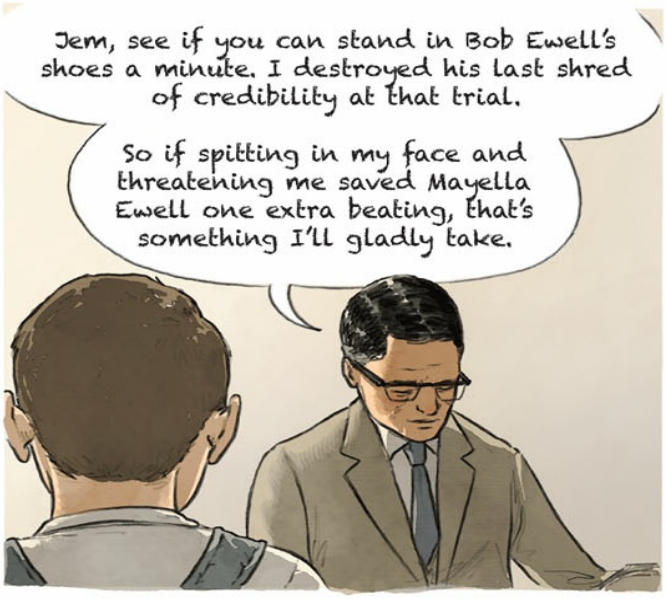
I think I'll be a clown when I get grown.
Yes sir, a clown.
There ain't one thing in this world I can do about folks except laugh, so I'm gonna join the circus and laugh my head off.
You got it backwards, Dill. Clowns are sad, it's folks that laugh at them.
Well I'm gonna be a new kind of clown.
I'm gonna stand in the middle of the ring and laugh at the folks.
Just looka yonder.
Every one of 'em oughta be ridin' broomsticks.
You get on in the back yard and stay there. There's danger a'comin'.
's matter?
Ain't you heard yet? It's all over town.
Bob Ewell stopped Atticus at the post office corner and spat in his face.
Spat right in his face so help me God and told him he'd get him if it took the rest of his life.

"Atticus didn't bat an eye. Just stood there and let Mr. Ewell call him names wild horses could not bring me to repeat."
Too proud to fight, you nigger-lovin' bastard?
No.
Too old.
You have to hand it to Atticus Finch, he can be right dry sometimes.

Jem and I didn't think it entertaining.







Atticus, if Tom loses his appeal, what'll happen to him?
He'll go to the chair.
Not time to worry yet, Scout. We've got a good chance.
It all goes back to the jury. We oughta do away with juries.
If you had been on that jury, son, and eleven other boys like you, Tom would be a free man.
So far nothing in your life has interfered with your reasoning process.
In our courts, when it's a white man's word against a black man's, the white man always wins. They're ugly, but those are the facts of life.
Doesn't make it right, you just can't convict a man on evidence like that — you can't.
You couldn't, but they could and did.
As you grow older, you'll see white men cheat black men every day of your life.
But let me tell you something and don't you forget it—
Whenever a white man does that to a black man, no matter who he is, how rich he is, or how fine a family he comes from...
That white man is trash.

Don't fool yourselves — it's all adding up, and one of these days we're going to pay the bill for it. I hope it's not in you children's time.
Why don't people like us and Miss Maudie ever sit on juries?
For one thing, Miss Maudie can't serve on a jury because she's a woman—
You mean women in Alabama can't—?
I do. I guess it's to protect our frail ladies from sordid cases like Tom's.
Besides, I doubt if we'd ever get a complete case tried — the ladies'd be interrupting to ask questions.
HA HA HA HA
Tom's jury sho' made up its mind in a hurry.
No it didn't. That jury took a few hours. An inevitable verdict, maybe, but usually it takes 'em just a few minutes.
You might like to know that there was one fellow who took considerable wearing down — in the beginning he was rarin' for an outright acquittal.
Who?
One of your Old Sarum friends...
One of the Cunninghams?
Golly Moses. One minute they're tryin' to kill him and the next they're tryin' to turn him loose...
Soon's school starts I'm gonna ask Walter home to dinner.

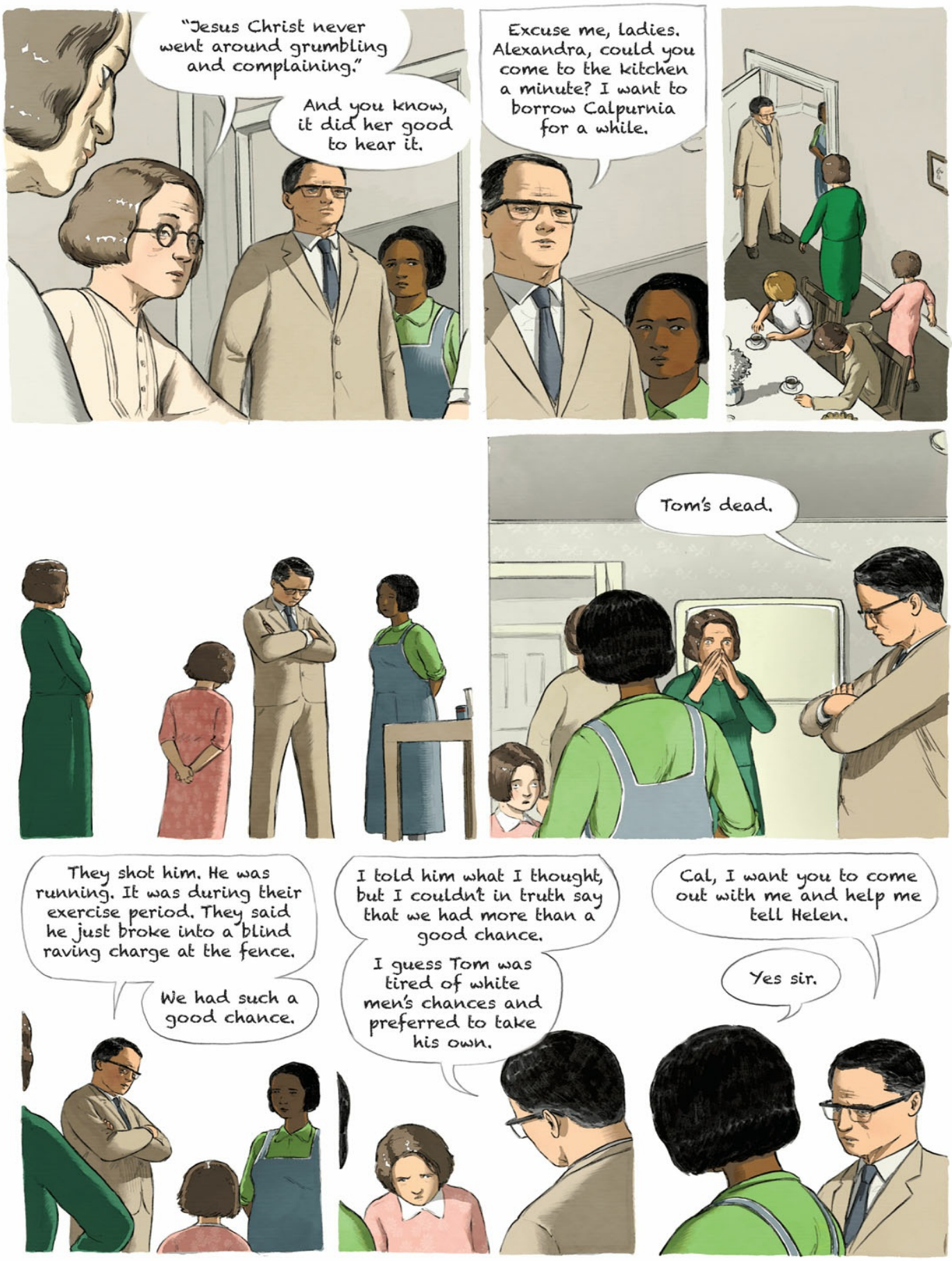
We'll see about that.
Why not, Aunty? They're good folks.
Jean Louise, there is no doubt in my mind that they're good folks. But they're not our kind of folks.
If they're good folks, then why can't I be nice to Walter?
I didn't say not to be nice to him. But you don't have to invite him home.
But I want to play with Walter, Aunty, why can't I?
Because—he—is—trash, that's why you can't play with him. I'll not have you around him, picking up his habits and learning Lord-knows-what.
You can scrub Walter Cunningham till he shines, you can put him in shoes and a new suit, but he'll never be like Jem. Besides...
There's a drinking streak in that family a mile wide.
Finch women aren't interested in that sort of people.
Aunty, she ain't nine yet.

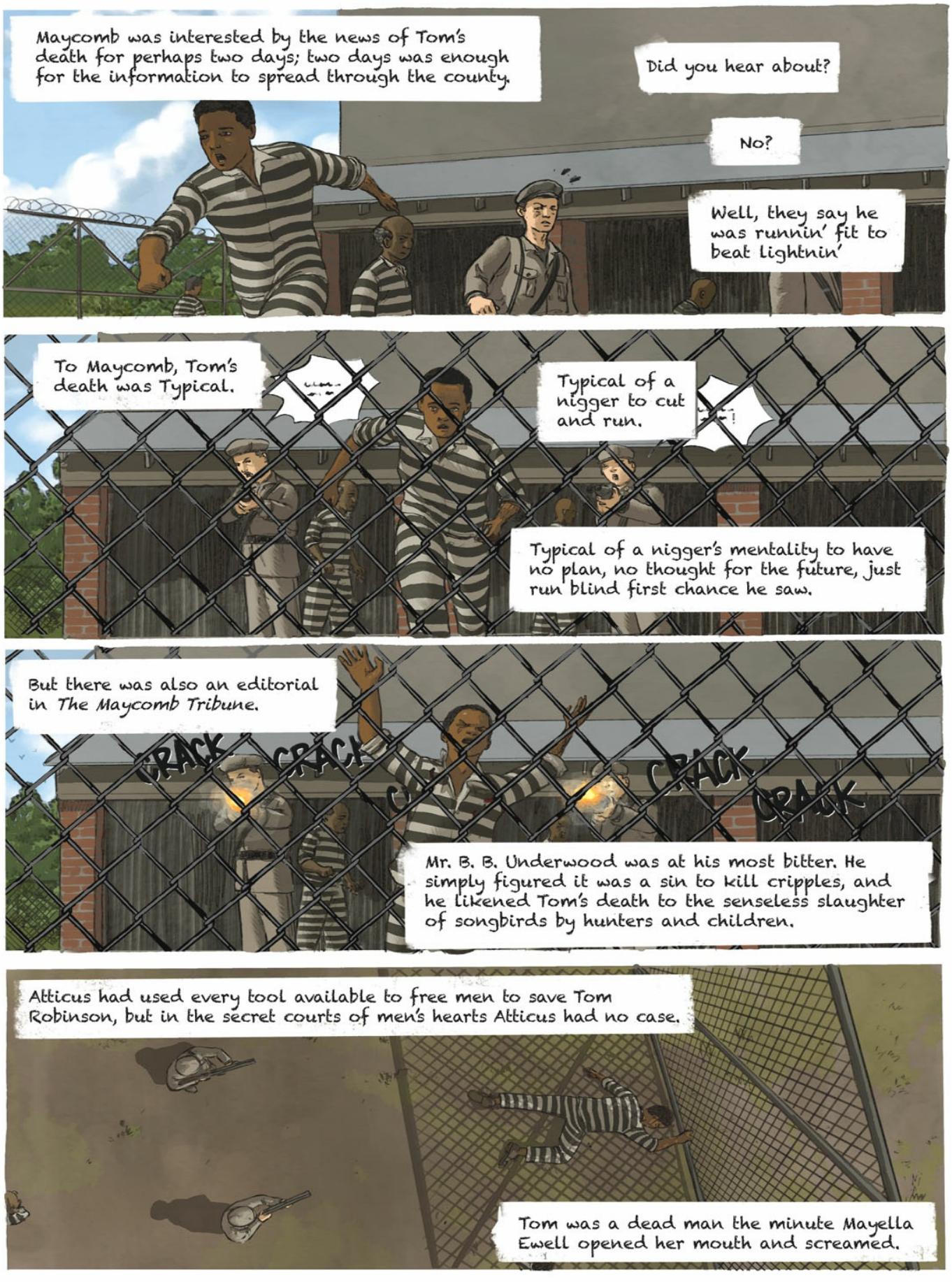
Scout, I think I'm beginning to understand something.
What, Jem?
There's four kinds of folks in the world.
There's the ordinary kind like us and the neighbors, there's the kind like the Cunninghams out in the woods, the kind like the Ewells down at the dump, and the Negroes.
The thing about it is, our kind of folks don't like the Cunninghams, the Cunninghams don't like the Ewells, and the Ewells hate and despise the colored folks.

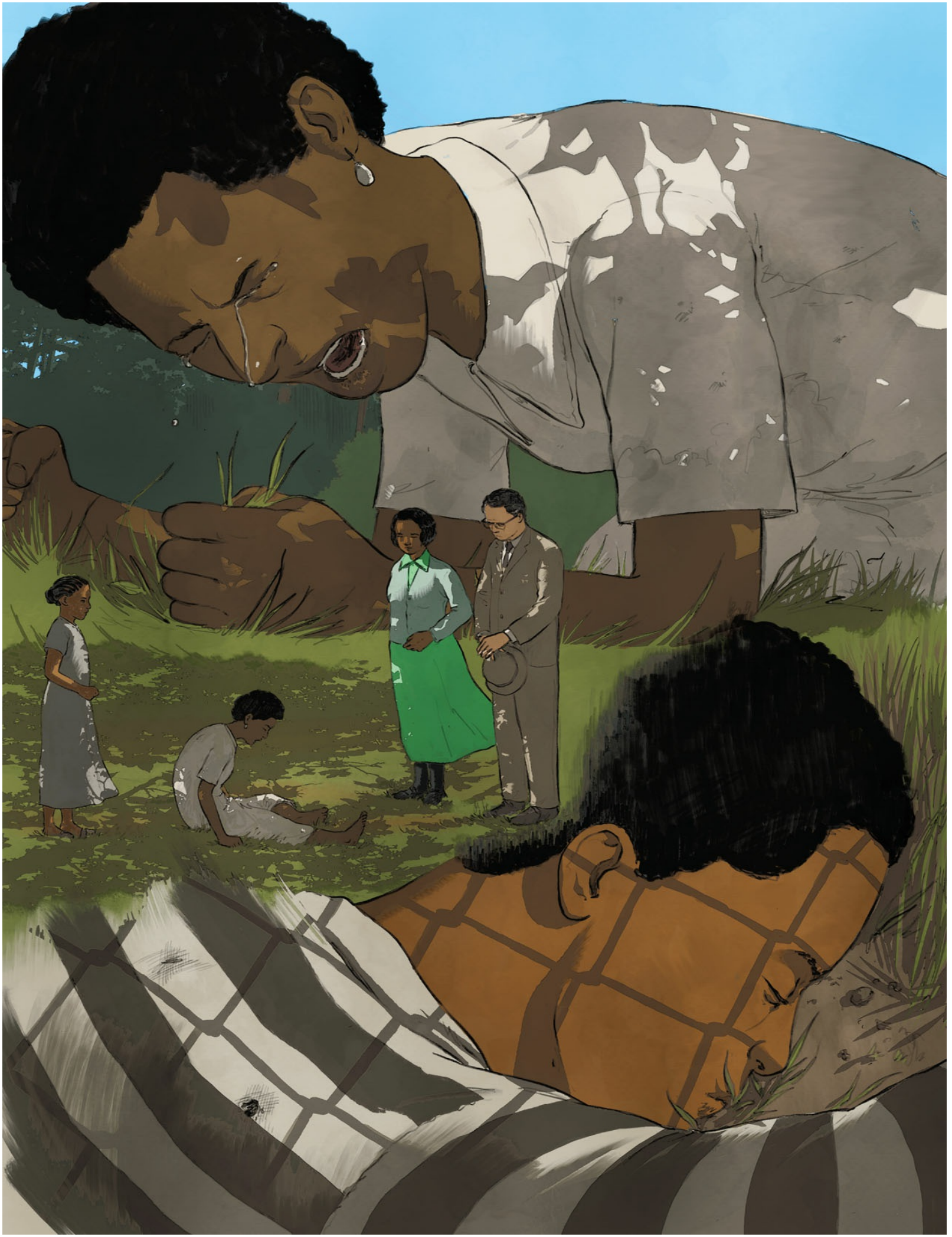
Scout?
What, Jem?
I think I'm beginning to understand why Boo Radley's stayed shut up in the house all this time...
It's because he *wants* to stay inside.

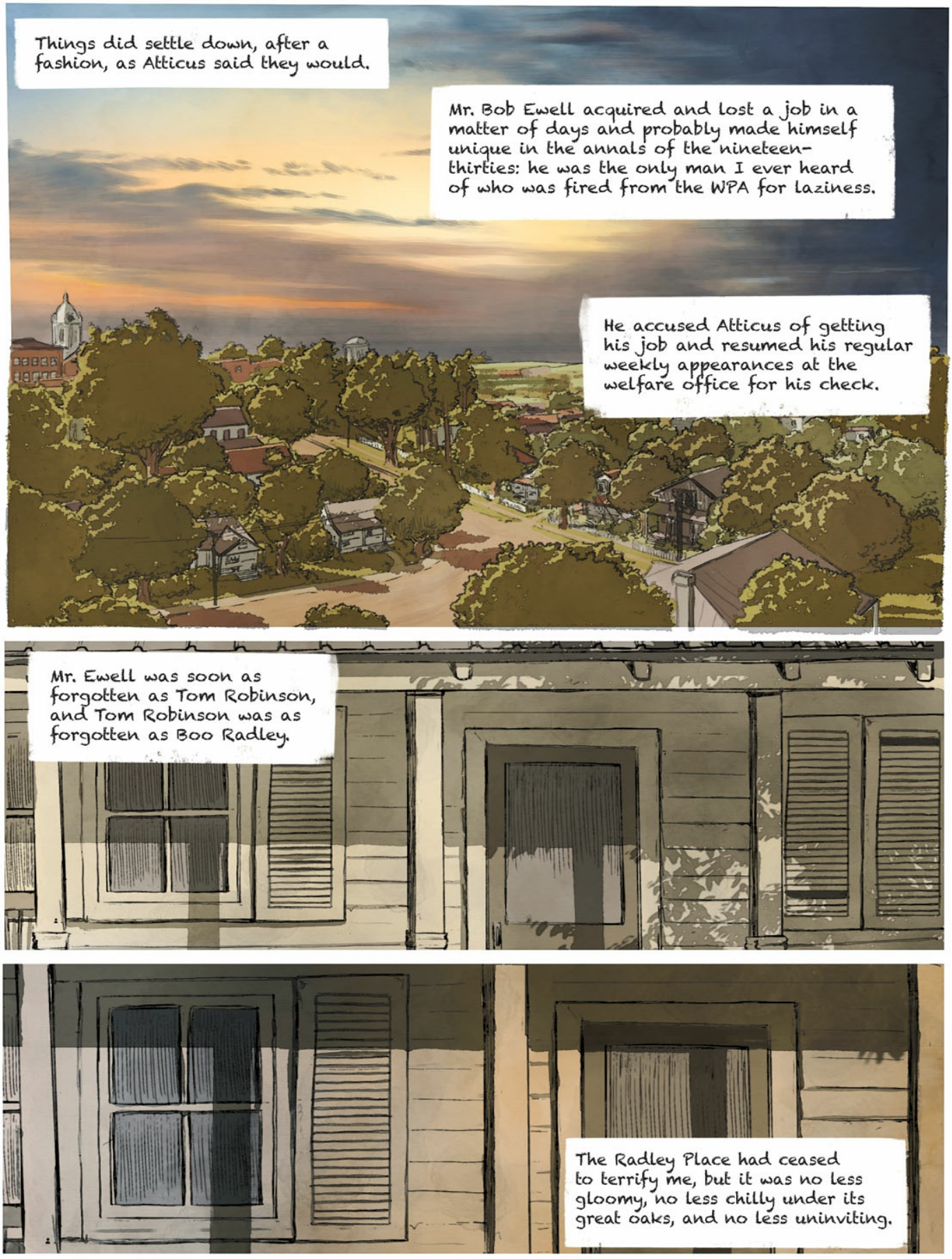
August was on the brink of September and Aunt Alexandra and her missionary circle were fighting the good fight all over the house.
Careful now, it's heavy. Don't look at it and you won't spill it.
Oh, those poor Mrunas.
Living in that jungle with nobody but J. Grimes Everett.
Not a white person'll go near 'em but that saintly J. Grimes Everett.
Stay with us, Jean Louise.
You're mighty dressed up, Miss Jean Louise.
Whatcha going to be when you grow up, Jean Louise? A lawyer?
Nome, I hadn't thought about it...
Why shoot, I thought you wanted to be a lawyer, you've already commenced going to court.
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
Don't you want to grow up to be a lawyer?
Nome, just a lady.

Well, you won't get very far until you start wearing dresses more often.
Jean Louise, you are a fortunate girl. You live in a Christian home with Christian folks in a Christian town.
Yes ma'am.
What was that Gertrude?
Oh that. Well, I always say forgive and forget, forgive and forget.
Thing that church ought to do is help her lead a Christian life for those children from here on out.
Excuse me, Mrs. Merriweather, are you all talking about Mayella Ewell?
May—? No, child. That darky's wife. Tom's wife, Tom—
Robinson, ma'am.
If we just let them know we forgive 'em, that we've forgotten it, then this whole thing'll blow over.
Ah — Mrs. Merriweather, what'll blow over?
Nothing, Jean Louise. The cooks and field hands are just dissatisfied, but they're settling down now — they grumbled all next day after that trial.
Gertrude, I tell you there's nothing more distracting than a sulky darky. Their mouths go down to here.
You know what I said to my Sophy, Gertrude? I said, "Sophy," I said, "you simply are not being a Christian today.


"Jesus Christ never went around grumbling and complaining."
And you know, it did her good to hear it.
Excuse me, ladies. Alexandra, could you come to the kitchen a minute? I want to borrow Calpurnia for a while.
Tom's dead.
They shot him. He was running. It was during their exercise period. They said he just broke into a blind raving charge at the fence.
We had such a good chance.
I told him what I thought, but I couldn't in truth say that we had more than a good chance.
I guess Tom was tired of white men's chances and preferred to take his own.
Cal, I want you to come out with me and help me tell Helen.
Yes sir.

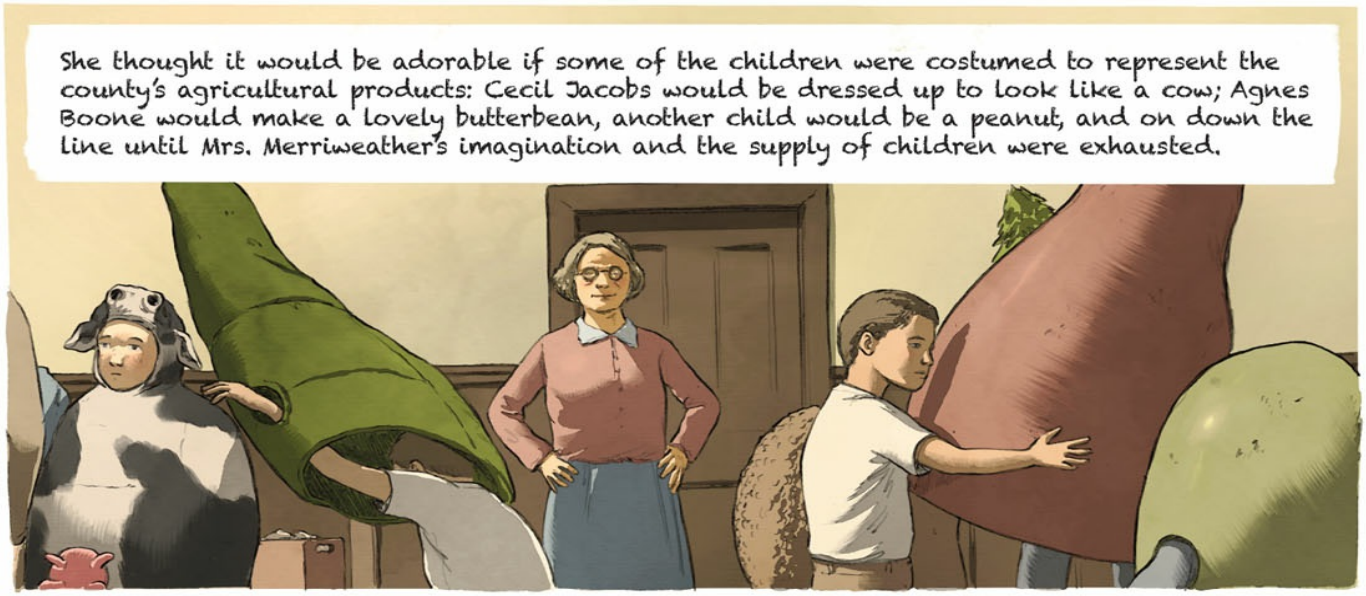

Maycomb was interested by the news of Tom's death for perhaps two days; two days was enough for the information to spread through the county.
Did you hear about?
No?
Well, they say he was runnin' fit to beat lightnin'
To Maycomb, Tom's death was Typical.
Typical of a nigger to cut and run.
Typical of a nigger's mentality to have no plan, no thought for the future, just run blind first chance he saw.
But there was also an editorial in The Maycomb Tribune.
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
Mr. B. B. Underwood was at his most bitter. He simply figured it was a sin to kill cripples, and he likened Tom's death to the senseless slaughter of songbirds by hunters and children.
Atticus had used every tool available to free men to save Tom Robinson, but in the secret courts of men's hearts Atticus had no case.
Tom was a dead man the minute Mayella Ewell opened her mouth and screamed.

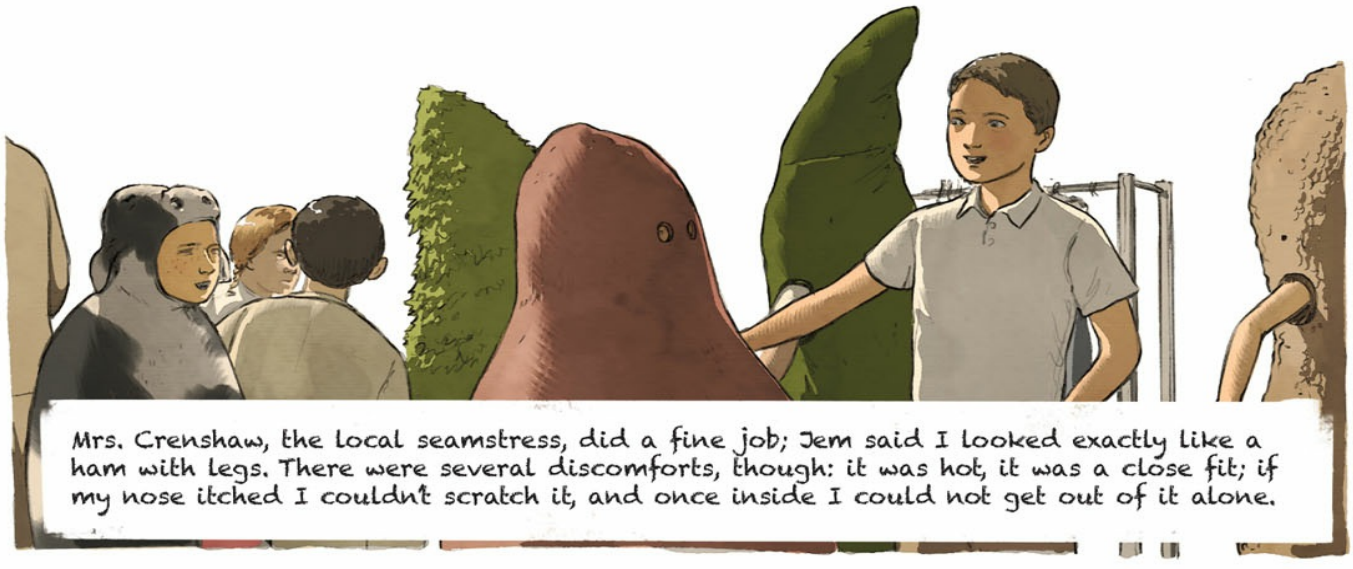


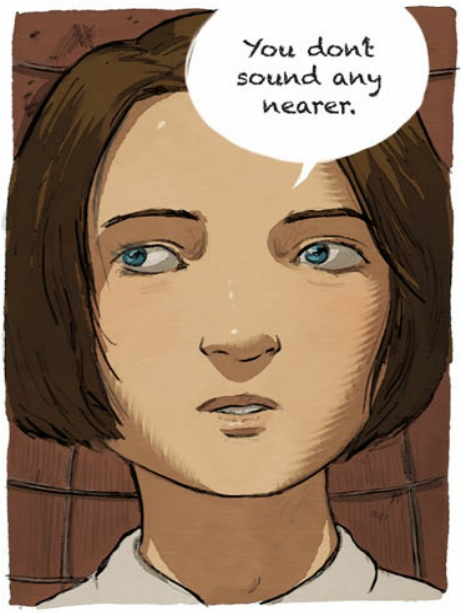

Things did settle down, after a fashion, as Atticus said they would.
Mr. Bob Ewell acquired and lost a job in a matter of days and probably made himself unique in the annals of the nineteen-thirties: he was the only man I ever heard of who was fired from the WPA for laziness.
He accused Atticus of getting his job and resumed his regular weekly appearances at the welfare office for his check.
Mr. Ewell was soon as forgotten as Tom Robinson, and Tom Robinson was as forgotten as Boo Radley.
The Radley Place had ceased to terrify me, but it was no less gloomy, no less chilly under its great oaks, and no less uninviting.

Bet nobody bothers them tonight.
It is a scary place though, ain't it?
Boo doesn't mean anybody any harm, but I'm right glad you're along.
You know Atticus wouldn't let you go to the schoolhouse by yourself.
Ain't you scared of haints?
HA HA HA HA HA
What was that old thing? Angel bright, life-in-death; get off the road, don't suck my breath.
Haints, Hot Steams, incantations, secret signs, had vanished with our years as mist with sunrise.
God amighty!
Ha-a-a, gotcha!
Thought you'd be comin' along this way!
What are you doin' way out here by yourself, boy? Ain't you scared of Boo Radley?
My parents drove me to the school.
Say, Cecil, ain't you a cow tonight?

To mark Halloween, Mrs Merriweather had composed an original pageant to be held in the high-school auditorium entitled *Maycomb County: Ad Astra Per Aspera*, and I was to be a ham.


She thought it would be adorable if some of the children were costumed to represent the county's agricultural products: Cecil Jacobs would be dressed up to look like a cow; Agnes Boone would make a lovely butterbean, another child would be a peanut, and on down the line until Mrs. Merriweather's imagination and the supply of children were exhausted.

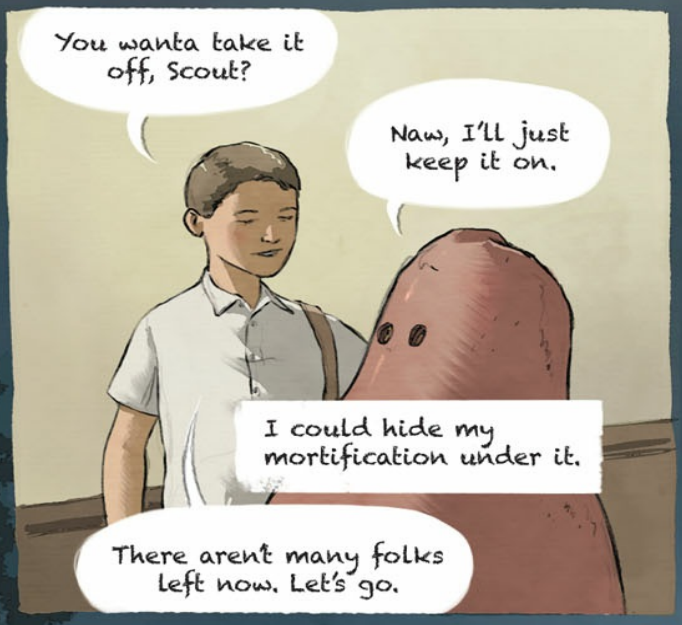

Mrs. Crenshaw, the local seamstress, did a fine job; Jem said I looked exactly like a ham with legs. There were several discomforts, though: it was hot, it was a close fit; if my nose itched I couldn't scratch it, and once inside I could not get out of it alone.



They said later that she was putting her all into the grand finale, that she had crooned, "Po-ork," with a confidence born of pine trees and butterbeans entering on cue.

Mrs. Merriweather seemed to have a hit, everybody was cheering so, but she caught me backstage and told me I had ruined her pageant.

Jem consented to wait backstage with me until the audience left.



Scout?!
What?
EK
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHEEK

...
Nothing.
I felt his fingers press the top of my costume, too hard, it seemed.

Jem, you don't hafta—
Hush a minute, Scout.
He was pinching me.

Whatcha thinkin' about?
Thought I heard something.
Stop a minute.

Hear anything?

Jem, are you tryin' to scare me? You know I'm too old—
Be quiet.

Heard an old dog just then.
It's not that.
I hear it when we're walkin' along, but when we stop I don't hear it.
WHEEK
WHEEK
It's just old Cecil.
Let's don't let him think we're hurrying.
WHEEK
WHEEK
You reckon we oughta sing, Jem?
No. Be real quiet again, Scout.
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHEEK
WHE
Run, Scout!
Run!
Run!

Jem, Jem, help me, Jem!
Aah!
Jem!
J—!
KRAKK
AAAAAAAAAAEE
Jem!
RRRRRRRAAA

Nngha!
Hk!
SHNNK

One's mind works very slowly at times.
I stood there dumbly.

!
Call Dr. Reynolds!
Where's Scout?!

Is Jem dead?

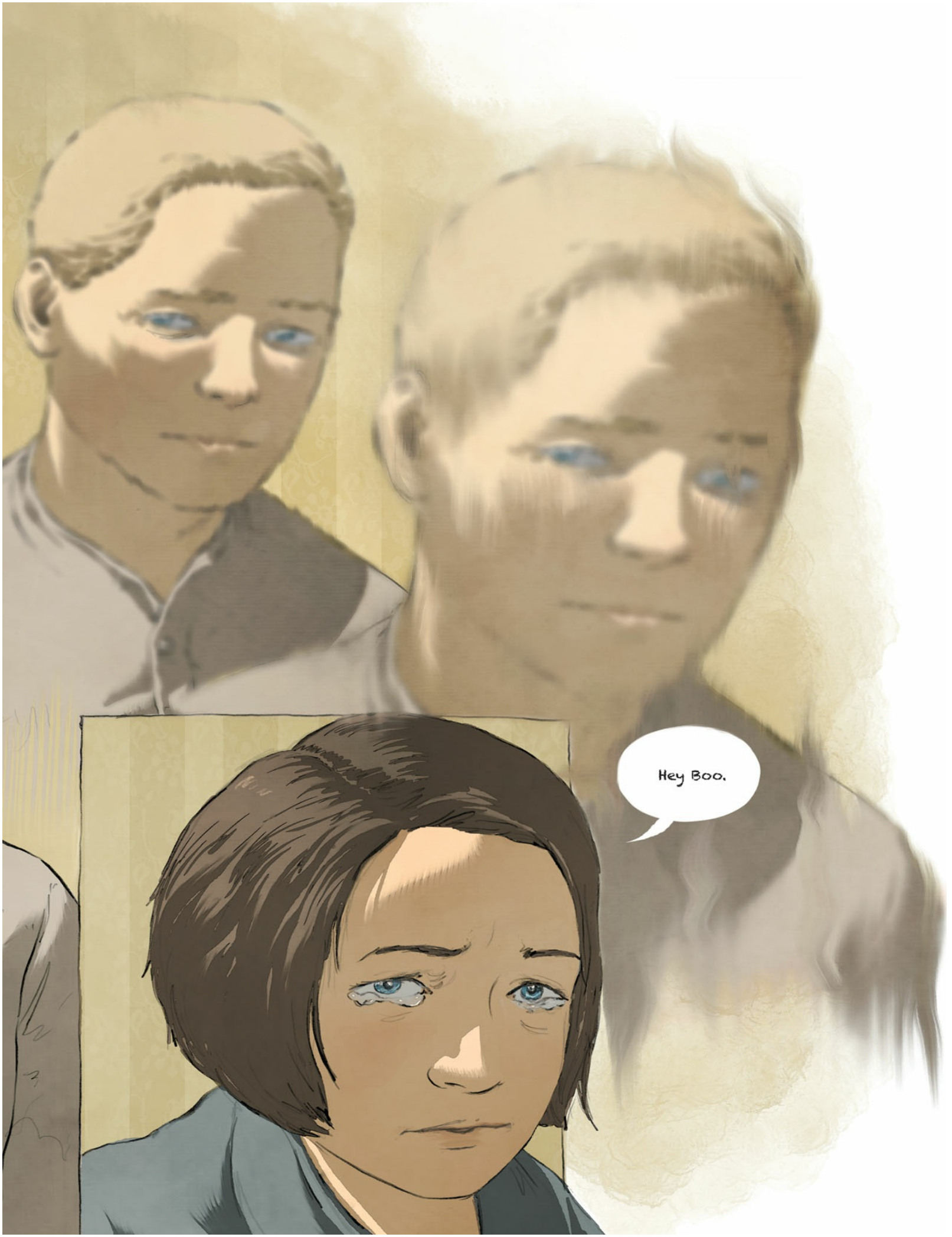
Far from it. He's got a bump on the head just like yours, and a broken arm.
Like somebody tried to wring his arm off... now look at me.
ROSE BOWL
STANFORD-ALABAMA
JANUARY 1E 1927
Then he's not dead?
No-o! He'll be as good as new. Boys his age bounce.

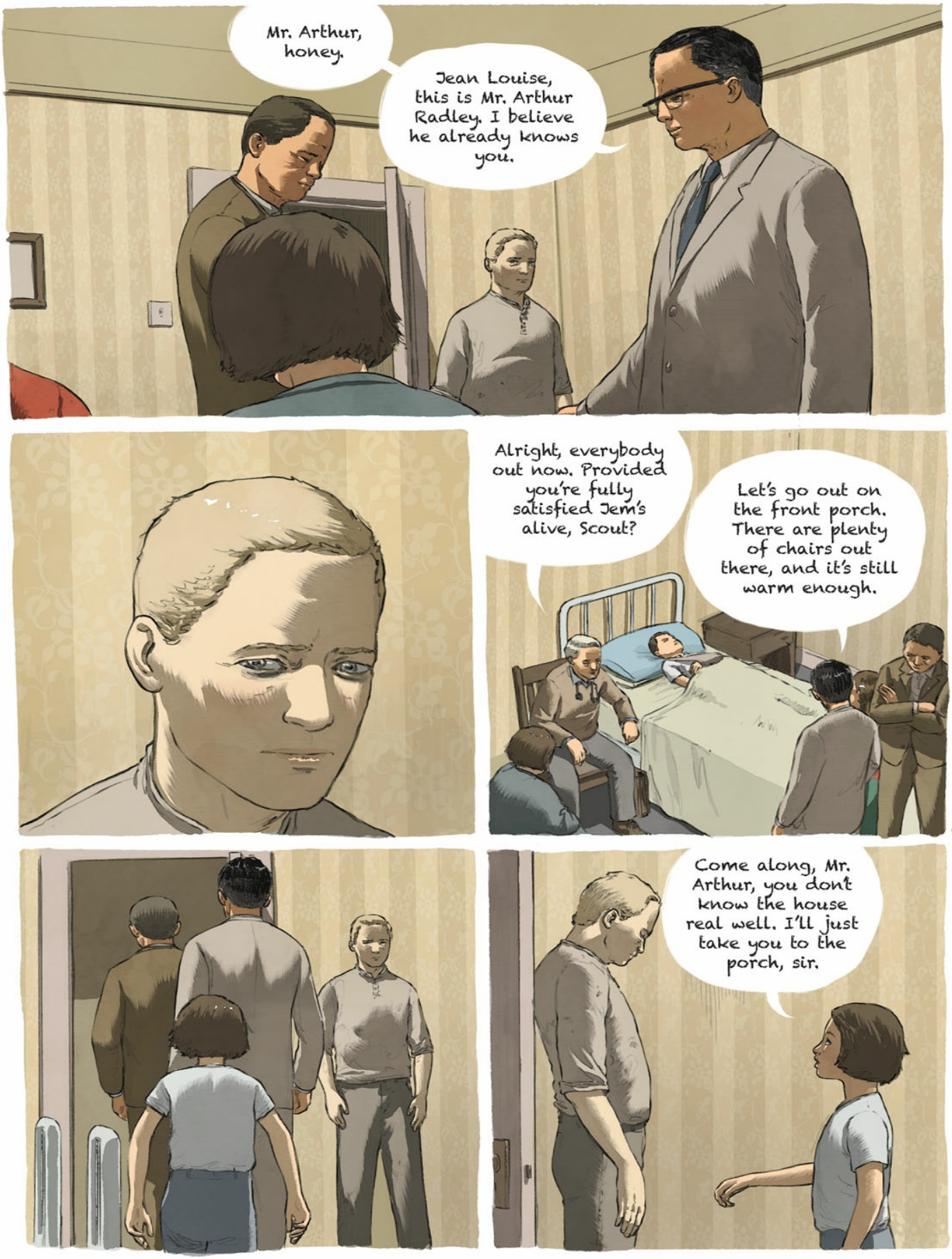
Mr. Finch, tell you what I found.
I found a little girl's dress — it's out there in my car. That your dress, Scout?
Yes sir, if it's a pink one with smockin'.
I found some funny-looking pieces of muddy-colored cloth.
That's m'costume, Mr. Tate.

And uh...
What is it, Heck?
Bob Ewell's lyin' on the ground under that tree down yonder with a kitchen knife stuck up under his ribs.
He's dead, Mr. Finch.

Are you sure?
He's dead all right.
He's good and dead. He won't hurt these children again.
I didn't mean that.
Miss Scout, see if you can tell us what happened, while it's still fresh in your mind. You think you can?
We started home.
Then Jem said hush a minute.
I thought he was thinkin' — he always wants you to hush so he can think — then he said he heard somethin'.
We thought it was Cecil.
He scared us once tonight, an' we thought it was him again.
I was shut up in my costume but I could hear it myself, then. Footsteps I mean.
They walked when we walked and stopped when we stopped.
Low-down skunk with enough liquor in him to make him brave enough to kill children.
I can't conceive of a man who'd—
Mr. Finch, there's just some kind of men you have to shoot before you can say hidy to 'em.

I thought he got it all out of him the day he threatened me. Even if he hadn't, I thought he'd come after me.
You think he'da met you to your face in daylight?
We'd better get on. Scout, you heard him behind you—
Yes sir.
Then Jem yells to run...
Some — Mr. Ewell yanked him down, I reckon. They tussled some more and then there was this funny noise.
Jem hollered and I didn't hear him any more...
An' the next thing — Mr. Ewell was tryin' to squeeze me to death, I reckon.
Then somebody yanked Mr. Ewell down. Jem must have got up I guess. That's all I know.
And then?
Somebody was staggerin' around and pantin' and — coughing fit to die.
I thought Atticus had come to help us and had got wore out—
Who was it?
Why there he is, Mr. Tate, he can tell you his name.


Hey Boo.

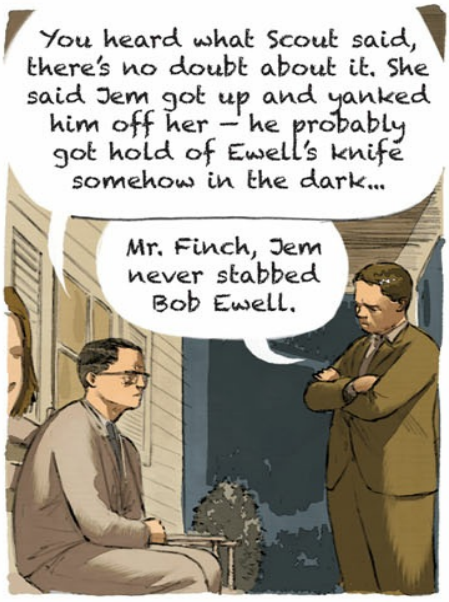

Mr. Arthur, honey.
Jean Louise, this is Mr. Arthur Radley. I believe he already knows you.
Alright, everybody out now. Provided you're fully satisfied Jem's alive, Scout?
Let's go out on the front porch. There are plenty of chairs out there, and it's still warm enough.
Come along, Mr. Arthur, you don't know the house real well. I'll just take you to the porch, sir.

Won't you have a seat, Mr. Arthur?

Well, Heck, I guess the thing to do — good Lord, I'm losing my memory...

Jem's not quite thirteen... no, he's already thirteen — I can't remember. Anyway, it'll come before county court—
What will, Mr. Finch?

Of course it was clear-cut self-defense, but I'll have to go to the office and hunt up—
Mis-ter Finch, hold on. You think *Jem* killed Bob Ewell?


You heard what Scout said, there's no doubt about it. She said Jem got up and yanked him off her — he probably got hold of Ewell's knife somehow in the dark...
Mr. Finch, Jem never stabbed Bob Ewell.

Heck, it's mighty kind of you and I know you're doing it from that good heart of yours, but nobody's hushing this up.
I don't live that way.

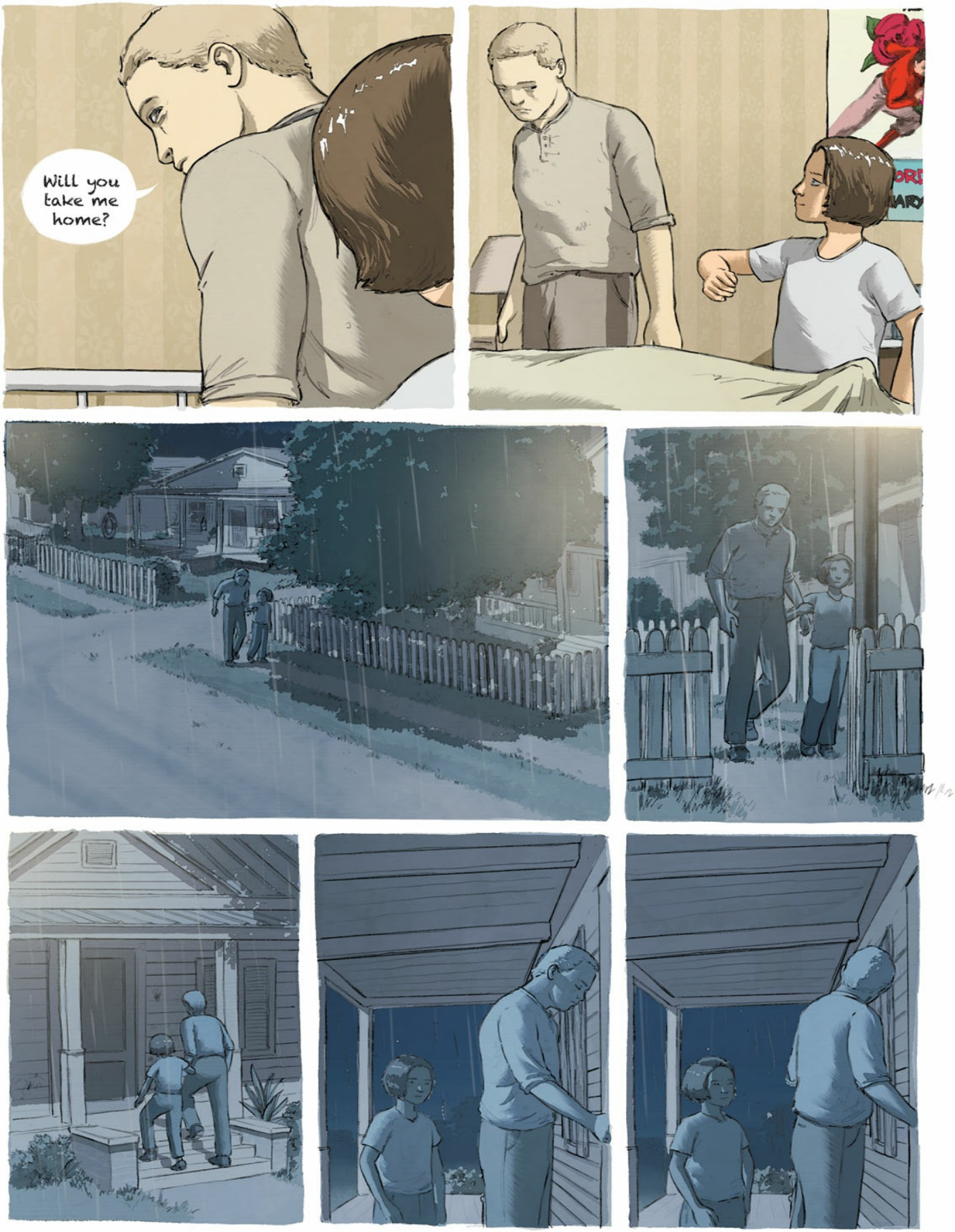
I don't want my boy starting out with something like this over his head.
I don't want him growing up with a whisper about him, I don't want anybody saying, "Jem Finch... his daddy paid a mint to get him out of that."

Mr. Finch, Bob Ewell fell on his knife. He killed himself.
Heck, if this thing's hushed up it'll be a simple denial to Jem of the way I've tried to raise him.

Bob Ewell fell on his knife.
I can prove it.
Heck, can't you even try to see it my way?
Jem and Scout know what happened. If they hear of me saying downtown something different happened — Heck, I won't have them any more.
He'd flung Jem down, he stumbled over a root under that tree and — look, I can show you.
I won't have it.
God damn it, I'm not thinking of Jem!
Mr. Finch, I hate to fight you when you're like this. You've been under a strain tonight no man should ever have to go through.
But for once you haven't been able to put two and two together, and we've got to settle this tonight because tomorrow'll be too late.
Bob Ewell's got a kitchen knife in his craw. Now, a boy Jem's size... With a busted arm?
It ain't your decision, Mr. Finch, it's all mine. For once, if you don't see it my way, there's not much you can do about it.
I never heard tell that it's against the law for a citizen to do his utmost to prevent a crime from being committed.
Maybe you'll say it's my duty to tell the town all about it and not hush it up.

Know what'd happen then? All the ladies in Maycomb includin' my wife'd be knocking on his door bringing angel food cakes.
To my way of thinkin', Mr. Finch, taking the one man who's done you and this town a great service an' draggin' him with his shy ways into the limelight — to me, that's a sin.
If it was any other man it'd be different. But not this man, Mr. Finch.
I may not be much, Mr. Finch, but I'm still sheriff of Maycomb County and Bob Ewell fell on his knife.
Good night, sir.
Scout, Mr. Ewell fell on his knife. Can you possibly understand?
Yes sir, I understand.
Mr. Tate was right.
What do you mean?
Well, it'd be sort of like shootin' a mockingbird, wouldn't it?

Thank you for my children, Arthur.
You'd like to say good night to Jem, wouldn't you, Mr. Arthur?
He's still asleep. Dr. Reynolds gave him a heavy sedative.
Jean Louise, is your father in the livingroom?
Yes ma'am, I think so.
I'll just go speak to him a minute.
You can pet him, Mr. Arthur, he's asleep.
You couldn't if he was awake, though, he wouldn't let you.


Will you take me home?

I never saw him again.
Are you sittin' up with him?
Just for an hour or so.
Whatcha readin'?
ALABAMA
Something of Jem's. Called The Gray Ghost.
Read it out loud, please, Atticus. It's real scary.
No. You've had enough scaring for a while.
Atticus, I wasn't scared. Nothin's real scary except in books.
H'rm.
The Gray Ghost, by Seckatary Hawkins. Chapter One...

I willed myself to stay awake, but the rain was so soft and the room was so warm and his voice was so deep and his knee was so snug that I slept.
He lifted me to my feet and walked me to the livingroom.
Heard every word you said.
...wasn't sleep at all.
's about a ship an' Three-Fingered Fred 'n' Stoner's Boy...
...they all thought it was Stoner's Boy messin' up their clubhouse an' throwin' ink all over it an'
An' they chased him 'n' never could catch him 'cause they didn't know what he looked like, an' Atticus, when they finally saw him, why he hadn't done any of those things...
Atticus, he was real nice...
Most people are, Scout.
When you finally see them.
KLIK
He turned out the light and went into Jem's room.

He would be there all night,
and he would be there when
Jem waked up in the morning.

Note on the language:

The use of the word "nigger" in *To Kill a Mockingbird* has caused some contention. Harper Lee included the word deliberately to illustrate the society she was writing about, presenting an unmediated portrait of a specific time and place. The novel addresses many social issues – class, politics, poverty, gender – but is primarily concerned with racial prejudice. The inclusion of the word – its dehumanizing power and the ease with which it was used – is central to understanding the themes of the novel.

Illustrator's note:

This adaptation of *To Kill a Mockingbird* does not seek to reinvent Harper Lee's story and characters. The text is, as far as has been possible, directly taken from the novel. Where I have made changes, they have been for the sole purpose of best representing the story and sentiment of Lee's original work in this medium.

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And of course to Harper Lee, for everything.

Harper Lee

Harper Lee was born in 1926 in Monroeville, Alabama. She attended Huntingdon College and studied law at the University of Alabama. She is the author of the acclaimed novels *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Go Set a Watchman*, and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, the Presidential Medal of Freedom and numerous other literary awards and honors. She died on February 19, 2016.

Fred Fordham

Fred Fordham was born in 1985 and grew up in North London. He studied politics and philosophy at Sussex University while working as a portrait painter and muralist. He has since written and illustrated stories for various publications, most recently illustrating Philip Pullman's debut graphic novel.

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